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THE WORKS OF CHARLES FOLLEN, WITH A MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE.

Volume 4
FOLLEN, CHARLES THEODORE CHRIS

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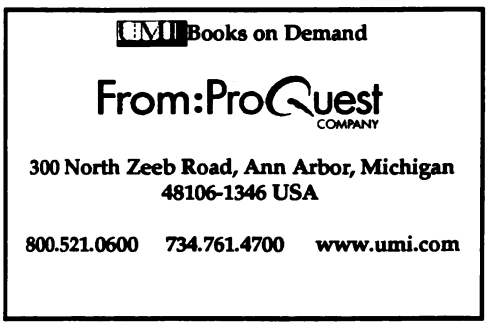

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THE

WORKS

OF

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WITH A

MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

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NOTE.

The only portion of Dr. Follen's Lectures on German literature left complete in manuscript, was that relating to Schiller's Life and Dramas. It is comprised in the present volume. In publishing the Life, it did not seem advisable to preserve the division into lectures, the numbering of which, consequently, begins with the criticisms on his Dramas.

THE LIFE OF SCHILLER.

He who wishes to gratify an enlightened and refined audience by lectures on German literature, is subject to peculiar trials and temptations. They are not so much the trials of a poor man, striving, under the inspiration of distress, to make something out of nothing, — but are rather like those of the rich, willing to give, but troubled about the ways of giving; anxious lest by offering too much of one thing, or a little of every thing, he should surfeit or spoil the appetite of his friends, instead of promoting either the lasting advantage of many, or the high and healthful enjoyment of a few kindred minds.

Literary Germany is indeed a region whose resources may satisfy the most extravagant expectation, by their immeasurable extent, whether you consider the intellectual patrimony, which, during the course of many centuries, has been transmitted, faithfully preserved and augmented from generation to generation, or the fruits of literary industry, which every year produces, and not unfrequently consumes. For if you confine yourselves to modern German literature, to the current productions of the day, if you consider that the literary produce of every year (including every book, great and small, reprinted or

new), consists, according to a moderate estimate, of no less than ten millions of volumes, — where will you find a critic, however confident of his divine right to loose, and to bind, and to judge with infallible judgment both the living and the dead, — where will you find a critic, I say, who, with these ten thousand times ten thousand volumes before him, crowding around him like the Homeric shadows, and obtruding themselves upon his notice, will not shrink, with something like the "pale terror" of Ulysses, from the truly critical task of separating the sheep from the goats; and what is more than all, of setting apart that promiscuous multitude of literary sinners, of whom we might say with Dante, that they are not good enough to deserve the heaven of classical fame, nor bad enough to be made examples of critical vengeance.

It is certainly true, that he who, from the prolific fields of German letters, would gather a profitable harvest, must be careful to separate the tares from the wheat; he must stand ready with the winnowing shovel in his hand, to throw up the unsifted corn against the strong wind of sound criticism.

As I wish to engage your attention on this copious subject only for a short time, I intend to employ the twelve hours allotted to my course, not in exhibiting a motley collection of literary curiosities, but in setting before you one distinct, vivid, and harmonious image, the works and the character of one master-mind. Among all the writers of my native land who were the light and the companions of my early days,

there is no one who stands so near my heart, and with whom I would wish you so much, to be not merely superficially acquainted, but firmly and intimately connected, as the chaste, elevated, enlightened, tender, and enthusiastic Schiller, — the friend of the young in spirit, the delight of the pure in heart.

I shall first give you the history of the life of Schiller, and then a sketch of each of his principal dramas, accompanied with critical observations. A full account of each work, and as far as possible in the author's own words, seems particularly important, not only because many of my hearers are acquainted with the writings of Schiller only by translations, most of which are unfaithful both to the letter and the spirit of the author, — but chiefly, because, with a distinct sketch of each work before him, the hearer or reader is enabled to judge, not only of the works of the author, but of the remarks of the critic. Without such a constant reference to facts, all criticism is in danger of assuming that vague and conceited character, which is so offensive in many modern reviews, inasmuch as they give to the works of which they treat, the appearance of pictures put under bad glass, which is apt to exhibit any object without, rather than the picture beneath the glaring surface.

John Christopher Frederic Schiller was born at Marbach, a small town in Wirtemberg, in the year 1759. His father had served honorably in the Seven Years' War between Austria and Prussia, as a surgeon, and afterwards, as an ensign and a field-preacher in the Wirtembergian corps. After his return from

the campaign, he devoted himself principally to horticulture. He lived to see the glory of his son, and the feelings it awakened in him are preserved in these words of prayer.

"Being of beings! to thee I prayed after the birth of my only son, that thou wouldst compensate to him by powers of mind for the defects of the education I could give him. And thou hast heard me. Thanks to thee, kindest of beings, that thou regardest the prayers of mortal men."

Schiller's mother is represented by those who knew her, as a simple-hearted, sensible, and affectionate woman, tenderly devoted to her husband and her children. Although constantly engaged in domestic duties, she found time to gratify her strong devotional feeling, by studying the sacred poetry of Utz and Gellert, two German authors, whose works, in their time, united the homage of the purest minds and the best hearts. Schiller loved his mother most tenderly. This fact, though there were no other proof, would be readily received on internal evidence by every reader of Schiller's works. If we find in a writer, whose great power consists in addressing himself to our feelings, to the strongest and tenderest emotions, an instinctive reverence for all that is sacred and pure in human nature, and the relations of social life, we may safely conjecture that the author's own passions and affections have taken their character from his first love, his devoted love of his mother. The veil of innocence is spread over Schiller's works, not like the semitransparent garb of fashionable pro-

priety, but impenetrable like the night, shutting up the sight of common things, in order to reveal the sacred lamps of heaven.

In his early youth, Schiller showed himself a true-hearted, affectionate boy, full of religious sensibility, and an ardent imagination. He read with great delight the poetry of the Old Testament, particularly the prophecies of Ezekiel.

He received his first regular instruction at Lorch, a village in Wirtemberg, where his parents resided from 1765 to 1768. His instructer was a clergyman, whose name, Moser, would probably never have reached beyond the grateful recollection of his parishioners, had not Schiller immortalized it in his first drama, "The Robbers." Francis Moor, who, by the fiendish power of his will and his apostate understanding, has succeeded in ruining his brother, burying alive his own father, enslaving and trampling under foot his trembling subjects, saying in his heart that there is no God, and maintaining it by an open defiance of all his laws, — this man, who scoffs at religion as the imposition of priests, and the creed of fools, this atheist tyrant is made to quake with fear and anguish, before the simple words of a simple man, a minister of the God whom he denies and derides. It is this fearless minister of religion who, in Schiller's first drama, bears the name of him who implanted, in the young heart of the author, the seeds of that truth which is confessed alike by the songs of angels and the trembling of fiends.

Schiller was nine years old when his parents moved

from Lorch to Ludwigsburg. Here, for the first time, he went to the theatre; and the impression it made on his mind was deep and lasting. His thoughts, his childish plays, assumed a dramatic character, and plans of future tragedies already occupied his aspiring mind.

At the Latin school at Ludwigsburg, he studied with diligence, though with little relish, the Æneis of Virgil, the Tristia of Ovid, and the Odes of Horace; and his recitations from the Catechism, to a very strict teacher, seem to have been still less congenial to his mind. An amusing little anecdote is related of him when he was about nine years old. Schiller, and one of his schoolmates, Elwert, were to be examined at church in the Catechism; and the two boys, knowing the severity of their master, were not a little concerned about the result of the examination. They both, however, made out so well, that the delighted instructer gave them a few half-pence as a reward. Whereupon, Schiller proposed to his friend Elwert, to go together to the neighbouring village, Harteneck, there to regale themselves with a bowl of curdled milk. They went; but the object of their desire was not to be obtained. Disappointed in this place, they walked on to another village, Neckarweihingen; and there at last, after much inquiry, they found the longed for refreshment. After having eaten their milk with great relish, they found to their surprise that it cost only one half-penny. Inspired by the splendid success of the day, Schiller with his friend ascended an eminence, from which they saw

the two villages Harteneck and Neckarweihingen before them. Here the young poet pronounced upon the milkless village a solemn anathema, and upon that which had refreshed them, his most pathetic blessing.

In the year 1772, when he had entered upon his thirteenth year, he wrote his first poem. If there is truth in the favorite theory, that the history of the human race is repeated in that of the individual, the subject of the first effusion of a poetic mind like that of Schiller, might have been divined from the general history of Poetry. *Sacred Poetry*, according to the earliest record, was the first manifestation of poetic genius, — it was a devout recognition of its own divine origin. The first poem of Schiller was written on the day of his confirmation, or solemn reception into the Christian church, to which, among Lutherans in Germany, all children of about fourteen years of age, after previous instruction, are admitted by a very impressive ceremony. Schiller's mother, as she saw her son strolling about in the street on the day before his confirmation, reminded him of the important step he was about to take, — and his religious feelings thus excited, found utterance in his first poem. This poem is not extant.

Schiller had early manifested a strong desire to fit himself for the Christian ministry. This inclination was probably strengthened by his youthful friendship with the son of the pastor of Lorch, his first teacher. But this inclination was thwarted by the Duke, Charles of Wirtemberg, who asked Schiller's father to send his son to the Charles Academy, which he had lately

founded, where the sons of officers in the army were fitted chiefly for military service, but also for other professions, except the Christian ministry. The dependence of Schiller's father on his patron induced him, after a fruitless remonstrance, to sacrifice the desire of the son as well as of his parents; and Schiller became, in the year 1773, a pupil of the Charles Academy, with the intention of preparing himself for the profession of the law. But when, in the following year, each of the students was called upon to write a description of his own character, Schiller frankly declared that he should have felt much happier if he could have served his country as a divine. Indeed, the study of the law had so little attraction for him, that in 1775 he availed himself of the opportunity that was offered to him, to change his study for another branch of instruction which had just been added to the Academy. He determined to devote himself to the medical science and profession. Besides this, he studied history and the Latin language. But his heart was not in any one of those pursuits which were contemplated by the founder of the Charles Academy, which excluded every individual talent and inclination that swerved beyond the established rules of the Manual, and where, in the list of proscribed occupations, the bosom friend of Schiller, fair Poesy, held perhaps the most distinguished place, as the chief of heresies. A letter from Schiller to a young friend, will show the state of his mind, while a pupil of this Military Academy. — "Thanks be to Heaven," he writes, "that in our penal laws, by the side of the punishment for

stealing in the fields, there is not, also, one for theft committed in remote fields of knowledge; otherwise I, poor wretch, who pursue quite heterogeneous sciences, and in the garden of the Pierides eagerly pluck many a forbidden fruit, should long since have been rewarded with the pillory."

Among the forbidden fruits, which Schiller tasted during his comfortless seclusion at the military academy, were some of the works of the great contemporary German poets. A new impulse had been given to literary, and particularly to poetic talent in Germany, chiefly by the independent spirit of Lessing. The tame imitation of foreign, especially French works, which characterized the seventeenth century and the first half of the eighteenth, had given way to a striving after original production. This new energy, this instinct of migration after more genial regions, had reached also the solitary and yearning heart of young Schiller in his school imprisonment. The works of Klopstock in particular, his religious and patriotic enthusiasm, his tenderness and purity of feeling, his real greatness, though frequently manifested only in failures, could not but affect a mind so susceptible and aspiring as that of Schiller, and help to bring to light its hidden treasures. The first composition of any length, which he attempted, was an epic poem, for the hero of which he had chosen Moses, the prophet and deliverer of his people. This poem, however, as well as some lyric poetry which he composed at that time, bore more the character of imitation, than of original production. The

deepest spring in his poetic nature was not yet touched, that species of poetry for the culture of which the deep and rich soil of his mind was peculiarly fitted, had not yet been presented to him by the kindred productions of others. It was the reading of some *dramatic* works, particularly Gerstenberg's "Ugolino," Göthe's "Götz von Berlichingen," "Julius of Tarent," by Seisewitz, and some of Shakspeare's plays, which called forth the dramatic genius of Schiller. The manner in which he judged of Shakspeare, may show the complexion of his own mind at that time. In speaking of himself, at a later time of life, he says, "When I, at a very early age, became acquainted with this poet [meaning Shakspeare], I revolted at his coldness, his insensibility, which permitted him, amidst the highest pathos, to jest, to interrupt the most heart-rending scenes in 'Hamlet,' in 'King Lear,' in 'Macbeth,' by a fool; that insensibility, which sometimes arrested him where my feelings were hasting away, and made him hurry on where my heart would so gladly have lingered. For several years he had already my reverence and my study, before I learned to love his individuality. It was because I was not yet capable of understanding nature *as it is*."

Two dramas, "Cosmo of Medicis," and the "Student of Nassau," were his first efforts. But a calm and unshrinking comparison between these sketches and the standard in his own mind, determined him to burn them. He saved only a few scenes from "Cosmo," which he embodied in his first tragedy,

"The Robbers," in which he was then engaged with his whole mind.

Of this drama itself I shall treat more fully hereafter, in criticizing the different works of Schiller. Now I shall speak of it only as an important event in his life and the formation of his mind. The character of the school, in which he was placed, evidently had a strong influence upon this work. Every moment of time for its accomplishment he had to gain by a bold kind of smuggling, contrary to the laws and government of the school, which laid the strictest embargo upon all commerce with the ideal world as an illicit trade.

One day Schiller was reciting, to a few of his intimate friends, that scene in "The Robbers," in which Francis Moor, in self-despair, asks pastor Moser, whether he knew of a sin more dreadful than any other, for the mad purpose of provoking the Almighty by committing it, so that he might annihilate him in his wrath. Moser answers, he knows only two crimes which he thought too monstrous to be committed, or even conceived of by men, the murder of a father or the murder of a brother. "What," cries the pale tyrant, conscience stricken, "what, you know of no crime more heinous than these? Think once more, — death, heaven, eternity, damnation, rest upon the word of your mouth." Just as Schiller was reciting these words, the door opened, and in came his tutor; and seeing Schiller vehemently pacing up and down the room, "Why, Mr. Schiller," he said, "are you not ashamed to be in such a passion? — cursing and swearing!"

But Schiller's love of poetry was not an exclusive passion. He now began to devote himself, with great industry, to the study of medicine, by the practice of which he hoped to gain himself an independence. How wisely, as well as nobly, he judged of the two occupations, one of which he pursued from principle, and the other from love, appears in an extract from one of his letters. "For a long time I feared, not without reason, that my passion for poetry would sooner or later die, if it should be my means of subsistence (bread science), and, on the contrary, that it must have a new charm if I used it only as a recreation, and devoted to it only my purest moments; then only can I be a poet with an ever-active enthusiasm; then only can I hope, that my passion and talent for this art will last through my whole life."

Among the different branches of medicine, physiology seems to have been his favorite study. While yet a pupil of the Charles Academy, he wrote a treatise on the philosophy of physiology; and, two years after, another on the connexion between the animal and spiritual nature of man. The latter, which was printed at the time, and has lately been republished, contained, by way of illustration, a passage from his yet unprinted drama, "The Robbers." He introduced it in his treatise as a translation from a pretended English tragedy, "The Life of Moor"; probably in order to escape the censure of his pedantic superiors.

After having completed his course in the Charles Academy, Schiller was appointed by the government

as the regular physician to the regiment Augé, and resided at Stuttgard. As a practical physician he is said to have shown much talent and resolution, though not with corresponding success.

In the year 1781, Schiller published, on his own account, because he could not find a publisher, his "Robbers." This first fruit of his youthful, dramatic genius, which extended the narrow circle of believers in his poetic mission, so as to embrace all Germany, and soon to reach beyond it, contained all the moral and spiritual elements of his character, his reverence for truth, freedom, and religion; his parental tenderness, and childlike trust; the unwavering faith, and transcendent enthusiasm of love. But these divine elements of human nature are exhibited in "The Robbers," as warring, not only against the decrees of fate, as in the ancient drama, but still more against unnatural and irrational institutions of society, the authority of priests and princes, custom and fashion, in short, against the united despotism of the sword, the pen, and the money-bag. This bold attack upon the idols of the day, on the one hand, excited the hot displeasure of their blind or artful supporters against the new-fashioned iconoclast, and, on the other hand, it necessarily endeared him to a people that had just awakened to a sense of its degraded condition; while the sublime moral of the play was frequently overlooked by both sides. For if we, setting aside the youthful excesses of an exuberant and unbridled fancy, strive to enter into the real character of this drama, we cannot but see, that it was the author's de-

sign to show, that even the most ardent love of justice, and freedom, and heroic resistance to every kind of oppression, must lead to error and crime, if it do not induce us first to dethrone the selfish passions, and establish the perfect law of liberty in our own souls.

Through this drama Schiller became acquainted with the baron Heribert von Dalberg, the liberal and refined promoter of literature and the fine arts, the generous patron and friend of every rising talent. Under his influence the theatre at Manheim attained a high degree of perfection. He advised Schiller to publish a new edition of his drama adapted to the stage, and pointed out, with the frankness and modesty of a true friend, what seemed to him to require revision and improvement. The correspondence between Schiller and Dalberg, which lasted from 1781 to 1785, shows how open his mind was to every suggestion, how ready to alter, and how resolute to retain, whatever, in his own judgment, seemed either to require or not to require amendment. Without being biased either by the self-love of a successful author, or by the high authority from which the suggestion came, Schiller prepared a new edition of "The Robbers," adapted to the stage; and it was determined, that, in 1782, it should be performed at the theatre of Manheim, where Iffland, the greatest actor that Germany has produced, was to appear in the part of Francis Moor. Schiller's friend Dalberg had, with the most liberal and assiduous care, made every arrangement for the most splendid and tasteful representation; and

Schiller asked leave of his government for a short absence, in order to go to Manheim. But the petition was refused by a set of men who looked upon Schiller's literary efforts as acts of insubordination, though they did not interfere with his prescribed duties, and who would not have scrupled to arraign fair Poetry herself before a court-martial, had they been able to apprehend the artful deserter.

Schiller, seeing the impossibility of moving his superiors either by the earnestness or reasonableness of his request, determined to go without their leave; and having, through a friend, made arrangements for the punctual performance of all the duties of his office, he left Stuttgard, and arrived at Manheim, under the strictest incognito.

Here he enjoyed, in the intimate intercourse with Dalberg, a brief respite from official thraldom. This and the representation of his "Robbers," and the unbounded applause and admiration with which it was received, filled him with grateful delight, and inspired him to new efforts. The admirable performance of the two principal actors, Iffland and Bril, moved him so powerfully, that he expressed a desire to become one of the company of the Manheim theatre. But Bril earnestly opposed the wish, with the words, "Not as an actor, but as a dramatic poet, you will become the pride of the German stage." "So much is certain," Schiller says in one of his letters written at that time, "that Iffland and Bril are as preëminent among the best actors, as the Jupiter of Phidias among the works of common stone-cutters."

The precautions, by which Schiller hoped to hide his absence from his superiors, proved insufficient. Soon after his return to Stuttgard he wrote to Dalberg, "Once more I warmly thank you for the splendid honors you have bestowed upon my play. You will wonder not a little when I tell you, that for my journey to you I have been put under arrest for fourteen days. The whole affair had been reported to my sovereign, and I have had a personal interview with him on the subject."

But the petty persecutions did not stop here. Yet before the performance of "The Robbers," in Manheim, Schiller had been stigmatized for his eccentricity, particularly on account of a poem, entitled "Tyranny," which he had inserted in the "Chronicle," published by Schubart, a contemporary poet, who, on account of the incautious liberties he took with the great, had been imprisoned by the arbitrary decree of the Duke of Wirtemberg. He was kept for eight years at the fortress of Hohenasperg, where young Schiller visited the unfortunate poet. Some passages in "The Robbers," had been noted as offensive allusions; such as these. "The favorite who has risen from the populace, the footstool of whose elevation is the fall of his neighbour; a minister who sold offices to the highest bidder, and thrust from his door the mourning patriot," — and similar passages. In one of his letters Schiller says, "I must make haste to be off from here, lest they assign to me a lodging with the honest Schubart. They say that my mind wants to be better disciplined; may be that at

Hohenasperg they would give me a different discipline, but I wish to be allowed my present advantages, which, though small, are more grateful to me, as I owe them to my free will and contempt of thraldom."

A warning given to him by the Duke, with the tone of parental authority, and with the demand, that Schiller should show him all his poetical productions before they were printed, was of course disregarded. The displeasure of the Duke rose to the highest pitch, or rather found a favorable occasion to vent itself, when one of the officers took advantage of some charges brought against Schiller in one of the periodicals of that time, to ruin him in the opinion of the Duke. The facts were these. The Canton of the Grisons was the reputed resort of offenders against the laws of Germany and those of Italy, who sought escape from the arm of justice, either by concealment in those solitary settlements of men, amid the eternal ice and snow, or by passing from one of the border countries into the other. Schiller, in his "Robbers," had spoken of the inhabitants of the Grisons generally as highwaymen. The severe remarks of a Grisonian against the passage, which were published in the "Hamburg Correspondent," were laid before the Duke, who sent for Schiller, reproved him for his misconduct, and instead of advising Schiller to quiet the indignant Grisonian, by altering the offensive passage (which Schiller afterwards did of his own accord), the Duke positively forbade him henceforward to write any other than medical books. "The Robbers," Schiller says in

a letter, "cost me both family and country. In the midst of the seductive praise, which met me unlooked for and undeserved, they have, in my native land, forbidden me to write, under the penalty of imprisonment in a fortress. My determination is known."

Schiller had but lately formed an agreement to edit, in conjunction with two other learned men, a periodical called the "Wirtemberg Repertorium," in which several articles of Schiller's had already appeared. It was his settled determination to leave Stuttgard, yet he wished to go with the permission of the Duke. He therefore wrote to Dalberg, earnestly entreating him to use his influence with the Duke of Wirtemberg, that he might be allowed to leave his present residence and office, and live at Manheim. At the same time he wrote, "you will speak to him of the means which will be afforded me to support myself at Manheim as a practising physician. This point is particularly important, that the government may not, under the pretext of taking care of my welfare, ill treat me, and oppose my departure."

But the earnest solicitations of Schiller to his government remained fruitless; and his situation became more and more unpleasant and critical. At last, in October, 1782, at a time when in Stuttgard everybody was engaged in preparations for the reception of the Russian Grand-duke Paul, Schiller secretly left the city. — "When I tell you that I am flying," he wrote to Dalberg, "I have told my whole fate. I have come away empty, empty in purse and hope. This confession made to you would cover me with

shame, if I did not know that it does not degrade me. It is sad enough to learn by my own experience, the detestable state of things which deprives every free Suabian of growth and perfection."

Under the feigned name of Schmidt, Schiller travelled through Franconia, till he arrived at Bauerbach, an estate not far from Meinungen, which belonged to a lady whose sons had been among his intimate friends at the Charles Academy. Lady Wollzogen received him with the greatest kindness, and he lived at Bauerbach for nearly a year, wholly devoted to his poetic labors. Two dramas, "The Conspiracy of Fiesco," which he had begun during his confinement at Stuttgard, and another, "Cabal and Love," were the fruits of this golden time of rest from the vexations of his past life. Here, also, he began to lay out in his mind a new drama, the subject of which, Don Carlos, son of Philip the Second, king of Spain, had been suggested to him by Dalberg. "After having finished 'Don Carlos,'" he writes, "I shall go to work upon the second part of 'The Robbers,' which shall be a complete apology for the first, and in which all that is objectionable, shall be dissolved into the most sublime morality."

But the secluded life of Schiller at the estate of Lady Wollzogen, however grateful to his feelings, and favorable to the workings of his imagination, could not satisfy his mind, which was continually reaching forward to wider spheres of action. In September, 1783, he left Bauerbach, and went to Manheim, where, with the assistance of his friends Dalberg and

Klein, he formed a connexion with the theatre, not as an actor, but as a dramatic poet. In a letter written at that time to a celebrated composer, who was the early and intimate friend of Schiller, he says, concerning his appointment at Manheim, "my passion is fortunately also my office."

It was Schiller's object to raise the theatre from its degraded state, and make it, what in his opinion it might become, one of the most powerful instruments to elevate and refine the character of a nation. His views on this subject are expressed in an essay written at that time, entitled, "The Theatre considered as a Moral Institution." In this treatise, which he first read before the German Society of the Palatinate, of which he had been made a member, he speaks of the Theatre as "a school of practical wisdom, an infallible key of the most secret avenues to the human soul. Here only, the great of this world hear what they rarely or never hear, — truth; here they see what they rarely or never see, — man."

The efforts of Schiller to elevate the character of the Theatre, though the results fell far below his aim, were great and beneficial, not only for the stage, with which he was personally connected, and which at that time possessed the most distinguished actors, but throughout Germany. The influence of his own dramatic works over the public mind was aided by a periodical, which he began to edit in the year 1784, under the name of the "Rhenish Thalia." "All my connexions," he says in his prospectus, "are dissolved; the public now is to me all in all; it is my study,

my sovereign, my confidant. There is something great in the idea of wearing no other fetters than the decision of the world; of appealing to no other throne than the human soul."

In the "Thalia" he published the first scenes of his "Don Carlos," a drama, which, more than any other, marks a new stage in the developement of his mind. A better acquaintance with men gave to the delineation of his dramatic characters the excellence of good likenesses. A more extensive study of literature, particularly French and English, corrected and enriched the creations of his own mind; while deeper and fuller draughts in philosophy, which, in the contemporary productions of Kant, had sprung forth with fresh and unexampled vigor, introduced into his compositions that depth of thought which is so characteristic of Schiller's works, that it has often been considered by some as the peculiar excellence, and by others as the peculiar fault, of his writings. He himself says in a letter to Göthe, that in his productions he was conscious, that sometimes the poet in him would speak where the philosopher should prevail; and that at others, the philosopher usurped the office of the poet.

The sincere and earnest endeavours of his mind to come to a full conviction with regard to the highest objects of inquiry, to settle by a just decision the great controversy between faith and doubt, in his own mind; — the results of his reason, the prophecies of his heart, are recorded in the philosophical corre-

spondence between Julius and Raphael, which he published at that time.

During his residence at Manheim, Schiller formed many valuable acquaintances and friendships. He was loved and reverenced by the people, and his society was sought by those whom power, station, or talent had placed in the first ranks of society. By reading some scenes of his "Don Carlos," at the court of Hesse Darmstadt, where he had been invited, he became acquainted with the Duke of Saxe Weimar, whose patronage and friendship proved afterward so important to him.

But the admiration of the many, and the favor of the great, did not spoil him for the appreciation and enjoyment of the simplest marks of esteem and love. "A few days ago," he wrote to Dalberg, "I had a very flattering and pleasing surprise. From Leipzig, I received from four persons whom I do not know, packets and letters, full of enthusiasm for me, and overflowing with poet-worship. They were accompanied by miniature portraits, two of them very beautiful ladies, and by a pocket-book embroidered in the best taste. Such a present from persons whose only interest is to let me know that they love me, and are indebted to me for some joyful hours, was very dear to me; and the loudest applause of the world would hardly have flattered me so agreeably."

In the year 1785, Schiller determined to leave Manheim, and, by travelling, to extend the circle of his acquaintance and influence. He fixed upon Leipzig as his future residence, and on this account wrote to

his friend Huber, who lived at that city. As his letter gives a precise and lively idea of his domestic wants, tastes, and habits, I will quote the greater part of it.

"This is probably the last letter I shall write to you from Manheim. And now, since you have taken all my family affairs upon your shoulders, permit me the pleasure of conducting you into the interior of my domestic wishes. I mean, in my new establishment at Leipzig, to avoid a mistake which has caused me much trouble here in Manheim. I have determined not to charge myself with the management of my domestic affairs; and moreover not to live alone. The first of these things is not at all my business. It costs me less to manage a whole conspiracy, or a state catastrophe, than my domestic concerns; and there is nothing, as you yourself know, which is so much endangered by poetry, as keeping accounts. My soul is divided; and I fall headlong from my ideal world, when a ragged stocking reminds me of the real one.

"In the next place, I need for my private happiness a real bosom friend, who, as my good angel, is ever near at hand; to whom I can impart my ideas in their first budding, without the effort of transmitting them by letter-writing or visiting. Even the insignificant circumstance that this friend does not live within the same four walls, so that in order to get at him I must cross the street, or change my dress, &c., — kills the enjoyment of the moment, and the train of thought may be broken before I have reached him. You see, my dear friend, these are only trifles, but trifles are often the most weighty matters in the course

of our lives. I know myself perhaps better than thousands of the sons of men know themselves. I know how much, and often how little I want to be entirely happy; the question then is, can I at Leipzig accomplish my heart's desire?

"If I can live under the same roof with you, all my apprehensions on this ground are at an end. I am not a bad neighbour, as you may perhaps imagine; I am sufficiently pliable to accommodate myself to another, and I have, moreover, occasionally the gift, as Yorick says, to help to improve and cheer him. If you, besides, could find some one to take charge of my little economy, then all is in order, I need only a bed-chamber, which may at the same time be my study, and then a drawing-room. All the furniture I require for my convenience is a good bureau, a writing-desk, a bed, and a sofa, besides a table and some chairs.

"I cannot live on the ground floor or in the garret; and I by no means desire to have the prospect of a churchyard. I love men, and therefore their bustle. If it cannot be managed, that we, I mean our five-leaved clover, dine together, I should dine at the *table d'hôte*, for I had rather fast, than not dine in a company which is either very large or very choice. I write to you all this, my dearest friend, in order to prepare you for my foolish taste, and perhaps to give you an opportunity of doing something beforehand for my establishment. My requests are, to be sure, confoundedly *naïve*; but your kindness has spoiled me."

Schiller arrived at Leipzig in March, 1785, and

there, in the circle of some intimate friends, passed some very happy days. One of his most celebrated poems, his "Ode to Joy," owes its origin to those bright moments. Toward the close of the summer, Schiller went to Dresden, and there he remained till July, 1787. He resided alternately in the city, and in the neighbouring village, Loschwitz, at the house of his friend Körner, the father of Theodore Körner, whose poetry bears in every feature the likeness of his father's excellent friend.

Theodore Körner was admired as the successful imitator of Schiller, until the war of German independence in 1813, in which Körner enlisted, fought, and died, made him an original, and in one branch, that of martial poetry, the greatest German poet.

At Dresden, and at the country house of Körner, Schiller finished his "Don Carlos."

This was the most remarkable, yet not the only production of this period of Schiller's literary life. He never ventured upon the composition of an historical drama, without previous, extensive, and minute researches, into the history, the events, circumstances, and manners of the time from which the subject was taken. This enabled him to give to his historical plays that local and individual character, which makes the past appear present to the reader or spectator, who thus becomes, as it were, a contemporary deeply interested and actively engaged in the great events of the time. Schiller's preparatory studies for "Don Carlos" had directed his attention to a rich subject for historical composition, the revo-

lution of the Netherlands under Philip the Second. Schiller had already published some specimens of historical writing, in a volume, entitled "History of the most remarkable revolutions and conspiracies." The history of the "Secession of the United Netherlands," of which the first volume appeared in 1788, established his eminent talent as an historian. His chief merit in this department consists in the just delineation of character, and in a clear and concise combination of all the circumstances, interests, and motives, which concurred in producing the principal events, and in what may be called the historical perspective, namely, the power of disposing and grouping persons, circumstances, and events at proper distances, and distributing light and shade among them according to their relative importance. In short, the dramatic talent, which is the foundation of Schiller's greatness in the literary world, constitutes, also, the chief excellence of his historical compositions. In proof of this assertion, I need only mention the historical parallel between Egmont and William of Orange, the siege of Antwerp, the attack upon the camp of Wallenstein, not far from Nürnberg, and the battle on the plains of Lützen.

But to return to my narrative; Schiller pursued his historical studies, partly from a strong interest in the subject itself, and partly with a view to obtain, by these labors, a subsistence independent of his poetry, for which he wished to preserve an affection unmixed with any other consideration. He had ceased to be a practical physician ever since he left Stuttgard, and

he preferred the pursuit of history to that of medicine as a means of living, particularly because the former furnished him with materials for his dramatic compositions.

During his residence at Dresden, Schiller continued the "Thalia," which he had begun at Manheim. He published in this periodical some scenes of a new drama, "The Misanthrope." At the same time he commenced the celebrated novel, "The Ghost-Seer." These two writings have remained fragments.

Dresden, where Schiller resided two years, presented to him many and great advantages and attractions; an excellent library, one of the best collections of paintings in the world, a refined and literary society, and the rich scenery on the banks of the majestic river Elbe. He usually spent the first part of the day in the beautiful environs of Dresden. One of his favorite amusements was sailing down the river in a boat, which he loved to do particularly in a thunder-storm, when the dread eloquence of the skies moved the deep waters, mingling their sublime terrors with the gentle beauty of the surrounding scenery. The latter part of the day Schiller devoted to social intercourse, and only when the night set in, and all became silent around him, he repaired to his desk to write. Many immortal fruits of genius sprung from these sleepless nights; but they also sowed the seeds of disease in his own frame; and his death, in the meridian of his life, is no doubt to be ascribed chiefly to these unnatural vigils.

In the year 1787, Schiller went to Weimar. "I am now," he wrote to one of his intimate friends, "where I have long desired to be, in Weimar. You know the men, of whom Germany is proud; Herder, Wieland, and others; I am now with them, within the same city walls. How much that is excellent is found collected in Weimar. I think of passing the rest of my days in this land, and at last to find again a home." Göthe was at that time in Italy. Herder and Wieland received Schiller in the most cordial manner. Wieland asked him to write for his German "Mercury," with a view to renovate and invigorate this periodical; and Schiller furnished some of his best poems, such as "The Gods of Greece," "The Artist," and some historical and critical essays, which, together with some contributions from Herder, Göthe, Kant, and Reinhold, constituted the life and strength of that work.

While at Weimar, Schiller received an invitation from Lady Wollzogen, who had so kindly taken him in when he came as a fugitive and exile from his native land. On his journey to Bauerbach (the estate of Lady Wollzogen), where he spent some pleasant days, he passed through the town of Rudolstadt. Here he was introduced to the family of Lengefeld, and here, for the first time, he saw the lady who afterwards became the partner of his life. In the course of his life, thoughts of love, excited by female beauty and excellence, had, now and then, taken possession of the poet's mind; but, honest as he was in all his dealings with the world, as well as with his

own heart, he had dismissed the thoughts as soon as he perceived they were dreams. Thus his poems to Laura, which he wrote not long after he left the Charles Academy, were the fruits of his love of poetry, which had appeared to him in the shape of a young lady of Stuttgard.

In his passion for Lady Lengefeld, Schiller discerned for the first time the certain indications of true love, an all-absorbing desire of a permanent home. "I need," he wrote to a friend, soon after his return from Rudolstadt, "I need a medium, through which I can enjoy all my joys. Friendship, taste, truth, and beauty will impress me more deeply, when an unbroken succession of delicate and grateful emotions tunes my heart for happiness. Until now I have wandered abroad in the world an isolated stranger, without possessing any thing as my own. I long after a civil and domestic existence. For these many years I have not had a perfect enjoyment of any thing, not from a want of objects of gratification, but because I rather sipped of many pleasures than drank in the fulness of one joy; and because I was destitute of that ever equable and tender sensibility, which the quiet of family life alone can give."

At Rudolstadt, Schiller met also another friend, who remained in habits of intimacy with him until his death. Here for the first time he met Göthe. He met him in a large party, discoursing in an easy and lively manner about his travels in Italy, from whence he had just returned. The first impression, which Göthe made on Schiller, may be seen from a letter

written after their first interview. "On the whole, my truly great idea of Göthe has not been lessened; but I doubt whether we shall ever become intimate. Much that is still interesting to me has had its day with him. My whole being is originally of a different make; his world is not mine; our modes of conceiving of things are essentially different. Still no safe and solid inference can be drawn from such a meeting. Time will teach the rest."

Göthe's kindness soon extinguished this first unpromising impression. Soon after, in a letter to the same friend, after mentioning how kindly he was received by the Duchess Amelia of Saxe Weimar, and that it was Göthe who introduced him, he says, "I see you shaking your head; and you are right. It teaches me, henceforward, never to judge of men rashly, and from preconceived prejudices. Göthe is indeed a kind-hearted man; and although much may be said against him, it does not proceed from himself."

His feelings towards Göthe are expressed in a letter written five years after the period of his life at which I have arrived in my narrative. "Our acquaintance," he writes, "which, though late, awakens in me many a fair hope, is to me a new proof how much better for us it often is to be *guided* by chance, rather than to anticipate it by too much effort. However warm my desire has always been to enter into a closer relation with you than can exist between the mind of an author and his most attentive reader, yet I now fully perceive, that the very different paths, in which you and I have walked, could not well have

brought us together any sooner. But now I hope that, whatever of the way be left for us, we may tread it together, and with so much the greater advantage, as, upon a long journey, the last companions have always the most to say to each other."

In the year 1789, Schiller was appointed to the professorship of history in the University of Jena. His inaugural discourse on the question, "What is universal history, and to what purpose do we study it?" which he delivered before a very large assembly, is full of the most interesting and comprehensive views. History now became the great object of his studies. In 1790 he edited a collection of remarkable memoirs from the twelfth century to his own time; and, in the following year, he published his greatest work in this department, "The History of the Thirty Years' War."

Schiller's residence at Jena was rendered interesting and pleasant by his friendly intercourse with a number of men highly distinguished in their different departments, such as Paulus, Schütz, and Reinhold. Through the latter he became more intimately acquainted with the philosophy of Kant. The influence of its study is evident in a number of essays by Schiller on different subjects connected with æsthetics, or the science of the beautiful. I will mention only his letters on the æsthetic education of man, and his essay on naïve and sentimental poetry, of which Göthe says, "Schiller here laid the foundations of all modern æsthetics; for both classical and romantic poetry, and whatever other names may

have been invented to express the same conceptions, may all be reduced to that discussion on the relative prevalence of realism or idealism in composition."

During four years after his appointment at Jena, he devoted himself almost exclusively to the study of history, philosophy, and the ancient classics; so that, during this period, he did not finish one original poem. "I now read," he says in a letter, "almost nothing but Homer. The ancients give me true enjoyment. At the same time I stand greatly in need of them to purify my taste, which began to deviate from true simplicity." He did not accomplish any thing in poetry, except some translations from Virgil, Sophocles, and Euripides. Still, his mind was continually occupied with new schemes of poetic productions. The principal reason, why the deep ground of his poetic nature lay fallow for a season, is certainly to be found in his various and extensive studies. But in part it may be ascribed to the high standard by which his growing mind measured its own productions, still more rigidly than those of others.

Schiller still continued his "Thalia," and this, together with the reviews he wrote for the "General Literary Gazette," and his lectures, which he delivered to four hundred students, afforded him a competent living. The circle of friends in which he moved was small, in consequence of his retiring habits, but congenial to his taste, as we may infer from his letters. His domestic life became all that his highest wishes anticipated, when, in the year 1790, he led the lady, to whom he was engaged, to

the altar. Some months after his marriage he wrote to a friend ; " It is indeed altogether a different existence, by the side of a dear wife, from such a deserted and lonely one as mine was, even in summer. Now first I wholly enjoy fair nature, and live in it. Things about me again array themselves in poetic forms, and there is often a stirring again in my breast. What a beautiful life I lead now ! My existence has gained a harmonious continuity, not passionately excited, but calm and clear my days flow on. I look forward to the future with cheerful courage. A few years more, and I shall live in the full enjoyment of my mind ; nay, I hope to return to my youth ; an inward spring of poetic life will restore it to me." But in the midst of his domestic happiness, in the prime of life and successful labor, he was seized, in the year 1791, by a spasmodic disease of the chest ; and the rest of his life, though now and then brightened by intervals of rest and ease, was a struggle of his sound mind with his diseased body. Yet, during this period, he produced the greatest number of the most excellent of his works. His correspondence with Göthe, from 1794 to 1805, while it contains an account of his sufferings, gives also a most interesting history of his mind, continually overpowering the hostile influences of his sickness. He calculated the seasons and symptoms, in order to take advantage of every turn of his disease, so that the dead weight of an incurable disorder, instead of sinking his mind, seemed to serve him as the requisite ballast, to steady and deepen the free course of his enterprising fancy.

"As for my subsistence," he writes to Göthe, "I need not be anxious, so long as I can in any way use my pen; and so I leave all to Heaven, who has never yet forsaken me." Still, his illness, for some time, made all continued exertion painful and dangerous. He was obliged to discontinue his lectures and various literary pursuits, by which he supported himself. In this situation, he was gratified by a present, made with great delicacy, by persons with whom he had no immediate connexion. This timely aid came from Denmark. The Duke of Holstein Augustenburg and Count Schimmelman settled upon him a yearly pension of one thousand dollars, for three years, merely for the restoration of his health. In 1793, Schiller undertook, with his wife, a journey to his parents in Wirtemberg. Lest the Duke should molest him on this journey, on account of his escape from Stuttgard (in 1782), Schiller wrote to him from Heilbron. He received no answer from the Duke, but was informed that he had said before others, that Schiller's visit in Wirtemberg should not be noticed by him. Upon this assurance, Schiller continued his journey, and soon saw himself surrounded by his parents and sisters, and the friends of his youth. He spent his time in the midst of them, partly at Ludwigsburg and partly at Stibron, where a new joy was born to him in his first son. He continued with his parents and friends till the following spring, and then returned to Jena.

Soon after his arrival he began to carry into execution the plan of a new periodical. "The Thalia"

had ceased in 1793, and the new periodical, "The Horæ," began in 1794. This work was designed to embrace, in a small compass, a great number and variety of poetical, philosophical, and historical productions from the most celebrated authors, many of whom were found in Jena and Weimar, such as Göthe, Herder, Fichte, Reinhold, and others. "The Horæ" really proved superior to any similar German periodical. Many of Schiller's best poems appeared there for the first time; still they were not so generally appreciated as they deserved to be. They were received with indifference or dislike, in many quarters where the false taste still prevailed, which Lessing and his followers in spirit strove to banish. To an irritable state of feeling produced by this opposition we may ascribe the appearance of a number of small poems, many of them of a sarcastic cast, directed against prevalent heresies in taste, which Schiller and Göthe published under the name of "Xenia." They were inserted in the "Almanac of the Muses," which Schiller edited in 1779. "Xenia," (presents of hospitality,) was certainly an inviting title to all, but it must be confessed, that many who availed themselves of the invitation, hoping to meet with a hospitable entertainment, were sorely displeased to find no quarter given to any kind of cherished prejudice or idolized authority. Schiller's connexion with Göthe became more and more intimate. Their correspondence on some of the most important subjects, to which I shall refer hereafter, seems to show that while in their exchange of common services, Göthe with his wealth

and influence at court, was more giving than receiving, yet in their intellectual intercourse, the greater blessedness of giving belonged undoubtedly to Schiller. His criticism of Göthe's works before they were published, his free and intimate communications on all subjects of interest to Göthe, must have been of great value to him; but at the same time it must be said to his honor, that they were received with that frank and noble recognition of their importance, which honored the generous receiver as much as the cheerful giver.

Schiller's disease still continued; his state of health and the effect it had upon his mind, may be discovered from the following answer to an invitation from Göthe, in September, 1794.

"I accept with pleasure your kind invitation to Weimar, yet with the earnest request, that in your domestic arrangements you will pay no regard to me whatever. For my spasms generally oblige me to give the whole morning to sleep, as they leave me no rest at night, and on the whole, I never have the good fortune to be allowed to calculate with certainty upon any particular hour of the day. You will, therefore, allow me to consider myself in your house, as one not at all belonging to it, and by thus entirely isolating myself, escape the embarrassment of making any one dependent on the condition that I may be in. Order, which is a benefit to all other men, is my most dangerous enemy; for I need only be obliged to do any thing at a certain time, and I am sure that it will be impossible for me to do it.

"Excuse these preliminaries which I was obliged to state, in order to make even my existence at your house practicable. I only beg for the miserable privilege of being sick there."

Still his sufferings did not prevent him from manifesting his poetic mission by wonderful works. While all his vital powers were struggling against the oppression of disease, the creative energies of his mind were continually preparing new productions, which waited only for the blessed interval of some bright hour to come to light.

Thus he writes to Göthe. "If the cheering days which we have here are enjoyed also by you, I congratulate the fourth book of 'Wilhelm Meister' upon them. This earnest of spring has truly quickened me; and has shed a new life over my occupations, which were much in need of it. How much, with all our boasted self-dependence, are we under the influence of the powers of nature; and what is our will, if nature is unpropitious! That which I have brooded over for these five weeks, one mild sunbeam has brought forth within these three days.

"True my previous perseverance may have prepared this unfolding; still for the unfolding I have to thank the warming sun."

In the year 1799, Schiller published what by most persons is esteemed his greatest dramatic work, his "Wallenstein." In the same year Schiller left Jena to reside at Weimar. His "Wallenstein" was only the first of the series of his greatest dramatic works which soon followed. In 1800, he published his

"Mary Stuart," in 1801 his "Maid of Orleans." "The Bride of Messina" followed in 1803, and in 1804 he published the last, and, according to Schlegel's judgment, the greatest of his works, — his "William Tell."

On the 9th of May, 1805, he was seized in the morning by a sudden attack of his spasmodic disease, and he died about 6 o'clock in the evening. After a delirium of several hours "he fell into a soft sleep from which he ere long awoke in full possession of his senses. Feeling that his end was come, he addressed himself to meet it as became him. Of his friends and family he took a touching but tranquil farewell: he ordered that his funeral should be private without pomp or parade. Some one inquiring how he felt, he said, '*Calmer and calmer*'; simple but memorable words, expressive of the mild heroism of the man. About six he sank into a deep sleep; once for a moment he looked up with a lively air, and said; '*Many things were growing plain and clear to him!*' Again he closed his eyes; and his sleep deepened and deepened and deepened, till it changed into the sleep from which there is no awakening; and all that remained of Schiller was a lifeless form, soon to be mingled with the clods of the valley." *

He was buried in the night of the 10th of May. Some burghers of Weimar, according to his direction, were bearing his bier to the grave, but they were relieved on their way by a number of young scholars

* Carlyle's "Life of Schiller."

and artists. It was after midnight, as we learn from the account of an eyewitness, when they reached the church-yard ; a dark and clouded sky threatened rain ; but when the coffin was set down before the grave, the clouds suddenly parted, and the moon, coming forth in calm serenity, shed her rays on the precious remains. They lowered the coffin into the grave ; the moon again receded behind the clouds, and the tempest, suddenly rising, closed, with its solemn requiem, the funeral of Schiller.

LECTURE I.

THE ROBBERS.

HAVING given, in my former lectures, an account of Schiller's life, I shall now proceed to a delineation of his most important works. If we should classify these without any reference to the different departments of literature to which they belong, merely according to their chronological succession, and the degree of maturity which they exhibit, we should consider them as the productions of three different periods of his life. The first period embraces those works which he produced, partly at the Charles Academy, and partly during his first visit at Bauerbach, from 1781 to 1783. I mean chiefly "The Robbers," "Fiesco," and "Intrigue and Love." The second period includes all the poetical, historical, and philosophical works of Schiller, from 1784 to 1798, which he published successively at Leipzig and Dresden, on his first visit at Weimar, and during his residence at Jena. Among the poetic productions of this period, I mention his "Don Carlos," the greatest number of his lyric poems, and his ballads; among the historical works, "The Secession of the United Netherlands," and "The Thirty Years' War"; in

the department of philosophy, his various essays on the fine arts. The third period begins with the year 1799, in which Schiller left Jena to reside at Weimar, and ends in 1805, the year of his death. This last period embraces his great dramatic works, "Wallenstein," "Mary Stuart," "The Maid of Orleans," "The Bride of Messina," and "William Tell."

I shall treat of his dramatic writings, which, before others, constitute his place and character in the literary world. Besides a number of fragments there are nine plays, of which I wish to give you an accurate description.

I shall present to you a sketch of each play, and add such critical remarks as the subject may suggest, and the time allow. The three productions of the first period, "The Robbers," "Fiesco," and "Cabal and Love," claim first our attention.

The circumstances, under which the first play of Schiller, "The Robbers," was produced, have already been mentioned. The scene of the play is laid in Germany, sometimes in Franconia, and sometimes on the frontiers of Saxony, and in the forests of Bohemia. The time is that of the Seven Years' War between Frederic the Second of Prussia, and the Empress of Austria, Maria Theresa. The duration of the play is about two years.

The play opens with a scene in the castle of Maximilian, Count of Moor, in Franconia. Francis, the second son of the old count, endeavours to persuade his father to disinherit and reject his eldest son

Charles, who is studying at the university of Leipzig. By means of a letter, which Francis pretends to have just received from Leipzig, he succeeds in exaggerating every youthful extravagance and folly which Charles had committed, so that his actions at last appear to the deluded father as unpardonable crimes. He permits Francis to write to Charles, that he disowns and discards him; yet with the repeated injunction not to drive his son to despair. As soon as the old count has left the room, Francis rejoices by himself at his success in cutting off the son from the heart of his father, and thinks how to complete his triumph by separating him, also, from the heart of Amalia, his cousin, who was the intended bride of Charles.

He then goes on to put to rest that natural impulse, by which he is unconsciously prompted to give to himself an account of his actions. He puts it to rest by a philosophical deduction of all the reasons he has to be greatly satisfied with his own conduct. He at first feels disposed to find fault with nature, which, by her partiality, in branding him, even from his birth, with extreme ugliness, has given him a right to cast off every restraint of natural feeling. Yet, on the other hand, he finds reasons to be satisfied with nature's dealings with him, being endowed by her with the spirit of invention, and through it with superior power, and consequently superior right, — right having no other limits than the extent of power. "There are, to be sure, some supposed limits of

our conduct," he says, "such as an *honorable name*, a valuable coin in the hands of a shrewd trader who knows how to pass it off; *conscience*, too, that valiant man of straw to scare sparrows from cherry-trees. These are, indeed, excellent institutions to keep the populace under the thumb, that the enlightened may live more commodiously. It is now the fashion to wear buckles on the breeches, to fasten them tighter or looser. We would be measured for a conscience of the latest fashion, to loosen it more and more as we grow stouter. People also make a great talk about what they call 'family affection.' Such a one is your brother, and such a one is your father, therefore he shall be sacred to you, — what a shrewd conclusion! From a brute connexion between our bodies to argue the harmony of our minds.

"This, then, is the whole witchcraft, shrouded in a sacred mist, to abuse our childish fear. Away with them all! I will break down every barrier that prevents me from being lord and master."

The second scene is a tavern on the frontiers of Saxony. Charles Moor and one of his fellow students, Spiegelberg, who, like himself, had left Leipsig to escape from the hands of his creditors, are sitting at a table, Charles Moor absorbed in reading "Plutarch's Lives," Spiegelberg drinking.

Moor, laying aside the book, expresses his disgust at the present generation, so unlike the great men of antiquity. Their deeds have ceased to exert, in this ink-blotting age, any influence on the minds of men, except to be made the subjects of philological disser-

tations, commentaries, and school-boy lessons. Consumptive professors, who, after every word, have to put a flask of hartshorn to their noses, deliver lectures on power. "Men entrammel sound nature by absurd customs. They hug the shoe-black who has access to his lordship, and trample upon the poor fellow whom they do not fear. They deify one another for a dinner, while one would like to poison another for a sofa that he loses by being overbid at an auction. They condemn the Sadducee for not frequenting the church, while they calculate their Jewish usury at the foot of the altar. They fall into a swoon when they see a goose bleed, and clap their hands when their rival goes bankrupt from the exchange. How warmly did I press the hands of my creditors, — grant me only one day more, — prayers, solemn promises, tears, all in vain. Down into the dungeon with the dog! was the answer. No more of that! I must force my body into a corset, must have my will laced in by the law. The law has contracted into snail-pace what would have become eagle-flight. The law has never yet formed a great man, but freedom hatches wonders and extremes. O that the spirit of Arminius was yet glimmering in the ashes! Place me at the head of a host of fellows like myself, and Germany shall become a republic, in comparison with which Rome and Sparta shall have been nothing but nunneries."

Spiegelberg proposes to him to restore the kingdom of the Jews, to call together, from every quarter of the world, all them that eat no swine-flesh, to join

an expedition to Palestine. Moor, smiling, tells him, that the time of fooleries is over. Spiegelberg reminds him of his grand deeds in the University, of his duels and his banquets, his merry tricks, and glorious opposition to the injustice of the college government. Moor replies, that he repents and is deeply ashamed of all his follies. Spiegelberg reproaches him for his downheartedness. He sets before Moor his own beau ideal of the life of a robber, a the high road to greatness and glory. "Go on, then," Moor replies, "rise by the pillars of infamy to the summit of glory. Nobler pleasures await me in the shade of my paternal groves, in the arms of my Amalia. I have written to my father, begged him to forgive me, and have concealed nothing from him; and where there is sincerity, there is also compassion and help. Let us take leave of each other, Spiegelberg; we shall see each other no more. The mail has arrived; my father's letter is already within the walls of this town."

His other companions, (Schweizer, Grimm, Roller, Schufterle, Ratzman,) now enter the room. Moor asks anxiously after the letter. At last Schwarz, one of the company, who had been seeking Moor for some time, enters with the letter. Moor hastily opens it, and, suddenly growing pale, exclaims, "The hand of my brother!" He reads the letter, and runs out of the room. Roller takes it up from the floor and reads, "Unhappy brother, I can only inform you, that your hope has failed. You must go, my father bids me tell you, where your crimes lead

you. Moreover, you must never expect to find pardon, wailing at his feet, but to be treated with bread and water in the lowest vault of his dungeons, until your hair grows like eagles' feathers, and your nails like birds' claws. These are his own words. He commands me to close the letter. Farewell for ever! I pity you.

"FRANCIS MOOR."

Spiegelberg avails himself of the impression made by this letter, and their common embarrassment, to bring them over to his plan of forming a band of robbers. Roller says, he had been thinking that they should scribble together an annual, or write reviews for money. Another, that he thought he would become a pietist, and hold prayer-meetings. And if this should not succeed, says another, I should become an atheist, get my books against the Bible publicly burned by the hangman, and then they would sell rapidly. Another says, he had thought of becoming a doctor. But all these plans are abandoned for that of Spiegelberg, who represents a robber's life, as he contemplated it, as the most honorable occupation. "Honest?" he says to Roller, who had made some objection to his plan, on the ground of its dishonesty, "honest did you say? And do you think you will then be less honest than you are now? To relieve rich misers of one third of their cares, which chase away their golden slumber, to bring the stagnant money into circulation, to restore the equality of possessions, in one word, to bring back the golden age,—to free the Almighty of many a trouble-

some pensioner, and save him war, pestilence, famine, and physicians, — see, this is what I call being honest, to become a worthy instrument in the hands of Providence."

"There is at present an auction in my head," says another of the company; "Pietists, quacks, reviewers, and pickpockets, — whoever bids the most shall have me."

They all at last, even Schweizer and Roller, the bravest and least depraved of the company, unite in the plan of Spiegelberg. But his ambitious hope to be their leader is baffled by Roller, who considers the whole company as a body without a soul, unless Charles Moor consents to be their captain.

Moor now enters in the wildest emotion, raging against the whole human race and human nature, because the deepest of all natural feelings, that which is sacred even to the beasts of prey, parental love, has become a fury. "Such a moving request, such a living representation of misery and heart-melting contrition! O, no son ever loved his father with such love; a thousand lives would I have laid down for him! And nevertheless! nevertheless! O men, men, hypocrites, generation of crocodiles! Their eyes are water, their hearts are brass. Kisses upon their lips, swords in their bosoms. O, why was not my spirit lodged in the body of a tiger, to quench my thirst in human blood. O, that some one would give me a sword, and tell me where I could find the seat of life, that I might stab to the heart this generation of vipers; — he should be my friend, my angel, my God!"

"These very friends we will be to you," says Roller, who has repeatedly endeavoured, in vain, to interrupt him. "Come with us to the Bohemian forests," says another. "There we will collect a band of robbers, and you ——" "And you shall be our captain," exclaims Schweizer. Moor, after staring at him for some time, seizes Roller, and says, "Who breathed this word into you? You have not drawn it from your own soul! Who breathed this word into you? Yes, by the thousand-armed death! This we will, this we must be. The thought deserves divine honors. Robbers and murderers! As true as my soul lives, I am your captain."

THIRD SCENE. *The Castle of Moor. Amalia's Chamber.*

FRANCIS *and* AMALIA.

Francis. "You look away from me, Amalia? Do I deserve less than he whom a father has cursed?"

"Away from me!" she answers. "O the loving, merciful father, who gives up his son a prey to the wild beasts! Shame upon you, you monster, you disgrace of humanity! He feasts and pampers himself at home, and lets *him* starve, his son, his only son!"

"I thought he had two sons," says Francis.

"Yes," Amalia replies, "he deserves to have such sons as you. Upon his death-bed he will in vain stretch out his withered hands after his Charles, and will shrink back with shuddering from the icy grasp of his Francis."

To turn her affection from Charles, Francis repre-

sents him as unfaithful to her, as one who, by his infamous excesses, had become an object of horror.

But she foils all the power and art of his eloquence by an uncompromising faith. He then suddenly changes his part, begs her pardon for having dared to put her love to this severest of all tests, and says he will immediately go to his father to beg him, on his knees, to pardon his brother. She falls upon his neck, exclaiming, "Brother of my Charles! best, dearest Francis!" He then endeavours to make her believe that this affection she shows him, for his fidelity to his brother, grows out of a strong resemblance between himself and Charles. "O no," she says, shaking her head, "no, by this chaste light of Heaven! not the smallest vein of him, not a spark of his feelings!"

He tells her that his and his brother's inclinations agreed in every thing, in flowers, in music, — in the same object of perfection. He adds, that on the evening of his departure, Charles took him to the arbour where he used to sit with Amalia, and, in the painful anticipation of never returning, he had begged him to be to her a friend, to be to her, Charles.

Now he throws himself upon his knees before her; — "Traitor," she exclaims, starting back, "how have I entrapped you! In this very arbour he conjured me, never, — if he should die, — never to love another. See, how . . . . . how detestable you are! Out of my sight, traitor!"

"You know me not, Amalia."

"O I know you, I now know you. That he should

have wept for me in your presence? before you? Sooner would he have inscribed my name on the pillory!"

Francis. "You hate me, Amalia."

Amalia. "I despise you. Go!"

Francis, stamping on the floor, leaves the room, exclaiming, "Wait! you shall tremble before me. — To sacrifice me for a beggar!"

"Go, villain!" she says. "Now I am with Charles again. Beggar, did he say? Then the world is turned round; beggars are kings and kings are beggars. The rags he is clothed with, I would not exchange them for the purple robe of the anointed. The look with which he begs, it must be a great, a royal look, a look which annihilates the magnificence, the pomp, the triumphs of the great and the rich!" She tears her pearls from her neck. "Into the dust with you, pearls and jewels! Be condemned, ye rich and ye great, to wear gold, and silver, and jewels. Charles, Charles, thus I am worthy of you."

Second Act. First Scene.

Francis *in his chamber, meditating.*

"It lasts too long for me, — the doctor says he is recovering; the life of this old man is indeed an eternity!" He meditates how he can remove this last obstacle to his ambition. He wishes to make his father cease to live without actually murdering him, to destroy the body by operating upon the mind. For this purpose he musters the whole arsenal of death. "Anger, — this famished wolf is too soon

sated. Care, — this worm gnaws too slowly. Grief, — this viper creeps too lazily. Fear, — this allows hope to gain ground." At last he fixes upon *terror*, aided by misery, repentance, self-accusation, even by the smiling recollection of the past, and the blooming prospect of the future, — and at last, despair! "Triumph, the plan is ready. Difficult and ingenious as no other; — certain, sure;" "for," he adds jeeringly, "the dissector's knife will find no trace of a wound or of corrosive poison."

For this purpose, Francis bribes Herman, an enemy of Charles, because a disappointed lover of Amalia, by holding out to him the hand of this lady and great wealth, if he will execute the plan laid out in the commission which he hands to him in writing. As Herman is leaving the room, he calls out to him, "The harvest is yours, dear Herman." As soon as he is alone, he adds, "When the ox has dragged the wagon with grain into the barn, he must put up with hay."

SECOND SCENE. *The bed-chamber of the Count of Moor, who is in an arm-chair sleeping.* AMALIA *comes softly in.*

He speaks in his dream of his son Charles. "Are you here? Is it you indeed? O how wretched you look! Do not look on me with this piteous look. I am miserable enough." Amalia quickly wakes him. "Look up, dear old man, you were only dreaming."

"I was dreaming of my son Charles. Why did

I not dream on? Perhaps I should have received his forgiveness."

Amalia. "Angels have no resentment; he forgives you;" seizing his hand, "Father of my Charles! I forgive you."

Count Moor. "No, my daughter, this death color of your face condemns the father. Poor maiden! I robbed you of the joys of your youth. O do not curse me!"

Amalia. (*kissing his hand.*) "You?"

Count Moor. "It is hard, it is sad. I am dying, and my son Charles is not here. I shall be carried to my grave, and he will not weep over my grave. How sweet is it to be rocked into the sleep of death by the prayer of a son. It is the sweetest cradle-song for the life-wearied spirit."

After this, a stranger is announced, who pretends to be the bearer of important news. Herman, in disguise, in introduced by Francis, with the words, "Here is the man. Terrible news await you. Can you hear them?" Herman relates, that he was acquainted with Charles Moor, that, after begging his bread from house to house through Germany, he joined the expedition of Frederic the Second to Bohemia, where he performed wonders of bravery, and fell at the battle of Prague. A few minutes before his death, he had requested him, as his friend, to carry his sword to his father, to tell him that the blood of his son is upon it, that he is avenged, that his father's curse had driven him into battle and death, and that he had fallen in despair; and that his

last sigh was Amalia. Amalia, overpowered by her emotions, remains speechless, and then exclaims, as if frightened out of a death-slumber, "His last sigh was Amalia."

Francis sees, and shows her, with astonishment, on one side of the sword of his brother, written with blood, the words, "Francis, do not leave my Amalia," and on the other side of the blade, "Amalia, thy promise is broken by all-powerful death!" — "Do you see? Do you see?" Francis says, "He wrote it with his stiffened hand, he wrote it with the warm blood of his heart, he wrote it on the solemn brink of eternity. His spirit delayed its flight, to unite Francis and Amalia."

"Holy God!" Amalia exclaims, "It is his hand; — he has never loved me!" She leaves the room in haste. Francis, stamping upon the floor, says, "Confounded! My whole art founders upon this obstinate head!"

During this time, Count Moor, continually repeating the last words of his son, raves first against himself, and then against Francis, whom he accuses of having talked the curse out of his heart. He attempts to seize Francis by the throat, who throws him back into his chair, with the words, "Marrowless bones, how dare you! die! despair!" and runs out of the room.

Herman had left the room before him, unable to endure the misery he had produced. The old Count remains for some minutes alone, in despair. Amalia enters again to assuage his despair, and compose his

agonized mind. The old Count grows so tender and mild, that he forgives his son Francis, who enters and begs his forgiveness. He only desires to give up his spirit in peace.

He then asks Amalia to take the Bible and read to him the story of Jacob and Joseph; the lamentation of the bereaved father. Amalia reads, and when she comes to the words of Joseph's brothers, "This have we found; know now whether it be thy son's coat or no, —" Francis suddenly leaves the room.

She goes on, and when she comes to the words, "I will go down into the grave unto my son, mourning," the old Count exclaims, "Cease! cease! I feel very ill; — this is death. Call the minister, that he may give me the Lord's supper. Where is — my son Francis?" "He has fled;" Amalia says, "God have mercy upon us!" "He has fled," the old man repeats, "fled from the bed of his dying father. And this is all, — all, — of two children full of promise! Thou hast given them, thou hast taken them; — thy name be —" The last words die upon his lips. "Dead, all is dead!" Amalia exclaims, and rushes out of the room.

Francis enters, dancing and rejoicing. "Dead, they cry, dead! now I am lord and master. And who will dare to call me into judgment, and tell me to the face, 'You are a villain'?"

"Away, then, with this troublesome mask of gentleness and virtue! Now you shall see Francis as he is, and be terrified. My father would sugar over his demands. He converted his dominions into a

family circle. He sat, kindly smiling, before his door, and greeted the people as brothers and children. My eyebrows shall hang over you like thunder-clouds; my lordly name shall hover over these mountains like a comet; my forehead shall be your weather-glass! He stroked and caressed the neck that obstinately repelled him. Stroking and caressing is not my business. I will thrust the keen-edged spurs into your flesh, and try the sharp scourge. The paleness of poverty and slavish fear is my favorite color; in this livery I will clothe you."

THIRD SCENE. *In the Bohemian forests.*

Spiegelberg, who had been absent from the band for some time, returns to the head-quarters with seventy-eight recruits. He is received by Ratzman, one of the band, to whom he relates all his glorious feats of knavery during his absence. Ratzman, who wholly agrees with Spiegelberg in sentiment and practice, gives him an account of the very different conduct of their captain. "He does not murder for the sake of robbing, as we do; even his one third of the spoil, which belongs to him as the captain, he gives away to poor orphans, or to enable promising boys to study. But if he finds a nobleman, who treats his peasants like beasts, or if a rich villain, who counterfeits the law, and blindfolds the eye of justice, or some other fellow of that sort, comes under his hammer, then he is in his element; he raves like the evil one, as if every fibre in his body was a fury."

Schwartz, another of Moor's band, comes in run-

ning. "Quick, quick, where are the others? Do you stand here prattling? Do you know nothing? and Roller ——"

Ratzman. "What is the matter?"

Schwartz. "Roller was taken three weeks ago, and put to the question, upon torture, where the captain is. The brave fellow did not confess. Yesterday they pronounced his sentence. To-day he and four others have gone extra-post to the devil."

Ratzman. "Confounded! Does the captain know it?"

Schwartz. "He heard it only yesterday. Ropes and ladders were tried in vain. The captain himself, in a capuchin's dress, stole into the prison to exchange parts with him. Roller refused. Now he swore, with an oath that chilled us through and through, that he would kindle a death-torch for Roller, such as has never been lighted for a king, which shall burn their backs brown and blue. I fear for the city of Nurenberg, which he always detested on account of its bigotry."

Ratzman. "O the poor Roller!"

Spiegelberg. "'Memento mori.' But that affects me little. (*He hums a song.*)

When I pass the gallows by,
I only wink with my right eye;
Better one, I think, than two,
Who is the fool, then, I or you?"

They hear three shots fired to announce the coming of the captain; at the same time shouting and singing,

"The gentlemen of Nurenberg, they have decreed, at last,
That they will never hang a man before they have him fast."

Roller, Schweitzer, and Charles Moor enter, covered with dust, and out of breath. Schweitzer and Roller relate to the rejoicing robbers how Roller was conducted to the gallows, and, while the whole city went out to see his execution, Moor with his band set it on fire. As the terrified attendants of Roller looked back upon their burning city, he seized the moment, broke through the ranks, and swam over the river to a place where, according to a secret understanding, Moor waited for him with horses.

Other robbers relate what they have stolen in the city. Schufterle, one of the band, relates, that eighty-three persons, most of them children, aged and sick persons, unable to follow the procession to the gallows, perished in the flames. He relates how he himself threw a child into the fire.

"Indeed," Moor interrupts him, "this flame shall burn in your bosom until eternity grows old. Off with you, monster, and never again be seen among my band.—Do you murmur, do you hesitate? Who dares to hesitate when I command? Away with him, I say. There are several among you who are ripe for my wrath. I know you, Spiegelberg. But I will soon come amongst you, and have a fearful reckoning with you." They depart, trembling.

Moor (*alone*). "O how this deed humbles me! Here I stand ashamed and derided in the sight of Heaven; a foolish boy, who presumed to play with the club of Hercules, and threw down pigmies, when he should have crushed giants. O I am not the man to

wield the avenging sword of the highest tribunal! my strength has given way at the first grasp. Here I renounce the insolent plan; I go to conceal myself in some cave of the earth, where the day will not shine on my disgrace."

As he is on the point of departing, some of the robbers come in with the message, that their hiding place is found out, that all the outlets are occupied, and the whole district of the forest is surrounded by several thousand Bohemian hussars and dragoons. Moor withdraws for a while, until they are entirely surrounded. Schweitzer, Roller, and other robbers enter. Schweitzer welcomes the occasion for desperate fight. Spiegelberg inquires after means of escape. Moor now steps among them, saying, "Now, my boys, all is at stake. We are lost, unless we fight like wounded boars."

A priest, sent out by the besieging troops, comes in, tells them that they are surrounded by seventeen hundred soldiers, and, after an introduction full of curses and imprecations, he delivers to the captain the message of the city government. In case he will, without delay, surrender, and implore forgiveness, they will mercifully mitigate the punishment he has deserved, and inflict on him nothing worse than death upon the rack.

As Moor disdains the offer, he addresses the band, offering them, in the name of the magistrate, a complete pardon, and a great reward besides, if they will seize the captain, and deliver him up to the government.

Moor, to the utter astonishment of the priest, assists him in his endeavours to persuade the band. He shows them the impossibility of their escape, and the certainty that the offer of pardon, which the priest has handed to Schweitzer, signed and sealed by the government, will be punctually fulfilled. To free them from every apprehension, lest, if they should attempt to bind him, he should either take his own life, or defend himself, he throws away his dagger, pistols, and flask of poison, and ties his own right arm to the branch of a tree, telling them that now a child can throw him down; and then cries out, "Who is the first to forsake his captain in distress?" Roller, brandishing his sword, exclaims,— "Though hell should surround us ninefold, — save, save the captain."

Schweitzer tears to pieces the instrument of pardon, and throws the fragments into the face of the priest. — "Pardon in our bullets! Go, villain. Tell the government that sent you, you find among the whole band of Moor not a single traitor."

The whole band, in great commotion, cry out, "Save, save the captain."

Moor, tearing off the cords from his arm, exclaims, "Now we are free, comrades! I feel an army in my hand. Death or freedom! They shall at least have no one alive."

Trumpets blow to the onset. They march off with drawn swords.

Third Act. First Scene.

Amalia *in the garden, playing on her lute.*

Francis enters, and reminds Amalia of the gratitude she owes to his family, in which she had been received as a helpless orphan, and tells her, that he himself, who, through the death of his father and his brother, has become the heir of the whole earldom, he, the envied and dreaded Francis, scorns the hand of the noblest ladies, and professes himself the slave of Amalia. Amalia calls him the murderer of her lover, and rejects his offer with disdain. Francis threatens her with the cloister. She begs him to fulfil his threat. He then tells her that she shall be married to him with or without her consent; and as he approaches to seize her, she suddenly falls upon his neck as if to embrace him, at the same moment draws his sword from his side, and drives him off.

Amalia (*alone.*) "Now I can breathe freely. 'Into a cloister,' he says. I thank you for this happy discovery. Now deceived love has found an asylum, — the cloister, the cross of the Saviour, is the asylum of deceived love."

As she is about to go, she is stopped by Herman, who, tormented by his conscience, discloses to her that Charles still lives, that her uncle, too, is not dead, and after this hurries away.

SECOND SCENE. *Country upon the Danube.* CHARLES MOOR *and the Robbers encamped on a hill under the trees.*

Moor. "Here I must remain. I can drag my weary limbs no further. My tongue is dry. I should request you to go for some water for me from the river; but you are all tired to death." Schweitzer withdraws unperceived; Moor is absorbed in contemplating the setting sun.

"Thus is a hero's death. Adorable! When I was a boy, it was my favorite thought to live like the sun, to die like it. (*With suppressed pain.*) It was a boyish thought! There was a time when I could not sleep if I had forgotten my evening prayers."

Grimm. "What? Do not be a child, I pray you."

Moor. "Would that I were one; would that I were a child again."

Grimm. "Fy, fy!"

Schwartz. "Cheer up, Moor; see this beautiful landscape, this lovely evening."

Moor. "Yes, my friends, this world is so beautiful; this earth is magnificent."

Schwartz. "Now you speak well."

Moor. "And I am so hideous in this beautiful world. I, a monster on this magnificent earth. O my innocence! my innocence! See, all have gone forth to sun themselves in the peaceful beam of spring, — why must I alone inhale infernal influences from the joys of heaven? All is so happy; all beings

wedded to each other by the spirit of peace. The whole world one family, and one Father above! Not my father; — I alone rejected, I alone excluded from the ranks of the pure, — not to me the sweet name of child, — not to me the languishing look of the loved one, — never, never, the embrace of a bosom friend. Surrounded by murderers, vipers hissing round me, chained to vice with iron bands, leaning over on the bending reed of vice into the abyss of perdition, in the midst of a blessed world a howling Abaddon."

He is interrupted by Schweitzer, who comes back, bleeding, with water in his hat, which he has obtained, at the risk of his life, from a fountain in a rock. The faithfulness of Schweitzer, and the recollection of Roller, who had fallen on the day when the band was attacked in the Bohemian forests, prompt Moor to promise them solemnly that he will never leave them, — though Schweitzer interferes with the words, "Do not swear; you know not whether you will not become happy once more, and repent of your oath."

A stranger, Kosinsky, comes in, desiring to serve under Charles Moor. Moor endeavours to dissuade him from his purpose. Kosinsky relates the experience of his persecution; how by the licentiousness of his prince, and the rapacity of his prime minister, he was deprived of his property and of his bride Amalia.

Moor, extremely moved by the similarity of his own dreadful experience, bids Kosinsky stay, and orders the whole band to follow him to Franconia, to his own native place.

FOURTH ACT. FIRST SCENE. *Country near the Castle of Moor.*

CHARLES MOOR. KOSINSKY.

Charles Moor sends Kosinsky as his valet to the castle, to announce him as the Count of Brand, from Meklenburg, an old acquaintance of the father of Francis Moor.

Moor (*alone, kissing the earth*). "Hail my paternal soil! Paternal heaven! Paternal sun! Meadows, hills, streams, and woods, I welcome you all from my heart! How sweetly the wind blows from the mountains of my home, — heavenly balm to the poor fugitive."

An irresistible longing to see Amalia overcomes the dreadful forebodings with which he approaches the palace; and he enters.

THIRD SCENE.

CHARLES MOOR (*under the name of Count of Brand*), *and* AMALIA, *walking in the gallery of Pictures.*

Amalia asks Moor whether he thought, that, among the family portraits, he would recognise that of the father of the reigning Count. He points it out, almost overcome by his emotions. He then asks Amalia whose portrait is that on the right hand of the old Count.

Amalia. "The portrait on the left hand is the present Count. Will you not walk on, Sir?"

Moor. "But this portrait on the right hand?"

Amalia. "Will you not walk into the garden?"

Moor. "But this portrait on the right hand. You weep, Amalia."

(*Amalia quickly leaves the hall.*)

Moor (*alone*). "She loves me! she loves me! (*Struck by the sight of his father's portrait.*) You, you, flames of fire in your eyes, — curse, curse, rejection. Where am I? Night before my eyes, — terrors of God, — I, I have killed him." — (*He hurries away*).

Francis Moor comes in, lost in thought. "Away with this image! Away! Coward, why do you tremble, and before whom? During the few hours that the Count walks within these walls, I feel as if a spy of hell was close upon my heels. — It is as if I knew him. There is often something grand, in his wild sun-burned countenance, which makes me tremble. Amalia too, is not indifferent toward him. Be on your guard, Francis. Behind this there lurks some mischief-breeding monster."

He stops opposite the portrait of Charles. — "His long goose-neck, — his black and flaming eyes, — his dark, projecting, bushy eyebrows; — (*suddenly startled.*) Malicious hell! Dost thou send this foreboding? It is Charles! Yes, now all his features rise vividly in my mind. It is he, in spite of his mask. It is he, — it is he."

His plan is quickly made. He calls in Daniel, the old faithful domestic. Francis first accuses Daniel of a conspiracy with the foreign Count; he inquires of Daniel, whether the Count has not told him he is his brother, and at last commands him, by the duty of

blind obedience to him, as his master, to throw poison into the cup of the Count. Daniel upon his knees conjures him by all that is sacred and dear, to desist from this purpose, but Francis leaves him no other alternative, than either to live in peace at home, or to die of hunger in the lowest of his dungeons. Daniel at last promises to do his will on the next day.

FOURTH SCENE. *Another Chamber in the Castle.*

CHARLES MOOR.

Daniel enters, and, under the pretext of kissing his hand, he recognises Moor by a scar from a wound which he received when a boy. Charles, after trying for a long time by a strict reserve, to deceive the old man, at last overpowered by his true-hearted affectionate appeals, falls upon his neck, with the words, "Yes, Daniel, I will conceal it no longer, I am your Charles, your lost Charles." Daniel discovers to him that Francis made his father believe that he was dead, that he repeatedly endeavoured to make Amalia his wife, and that at last he commanded him to murder Charles.

Charles Moor in despair leaves the castle, sees Amalia in the garden, takes leave of her, and at last makes himself known by finishing an old favorite song of theirs, which she had begun. He throws away the guitar, and flies.

SIXTH SCENE. *A neighboring forest. Night. An old ruined castle in the centre. The band of Robbers encamped on the ground, singing.*

Schweitzer overhears Spiegelberg endeavouring to

form a conspiracy with Ratzman, to murder the captain. Schweitzer stabs him. Moor enters, and Schweitzer discloses the plot. The Robbers lay themselves down to sleep. Moor takes his lute, and plays and sings. He then meditates upon suicide, but at last gives up the thought as cowardly.

Herman comes forward.. "Hark! hark! The owls hoot dreadfully. It strikes twelve in the village opposite. It is well. Villany is asleep. In this wilderness there is no listener." He steps to the castle and knocks. "Come forth, man of woe, inhabitant of the tower, your meal is prepared."

Moor (*softly stepping back*). "What does this mean?"

A voice from within the castle. "Who knocks at the castle? Is it you, Herman, my raven?"

Herman. "It is I, Herman, your raven. Step up to the grate and eat. Do you relish your food?"

Voice from within. "I was very hungry. Thanks to the Sender of ravens, for bread in the wilderness. And how is my dear child, Herman?"

Herman. "Be silent,—hark,—a noise as from persons snoring. Do you not hear something?"

Voice. "How? Do *you* hear something?"

Herman. "It is the wind sighing through the crevices of the town; a night music, which makes one's teeth chatter, and makes one's nails blue.—Hark, once more. I still think I hear it. You have company, old man. Hoo! Hoo!

Voice. "Do you see something?"

Herman. "Farewell, farewell, the place is ter-

rible. Go back to your pit. Above there is your helper, your avenger. Cursed son!"

Herman starts off. Charles Moor comes forward.

"Stop." Herman screams with terror.

Moor. "Stop, I say."

Herman. "Alas! alas! now all is betrayed."

Moor. "Stop, speak, who are you? What have you to do here? Speak!"

Herman. "O have mercy, have mercy upon me, my gracious master. Hear only one word before you kill me."

Moor (*drawing his sword*). "What shall I have to hear?"

Herman. "True, you forbade me under the penalty of death. I could not help it, — in heaven there is a God; — yonder is your own father, — I took compassion on him. — Do not stab me!"

Moor. "A secret lies concealed here. Out with it! Speak! I will know all."

The voice from within the tower. "Alas! alas! is it you, Herman, who is speaking there? With whom are you speaking, Herman?"

Moor. "Some one else there below? What is going on here? Is it a prisoner whom men have cast off? I will take off his chains. Voice, speak again. Where is the door?"

Herman. "O have mercy, Sir, — do not pass forward, Sir, — pass on, for mercy's sake!" (*He stops him on his way.*)

Moor. "What, barred up four times? Stand off!

Now, for the first time, come to my assistance, thievish arts."

Herman runs off. He takes the instruments, and opens the door of the grate. An old man, a living skeleton, comes forward from below.

The Old Man. "O have mercy with a wretched man; have mercy."

Charles Moor (starts back frightened). "This is the voice of my father."

The Count of Moor. "Thanks to thee, O my God! The hour of my salvation has come!"

The old man relates to his deliverer, whom he does not know, that the message that his curse had driven his son Charles to despair and death, had thrown him into a swoon. "They must have thought me dead; for when I recovered my senses, I found myself in a coffin. I scratched against the lid of the coffin. It was opened. It was night, and my son Francis stood before me. 'What,' he cried with a terrible voice, 'will you then live for ever.' And immediately the lid was thrown down." He goes on relating how he was carried to the tomb. At the entrance of it stood Francis, and the man who had brought the bloody sword from Charles. He embraced the knees of his son, — in vain. He was thrown into the vault, and Francis locked the door behind him. After twenty hours, Herman came and brought him bread and water, and told him that he had been condemned to die by hunger, and that he came to support him at the risk of his own life.

Charles Moor. "It is enough." (He fires a pis-

tol over the sleeping robbers.) "Up, up, you logs, you lumps of ice! Has not the story startled you from slumber? See here! see here! The laws of the universe have become a play at dice; the bond of nature is severed; the old discord is unchained; the son has slain his father."

He relates the story, while the exhausted old man lies in a swoon.

The Robbers. "It is a Belial's deed. Let any one now come forward and say that we are villains."

Charles Moor forbids them to cherish a thought of robbery or murder, before his father is avenged by the blood of the parricide; and he solemnly consecrates them as instruments of vengeance in the hand of a higher power. He commands Schweitzer to select the bravest of the band to assail the castle, and to bring Francis as a prisoner to the spot; but by all means to spare his life.

Schweitzer. "Enough, captain; here is my hand; you will see either two coming back alive, or neither." They march off.

FIFTH ACT. FIRST SCENE. *Castle of Moor. A dark Night.*

Daniel, the old domestic, comes with a lantern and a bundle, on the point of leaving the castle. He is met by Francis Moor, who, tormented by dreadful dreams, is running from room to room, and waking the inmates. He asks Daniel, whether he has not seen any thing. He sends a servant to the pastor of the place. Meanwhile he makes Daniel sit down, that

he may relate to him his dream, and begs him to laugh at him heartily for being terrified at such nonsense. It was the last judgment. He heard his name pronounced as the first among the innumerable host of sinners, by him who held the balance, between the rising and the setting sun. Each hour of life passed by, and threw a mortal sin into the scale on the left hand of the judge. This scale grew like a mountain; but the other, full of the blood of redemption, still kept it high in the air. At last there came an old man, bowed down by grief, his arm lacerated by the teeth of raging hunger. The eyes of all turned away from the man with awe. I knew the man. He cut off a lock of his silver hair, threw it into the scale of sins, and, behold, it sunk, suddenly sunk to the abyss, and the scale of atonement swung high in the air!

"Then I heard a voice issuing from the smoking rock; 'Mercy, mercy for every sinner on the earth and in the abyss; thou alone art rejected.'" A pause. "Now, why do you not laugh, Daniel? Do call me a fool, a brain-cracked, absurd fool. Do so, dear Daniel, pray laugh at me bravely."

Daniel. "Can I laugh when my skin is shrivelling from fear? God be merciful to you." He goes out. Pastor Moser enters.

Moser. "You have sent for me, noble Sir. I am astonished. The first time in my life! Is it your intention to scoff at religion, or do you begin to tremble before it?"

Moor tells him that he means to show him, that there is no future life and no God; and challenges

him to refute him with all his arguments, which he means to blow away by the breath of his mouth.

Moser quietly listens to his atheistic reasoning, and, before engaging in the argument, addresses a few words to that secret spring of terror in his heart, which makes him so anxious to ridicule religion, or to reason it away, — to that something in his heart that made him send for the parson at midnight. Now he means to go on with his argument. But Moor interrupts, "Go to hell with your arguments! The soul is annihilated, I tell you, and you shall make no answer!"

His terror increases, and he drives Moser away with curses and threats.

Moser. "Can the prattle of a priest so greatly alarm such a philosopher? Do blow it away with the breath of your mouth." Francis falls back upon a chair dreadfully agitated.

A servant runs into the room. "Amalia is escaped. The Count has suddenly disappeared."

Daniel enters. "Noble Sir, a troop of fiery horsemen are riding through the streets, crying 'Murder! murder!'"

Moor. "Go, let all the bells be rung; all shall go to church; all upon their knees shall pray for me; all prisoners shall be free. I will make restoration to the poor twofold and threefold. Go, call the father-confessor, that he may bless away my sins." The tumult approaches and increases.

Moor. "It is too late. Pray, do pray for me, Daniel."

Daniel. "Did I not tell you, when you used to throw my prayer-books at my head, that there would be a time when you would gladly give all the treasures of the world for one Christian sigh? Do you see it now?"

Moor (embracing him vehemently). "Pardon me, dear, golden, diamond Daniel; pardon me; I will clothe you from head to foot; I will make you a bridegroom; I will — O, do pray! upon my knees I conjure you. In the devil's name, do pray for me." Schweitzer is heard without in the street.

"Storm! Strike down! Break in! There, I see a light, there he must be!"

Francis, (upon his knees.) "Hear me pray, God in heaven! It is the first time, — it shall also never happen again. Hear me, God in heaven!"

Schweitzer, (roaring in the streets.) "Drive them back, comrade! It is the devil has come to take your master."

Francis, (praying.) "I have not been a common murderer, my Lord God; I have never meddled with trifles, my Lord God."

Daniel. "God be merciful to us! Even his prayers become crimes."

Stones and firebrands are thrown into the castle. It is on fire.

Francis. "I cannot pray;—here, here, (*striking against his breast and his forehead,*) all is so desolate, —so dried up." He rises. "No, I will not pray. Heaven shall not have this victory; hell shall not carry on such sport with me. Here, take this sword,

Daniel; run it through my body from behind, lest these villians come and mock me." The fire increases.

Daniel. "God forbid! God forbid!: I would not despatch one too soon to heaven, and much less too early to" ——. He runs off.

Moor (staring after him). "To hell, — you meant to say. Indeed, I perceive something of this kind." In a frenzy. "Are these its shouts? Do I hear you hissing, infernal vipers? They come, they besiege the door, — why do I tremble before this piercing point? — The door falls, — no escape; — then be thou an instrument of mercy to me!" He tears a golden cord from his hat, and hangs himself.

Schweitzer, Grimm, and Schwartz enter.

Schwartz. "You may sheathe your swords. He has stolen a march upon us. Here he is, stone dead."

Schweitzer. "No, I say. You will see how quick he will be on his legs again. (*He shakes him.*) Heigh! heigh! There is a father to be murdered! — He is dead, indeed! Go, tell my captain, he is dead; — he will never see me again." He shoots himself through the head.

SECOND SCENE. *In the forest near the old tower.*

The old Count of Moor seated on a stone. Charles Moor before him. Robbers are scattered in the wood. The old Count pleads for the pardon of his son Francis. Charles Moor kneels down before him. "I broke the bars of your prison. Give me your

blessing." The old Count, laying his hand upon his head, says, "Be as happy as you are merciful."

Charles Moor, (rising.) "O where is my misused game? My sinews are unbent. The dagger falls from my hand."

The old Count. "O how beautiful it is when brothers live together in unity, like the dew that falls from Hermon, upon the hills of Zion. Learn to deserve this blessing, young man, and the angels of heaven will sun themselves in your glory. Be your wisdom the wisdom of gray hairs, but be your heart that of innocent childhood."

The body of Schweitzer is brought in, with the message that Francis Moor had been found dead.

Other robbers come in with Amalia.

Amalia. "The dead, they say, been risen at his voice. My uncle alive in this forest! Where is Charles? My uncle ——"

The old man presses her to his heart. She runs up to Charles and hangs upon his neck. Charles endeavours to free himself. "Away, away, unhappiest of brides! Perish, Amalia; die, father, die, through me, a third time! These your deliverers are robbers and murderers! Your Charles is their captain!" The old Count expires.

Amalia. "Murderer, demon! I cannot forsake you, angel."

Moor. "She forgives, she loves me. See, O see, the angels of light weep upon the necks of weeping demons. (*To the robbers.*) Weep, O weep with me, you are all so happy!" The robbers come forward, remind him of his promise, his oath, his

treachery ; show him the scars of the wounds they have received in his defence ; conjure him by the spirit of the sacrificed Roller. They demand of him sacrifice for sacrifice, — the sacrifice of Amalia for the band.

Moor lets go Amalia's hand. "It is over. I wished to return and go to my father. But he who is in heaven, says no, it shall not be. Fool that I am, to believe that so great a sinner could return. — Come comrades."

Amalia stops him. "Stop, stop, one stroke from your dagger. Draw your sword, have mercy on me." He refuses. She implores the robbers to kill her. One of them takes aim.

Moor. "Stop ; the bride of Moor shall die through no one but Moor. (*He stabs her.*) Have you any thing more to demand of me ? You sacrificed to me a life that was no longer your own, a life full of abomination and disgrace. I have slain for you an angel. Are you satisfied ?"

One of them. "You have done more than any man would do for his honor. Lead us now further."

But Moor resigns his command.

"O fool that I was, to imagine that I could bless the world by crimes ; I called it vengeance and justice ; I presumed to grind down the gaps in the sword of Providence, and to repair its partialities. But O folly ! Here I stand at the limit of a horrible life, and I now see, with howling and gnashing of teeth, that two men like myself would ruin the whole fabric of the moral world. It is no longer in my power to make

up for the past. What I have destroyed will never rise again. But one thing still remains for me to do. The laws which I have offended, the order which I have abused, demand a sacrifice that shall display their sacred majesty before all men ; I myself am this sacrifice."

The Robbers. "Take away his sword, he will kill himself."

Moor. "You fools, condemned to perpetual blindness. Do you think that a mortal sin could be an equivalent for mortal sins ? (*He throws his arms at their feet.*) They shall have me alive. I go to deliver myself into the hands of justice."

Robbers. "Let him go. He is smitten with the notion of being a great man. He will sacrifice his life for admiration."

Moor. "True, men might admire me for it. I remember on my way here, to have had some conversation with a poor fellow, the father of eleven children, toiling for their daily bread on the way-side. They have offered a reward of one thousand louisd'ors to him who should deliver up the Great Robber. I go to help this man."

If it is difficult sometimes to judge of the character of a country and its inhabitants, from that of its chosen representatives, it is equally difficult to form a just idea of the character of a drama and its constituent parts, from a collection of extracts strung together like those by which I have endeavoured to give you an idea of Schiller's first play, "The Robbers." Still

something of the spirit of the play, and the prominent features in each of the principal characters, may, perhaps, be discerned from the sketch I have laid before you. It may account, in some measure, for the general enthusiasm with which this first play of Schiller's was received in Germany, as well as for the severe censures it incurred from some critics. Among those whose censures proceeded from a true and discriminating love of justice, in the valuation of literary products, there was none so uncompromising in his strictures on this work, as its admired author. Against one remark, derogatory to the character of the play, and, by way of inference, even to that of its author, Schiller thought himself bound in justice, both to himself and to his work, to satisfy the public sentiment by a vindication. It is contained in a preface to the first remodelled edition of "The Robbers." He expresses the wish, that this drama might not be considered a play for the stage, but rather as a dramatic history. "For," he says, "the economy of the play required that many characters should appear in it, which offend the delicate moral sense, and are revolting to the tenderness of our manners. Every painter of men is placed in this necessity, if he wishes to furnish a copy of reality, and no ideal affectations, no text-book men. An author who aims at destroying vice and revenging morals and religion upon their enemies, must exhibit vice in its naked hideousness and colossial greatness; he must himself, for a little while, pass through its dark mazes, and force himself into feelings which affright the soul by their monstrosity. In this

play, vice is exposed with all its internal mechanism. It dissolves, in the character of Francis, all the vague shudderings of conscience into powerless abstractions; it dissects the moral feelings, and jests away the serious call of religion. He who has succeeded (a glory which we do not envy) in refining his understanding at the expense of his heart, to him the most sacred things become profane; man and God, the world that now is, and that which is to be, are nothing in his eyes. Of such a caricature of a man, I have endeavoured to draw a striking and living portrait, to analyze his complete system of vice, and try its strength against that of truth. The result of this struggle will appear in the developement of the story; I think I have been true to nature.

"Next to this character stands another, who perhaps may embarrass many a reader, — a mind for which the extreme of vice has a charm, only on account of the greatness by which it is signalized, on account of the power which it requires, and the dangers by which it is accompanied. A remarkably powerful man, endowed with all the energy to become either a Brutus or a Catiline. Unhappy circumstances decide him to become the latter, and only at the end of immense errors he attains to the former. It is the picture of a great wandering soul, endowed with all talents for excellence; and with all its talents, — lost. An unbridled vehemence and bad company corrupted his heart, and carried him from vice to vice, until he stood at last at the head of a band of murderers, heaping enormity upon enormity, plunging from abyss into abyss, to the depths of despair. Great and majestic

in misfortune, and, by misfortune improved, led back to righteousness. Such a man you will, in the Robber Moor, both deplore and hate, abhor and love.

"It is, at present, also the *haut ton* to let one's wit have full play at the expense of religion, so that a person can hardly pass for a genius, if he does not allow his satire to revel with the most holy truths. The noble simplicity of Scripture is given up to the abuse and ridicule of the so-called great wits; for what is so sacred or serious that, if perverted, cannot be ridiculed? I may hope to have procured a more than common revenge for religion and true morality, if I expose these unprincipled despisers of Scripture in the persons of my most disgraceful Robbers.

"Still more. These immoral characters of which I have spoken, must have their bright sides, nay, I was obliged to make up to them for what they were wanting in heart, by advantages of understanding. The stamp of the divine likeness is impressed upon every human being, even the most vicious. If it be my object to present a character entire, I must not omit its perfections, of which, even the most vicious are never wholly destitute. If I wish to warn men against the tiger, I must not pass over its bright speckled skin, lest they miss the tiger in the tiger. Besides, a person that is all wickedness, is not an object of art, and repels, instead of engaging, the attention of the readers. They would pass over whatever he is made to say. A noble mind bears a continual moral discord, as little as the ear bears the grating of a knife upon glass.

"I feel as if my drama, in consequence of its strik-

ing catastrophe, had a right to a place among moral books. Vice comes to an end such as it deserves. The wanderer from duty returns to the path of justice. Virtue comes off victorious. Whoever is honest enough to read me to the end, and is willing to understand me, of him I can expect, — not that he will admire in me the poet, but that he will respect the honest man."

The character of Charles Moor, the most prominent in the play, is easily understood. It is that of a generous youth, endowed with noble talents, and overflowing with excellent feelings, whose goodness, however, is a matter of taste and passion, rather than of principle. He is actuated by a generous impulse; even in its greatest perversion, we recognise a desire to benefit and improve mankind. Such a character is liable to a peculiar temptation, often overlooked by moralists, which is here portrayed by the poet. The moral enthusiast, conscious of a desire to benefit, not only the few individuals with whom he happens to be connected, but the whole human race, is apt to consider himself a privileged being. Nature has implanted in him the desire to benefit all mankind, which gives him a right to expect that all men should feel the same confidence in him which he feels, and yield themselves up to his kind influence; and he judges of their character, by their disposition to receive or reject his philanthropic mission. As his own words and actions are intended, not for those individuals only with whom he happens to be connected, but for the benefit of mankind, he is apt to consider those individuals not merely as such, but as representatives

of mankind, and the manner in which his efforts are received by them, as a proof of the prevalence of good or evil in the world. His right to benefit all men gives him a right, also, to be displeased with them, if they do not allow themselves to be benefited by him, to impute to them the blame of any disappointment he meets with, and, if he can, to punish, in order to reform them, and thus, at least, to gratify his philanthropic desire. Charles Moor is such a character. The severe disappointment he meets with, when expecting the pardon of his father with the devoted trust of a repenting child, casting himself wholly on a father's love, which he knows to be greater than his sins, —this dark experience at once overcasts the whole horizon of his memory and his hope, calling up the remembrance of every wrong he has received or heard of in his life, and casting out the recollection of every act of kindness, every evidence of truth and virtue, even the inexhaustible treasures of love laid up in the heart of his Amalia. In his eyes, the supposed transgression of one man has corrupted the whole human race, and poisoned the very fountains of human nature. Hence, all the crimes he commits assume in his diseased imagination the character of vengeance, and he sees in his power and his success a divine appointment, which has intrusted him with the sword of the highest tribunal. Still, after all the foundations of his character were shaken, and the whole fabric of the moral world within him was consumed by the fire of his passion, the undying embers of pure affection, the recollection of his childhood,

the love of his Amalia, proved sufficient to rekindle all his early aspirations after truth and excellence. That touching scene on the banks of the Danube, when he breaks forth in the words, "There was a time when I could not sleep if I had forgotten my evening prayers," — these outpourings of a homesick heart, are the forerunners, nay, the actual beginning, of his moral reformation, which is not accomplished until he has conquered the last temptation, that of being admired for his generous self-abandonment to the hands of justice, — and goes, to benefit, by the price that is set upon his head, a poor man whom he had seen toiling on the way-side for the support of his eleven children.

By the side of this self-deluded enthusiast, we see a villain of an original and highly interesting cast, the philosophizing tyrant, Francis. Schlegel stigmatizes this character as an imitation of Shakspeare's Richard the Third, "ennobled by none of those qualities, which, in Richard, mingle admiration with abhorrence." But what are those ennobling qualities in Richard the Third? I know no other, than his astonishing bravery, and the great ingenuity displayed in the contrivances, by which he knows how to attain his object under the most adverse, and, in some instances, most unnatural circumstances. His object, as well as the means he uses for its accomplishment, are such as to excite unmingled abhorrence; yet his bravery and ingenuity, being worthy of better ends, may be said to blend admiration with our abhorrence. These qualities, in fact, are those

by which Shakspeare has succeeded in securing to this great villain a strong tragical interest.

This interest, which bravery and ingenuity excite under all circumstances, belongs also to the character of Francis Moor. But his bravery is displayed in another field, his heroism and tactics are exhibited in fighting the enemy within, sometimes by boldly giving battle, sometimes by wisely avoiding it. The institutions of society, the general sentiment of mankind, conscience, the natural restraints of filial and fraternal affection, the terrors of religion, all these checks upon lawless or unlawful passion, are met by this tyrant-philosopher, who sets out, in good earnest, to put law, morality, and religion to the sword of his atheistic reasoning. Our intellectual sympathy is excited by these, as by all strong efforts of the mind. But the excitement of this intellectual interest was evidently not the main object of Schiller. Francis is not, as Richard is, the hero of the play. While Richard, paying his addresses to the widow of the man he has murdered, is made to triumph in the words,

> "What! I, that killed her husband, and his father,
> To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
> With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
> The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
> With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
> And I no friends to back my suit withal,
> But the plain devil, and dissembling looks;
> And yet to win her, — all the world to nothing!"

Francis Moor, after having made his father and Amalia herself believe, that Charles was dead, and

that, before his death, he had expressed his wish to unite Francis and Amalia, — the successful deceiver is startled by the words, "God! It is his hand; he has never loved me;" and he exclaims, in despair, "My whole art founders upon this obstinate head."

The envenomed shafts of his apostate wit spring back from the armour of faith, which guards the pious breast of Moser. They do not touch even the heart of poor Daniel, which is guarded by nothing but his simplicity. Nay, he is made to kneel before his own abused servant, in the hope of obtaining from him what is within the reach of the most destitute, — the simple gift of prayer; and, deprived even of this last resort of an agonized mind, he seals his despair by suicide. On the contrary, Shakspeare's Richard, after having succeeded in all his desperate intrigues, and silenced his own rebelling conscience, is great enough to throw off the thought of his royalty for the display of his valor, ("A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!") and is found worthy to die the death of a hero on the field of battle.

It is evident, in the play of Schiller, that the reckless sophistry, the devilish ingenuity, and ruthless tyranny of Francis, as well as the criminal fanaticism of Charles, however opposed to each other, are evidences and illustrations of the same great truth. The power of the enemy enhances the victory of conquering truth, virtue, and religion.

I have said enough to show, that the main design of Shakspeare's Richard, is so wholly different from that of Schiller's Francis, that the latter cannot be

called a copy of the other, though there are resemblances, which, to a superficial view of these two characters, may seem more important than the points of difference between them. Both are villains and tyrants. They both descant on their natural deformity, and fight with their reproving consciences. But the character of Richard is altogether of a practical cast, that of one who estimates things only according to their real good or bad influence on his purpose. He descants on his deformity, because it incapacitates him for winning the favor of men by comeliness of form and manners; he fights with his conscience, because it conspires with his enemies in damping his warlike energy.

The mind of Francis is reflective and imaginative in its nature. He argues the case of his ugliness with the power that made him what he is, and reproaches it with its partiality. But soon his reflection shows him, that nature has rather favored than wronged him, having given him the power of invention, and thereby enabled him to provide for himself better than nature would have done.

The fact, that deformed persons are sometimes tempted to hate others, because their deformity makes them an object of aversion or ridicule, may have suggested to both poets the thought of making this one of the inducements to crime in the characters of Richard and Francis Moor. It is possible, also, that Schiller first conceived this idea from Shakspeare. But the different and peculiar manner, in which this circumstance is interwoven with the reflective nature

of Francis' mind, would be sufficient to prevent us from attributing any importance to this circumstance, when the originality of the character itself is in question.

It is true, moreover, that Francis, as well as Richard, struggles against the reproofs of his conscience. This struggle they have in common with all other tyrants and criminals. They both and all argue with their moral sense, in order to rid themselves of painful recollections and forebodings, which interfere with the practice and enjoyment of their crimes. But to a wholly practical character, like Richard, conscience always makes itself felt in the punishment of particular crimes, or as a check upon particular resolutions. Conscience assumes the form of the ghosts of his victims. They appear in the night to the king, threatening to fight against him to-morrow on the field of Bosworth; and he reasons with the dread conjurer within himself, simply in order to recover his weakened strength to meet the great emergencies of the coming day.

Francis Moor finds a heroic pleasure in reasoning away the existence of conscience, of virtue, and of vice, and in confirming his theories by the commission of crime after crime, which, with him, assume the character of philosophical experiments. He has deprived his conscience of every chance of troubling him under any form derived from the present life. The natural horror, which is connected with the commission of unnatural crimes, cannot disturb the philosophic calm of his mind. He has succeeded in

driving the enemy out of every stronghold, such as the respect which is due to the common sentiment of mankind, and the sacredness of the filial and fraternal relations. Conscience has given up the contest with him for the present and the past, and has concentrated all her forces in the dark regions of futurity. He therefore struggles with the terrors of conscience, not, like Richard, in order to meet the emergencies of the coming day of battle, but to arm himself against the anticipated horrors of the judgment-day.

It is evident, therefore, that, although there exists, between the character of Richard the Third and that of Francis Moor, a certain family-likeness, yet they differ essentially in those nice features of dramatic portraiture which constitute the individuality of the picture. Accordingly, the criticism of Schlegel, declaring one to be the original and the other the copy, cannot stand the test of a closer scrutiny.

As for the air of reality, which the English biographer of Schiller denies to the character of Francis, I can only say, that all the elements of such a character certainly exist among men. Whoever has had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the sentiments of those who move in what is called high life in Europe, if he had eyes to see, and was not afraid to use them, must have seen numbers of those, who, like Francis Moor, "have cultivated their intellect at the expense of their hearts," who delight in the possession of that intellectual elevation and freedom, which allows them, like Francis Moor, to look down upon morals and religion as useful superstitions, admirable

contrivances, to keep the many, the mass, from encroaching upon the privileges of the few, and to put off their present and urgent demands by generous draughts upon the life to come.

I do not say, that such a beau-ideal of an atheist tyrant is to be found in reality; chiefly, perhaps, because the restraints of society prevent men of this disposition from acting out their whole nature. But the *disjecta membra* of this monster may be easily pointed out, from which the poet has formed one self-consistent individual.

The final remark of the English biographer, that "so reflective a miscreant as Francis could not exist; because his calculations would lead him to honesty, if merely because it was the best policy;" — this remark shows an imperfect apprehension of the reflective character of Francis. His philosophy is not employed, like that of Paley, in finding out which of all sorts of enjoyments will, on the whole and in the long run, afford the greatest pleasure, and, after having thus found the ends of life, in choosing the means accordingly; — that philosophy has nothing to do with the ends of existence, but simply with the infinite variety of means. The great end of all his actions is set, not by his reasoning powers, but by the uncontrolled impulse of his sensual nature, which craves absolute dominion. This end being given, his mind delights to overlook the whole range of means for any end that he may propose to himself, and to feel his liberty to choose them, good or bad, according to his will. He thinks this an advantage he pos-

sesses over the virtuous, who are confined only to holy means for holy ends ; and triumphs in every successful experiment in crime, in which he can claim the merit of discovery.

Schiller has secured some human interest in Francis, by representing him as having suffered early from his father's partiality for Charles ; also, as actually loving Amalia, though with a selfish, yet with a real passion. Schiller was actuated in this by the same principle, that induced Shakspeare to make his Shylock the object of derision and insult on account of his being a Jew.

All the other characters are so accurately drawn and well-grouped, as not to need criticism. The pious, affectionate, but weak father. — Herman, whose good as well as evil are the effects of weakness ; too weak to resist the temptation of the deceitful Francis, operating upon his disappointed passion for Amalia, and too weak to bear the consequences of his criminal deceit. — Daniel, — the beau-ideal of an old-fashioned domestic, with all the hereditary, instinctive loyalty to his master and master's family, yet restricted by the fear of God. His simplicity will make us smile, but can never tempt one to ridicule, while it rises into sublimity in opposition to the heartless and godless tyranny of his master. — The characters surrounding Charles, — partaking of his good and his evil qualities, and thereby forming two classes, — those with whom he sympathizes, Schweitzer and Roller ; and those whom he uses, or rather cannot dispense with as tools, Spiegelberg and Ratzman.

Above this whole dark, tempestuous scene, fitfully lighted up by the lightnings of contending powers, and now and then by the mild beams of the setting sun, there appears the bow of peace, beaming with all the celestial colors of faith, hope, love, purity, courage, wisdom, and enthusiasm, in the beautiful soul of Amalia. She is the support of the father who has ruined her lover. She extorts admiration and respect even from Francis, and thereby brings him nearer to human sympathy. Her suffering stirs up the conscience of Herman, and leads him to confess. She reclaims and saves her lost friend.

Amalia is the dramatic impersonation of Schiller's poetry.

LECTURE II.

FIESCO.

The second play that Schiller wrote is the "Conspiracy of Fiesco," of which I shall now give an outline.

The conspiracy by which Gian Luigi de' Fieschi, Count of Lavagna, with the aid of his brothers and his intimate friends, Calcagno, Verrina, and Sacco, in the year 1547, attempted a change in the government of Genoa, is the subject of this play. Genoa, though it preserved the form of a republic, was at that time under the firm control of the great general, Andrea Doria, and the despotic sway of his nephew, Giannettino Doria, who, by his overbearing conduct, screened by the authority of his uncle Andrea, then the Doge of the republic, had alienated the hearts of many of the people, as well as the nobility, from the house of Doria.

The main part of the plot of the drama, some of the characters, particularly those of Fiesco and his wife Leonora, and the two Dorias, besides some of the incidents, such as the banquet at Fiesco's house, and the fact that his wife warned him against his un-

dertaking, and some minor circumstances, — are taken from history.

First Act.

First Scene. *Hall at the palace of Fiesco.*

The distant sound of music and dancing is heard from a ball-room. Leonora pours forth to Rosa and Arabella, her attendants, the deep grief of her heart, at seeing her husband slighting her devoted love, carried away by the seductive charms of Julia Imperiali, the proud sister of Giannettino Doria. She speaks of her deceived hopes and dreams full of promise. — "When I stood before the altar with Fiesco, my hand in his, I then had a thought, — a thought forbidden to woman, — this Fiesco, this your Fiesco will save Genoa from its tyrants."

Second Scene.

Giannettino Doria masked, coming from the ball-room in conversation with a Moor. Giannettino hires the Moor for a hundred sequins, to stab the mask in the white mantle, — the Count of Lavagna.

Third Scene.

Calcagno and Sacco in black mantles. They disclose to each other their secret design of attempting a revolution in Genoa, and the overthrow of the house of Doria. Calcagno wishes to implicate Fiesco, whose wife he loves, and hopes to win her affection by the jealousy excited by the conduct of her husband. Sacco hopes, by a revolution, to repair his

ruined finances. He mentions that he has communicated his plan to Verrina, but only so far as it suited the republican principles of that stiff-necked patriot.

Fourth Scene.

JULIA *followed by* FIESCO, *who wears a white mantle.*

Julia, by her flattering insinuations, her artful prudery, and passionate expressions of unbelief in the reality of his professions of love for her, excites him to regret his connexion with Leonora. "Your tongue deifies me, while your heart leaps under the miniature likeness of another."

Fiesco. "O rather, Signora, it beats against it, endeavouring to displace it." (He takes from his bosom the miniature of Leonora, suspended by a blue ribbon, and hands it to Julia.) "Place this image upon this altar, and you will destroy that idol."

Julia, (eagerly taking the picture.) "A great offering, indeed, which deserves my thanks." (She hangs a red ribbon with her own likeness round his neck.) "So, slave, wear the color of your mistress." (*She hastens away.*)

Fiesco (in rapture), —"She loves me! I do not envy a god."

Fifth Scene.

GIANNETTINO *half intoxicated*, LOMELINO, ZIBO, ZENTURIONE, VERRINA, SACCO, CALCAGNO, *several Ladies and Nobles, all in masks.*

A toast is proposed, — "The Republic."

(*Flourish of trumpets.*)

Giannettino (throwing his glass on the floor.) "Here lie the fragments."

Three masks in black, hastily gather round Giannettino. His friend and abettor, Lomelino, leads him forward. He promises to conduct Giannettino to the house of Verrina, who was present, to see his beautiful daughter. Giannettino promises Lomelino at the next choice of procurator for Genoa, to cause him to be appointed to that office. On leaving the room, they meet Fiesco, who has attended Julia to her carriage.

Sixth Scene.

Fiesco (to Giannettino.) "Prince, I am now doubly yours. Giannettino rules over my head and over Genoa; my heart owns the control of your lovely sister."

Giannettino, secretly rejoicing in the belief that Fiesco's ambition is lulled in dreams of love, withdraws with Lomelino.

Seventh Scene.

The three black masks and Fiesco.

Fiesco. "I see here guests who do not participate in the pleasures of my banquet."

The masks. "Not one."

Fiesco. "Should my good will dismiss one Genoese discontented? Immediately the ball shall recommence, — my fireworks shall entertain you, — or do you wish to sit down to the card-table, and cheat the time by playing?"

One of the masks. "We are wont to redeem it by deeds."

Fiesco. "A manly answer, and —— This is Verrina."

Verrina, (taking off his mask.) "Fiesco finds his friends more quickly in their masks than they recognise him in his."

Fiesco. "I do not understand this. But why this badge of mourning on your arm? Should Verrina have buried some one, and Fiesco not have known it? Friend of my soul, who has died for both of us?"

Verrina. "For both, — O too true! — but not all her sons mourn over their mother."

Fiesco. "Your mother is long in her grave."

Verrina. "I remember the time when Fiesco called me his brother because I was the son of his native land."

Fiesco turns the whole into jest. "Andrea will declare his nephew his son and heir. Giannettino becomes Duke. Let him sell Genoa to a pirate of Tunis. What do we care? We drink Cyprian wine and kiss beautiful girls."

Verrina. "Heavens and earth! and shall we do nothing? Where are you gone, Fiesco? Where shall I inquire after the great tyrant-hater? Sunken son of the republic! I remember a time when the sight of a crown convulsed you."

Fiesco still insists that Verrina can be only jesting. They leave him with indignation.

Eighth Scene.

Fiesco *and an unknown mask.*

The person in disguise challenges Fiesco to single combat, to avenge the tears which his improper attentions to Julia, in the presence of all, had drawn from his wife Leonora. He soon makes himself known as Scipio Bourgognino, a young nobleman, the lover of Bertha the daughter of Verrina, formerly an admirer and suitor of Leonora before she was married to Fiesco. Fiesco declines the combat as childish.

Bourgognino. "What! childish? Count, the lady can only weep at her wrongs, but what should the man?"

Fiesco. "Very well said. But I do not fight."

Bourgognino. "I shall despise you."

Fiesco. "No, young man, indeed, you never will, though virtue itself were to fall in price. (*Taking him by the hand.*) Have you ever felt toward me any thing that you would allow me to call, — reverence?"

Bourgognino. "Should I have yielded my pretensions to another man, if I had not thought him the first of men?"

Fiesco. "Then, my friend, a man who, at one time, deserved my reverence, I should be somewhat slow in learning to despise. Go home, Bourgognino, and reflect why Fiesco acts thus and not otherwise." Bourgognino departs, silent.

NINTH SCENE.

FIESCO *and the Moor, who enters timidly, and endeavours to come close up to* FIESCO, *who observes him keenly.*

The Moor. "Are you the Count of Lavagna?"

Fiesco. "The blind in Genoa know my step. What do you wish of the Count?"

The Moor hands him a paper, and draws his dagger to stab him. Fiesco dexterously turning, and snatching away the dagger, cries "Softly, rascal!"

The Moor tries to escape. Fiesco takes him by the throat, and calls in the servants.

The Moor. "They cannot hang me higher up than the gallows."

Fiesco. "No, not up on the horns of the moon, but still high enough to make the gallows appear to you as a tooth-pick. But your choice was too politic to be imputed to your mother wit. Say on, then, who hired you?"

The Moor. "Sir, a villain you may call me, but a blockhead I deprecate."

Fiesco. "What, is this beast proud? Speak, beast, who hired you?"

The Moor. "Surely I am not alone a fool. He hired me only for a hundred sequins. You ask, Sir, who hired me? Prince Giannettino."

Fiesco (*enraged*). "A hundred sequins, and not more, for the head of Fiesco. Shame on you, heir apparent of Genoa! Here, fellow, are a thousand

sequins ; and tell your master, that he is a niggardly murderer."

The Moor, gazing at him a long time, takes up the money, sets it down, takes it again, and at last resolutely throws it upon the table. "Sir, this money I have not deserved" (addressing him in a confiding tone). "Here is my bargain, Lavagna. One honor is worth another. If there is, on this peninsula, any one throat which you think superfluous, command ! and I will cut it *gratis*."

Fiesco. "An obliging beast ! it wishes to pay its thanks by other men's throats."

The Moor. "We do not wish for favors, Sir ; we, too, have our feelings of honor."

Fiesco. "The honor of cut-throats !"

The Moor. — "is more fire-proof than that of your honest people. They break their oaths to the good God ; we perform ours punctually to the devil."

He proceeds to give Fiesco an account of the different orders and dignities in the noble hierarchy of villains. The lowest rank is that of the man with the long fingers, the despicable army of pickpockets. Higher in the scale are the spies and manœuvrers ; still higher are the poisoners and all those who wait their time and opportunity for murder. The highest class are the resolute, single-handed assassins, emphatically called the extrapost of hell. This is the class to which he himself, after having served his apprenticeship to each of the three lower degrees, prides himself upon belonging.

Fiesco concludes to take him into his own ser-

vice, and immediately sends him out to search the disposition of the senate and the people towards the house of Doria and himself. He gives him money to distribute among the citizens, for his interest.

TENTH SCENE. *Chamber in the house of Verrina.*

Verrina finds his daughter Bertha in despair. She informs her father, that, during his absence, Giannettino Doria had violently entered his house, and insulted his daughter. "It is the just reward of my cowardice," he exclaims. "That the villain broke into the sanctuary of the laws, — this provocation was too weak for me; — the villain must first break in upon the sanctuary of my own blood." The first thought of the agonized father is to seize his sword, and follow the example of the Roman Virginius. But he throws down his sword, exclaiming, "There is still justice in Genoa."

ELEVENTH SCENE.

Sacco and Calcagno enter for the purpose of inducing Verrina to go with them to the Signoria, and attend the choice of the new senators.

Verrina, after having made them bear testimony to the unspotted honor of his house, acquaints them with the crime of the oppressor.

Bertha (with a sudden shriek). "Fall down upon me, ye walls! My Scipio!"

TWELFTH SCENE.

Scipio Bourgognino enters. In great joy, he in-

forms Verrina, that fortune at last has enabled him to express a wish, which the thought of his poverty had till now restrained; that it is at last in his power to place his heaven on earth upon the lips of Verrina; and requests of him the hand of his daughter, Bertha.

The father acquaints him with the guilt of Doria, and the innocence of Bertha. He throws a black veil over his daughter, orders her to remain shut up in darkness in the remotest apartments of his house, until the blood of Giannettino Doria had washed out the stain upon his honor.

Bourgognino (*throwing himself upon his knees before Bertha*). "And he shall fall, fall for Genoa. As surely as I shall plunge this sword into the heart of Doria, so surely will I press the bridegroom's kiss upon your lips."

Verrina. "The first couple this, that receives from the Furies the matrimonial blessing. Join your hands! Into the heart of Doria will you plunge your sword? Take her; she is yours."

Calcagno and Sacco, kneeling down, take the same solemn oath.

Verrina. "Genoa thanks you in me, my friends! Go now, my daughter! Rejoice to be the great victim for your country."

Bourgognino (*embracing Bertha*). "Trust in God and Bourgognino. The same day shall see Bertha and Genoa free."

THIRTEENTH SCENE.

They agree to draw Fiesco into their conspiracy. Bourgognino alone opposes. "Double the danger," says the brave man, "and not the helpers. I have long felt something in my bosom that could not be extinguished. What it was I know now at once. It is the tyrant."

SECOND ACT. *An apartment in Fiesco's palace.*

Leonora, and her attendant, Arabella. She expresses her grief at having seen Julia's miniature, instead of her's, on the neck of Fiesco.

SECOND SCENE.

Julia enters, treats Leonora in the most overbearing manner, lamenting the fortune of Fiesco in being married to her. Leonora bears her taunts, at first, with calm indifference, and then wards it off with sarcastic indignation. Julia, enraged, shows her the miniature which she received from Fiesco, and leaves the room triumphing over her misery.

THIRD SCENE.

Calcagno enters, assures Leonora that he has a heart for weeping virtue, and at last, in the belief that he has gained her confidence, promises to indemnify her for the faithlessness of Fiesco by his love.

Leonora steps back with scorn. "Out of my sight, deceiver! I understand you now. Through resentment you would bribe my affection. You know

not that a woman's heart is ennobled even by the sublime misfortune of breaking for Fiesco. Go, — the disgrace of Fiesco does not make a Calcagno rise, though it makes humanity sink in my estimation." She hurries out of the room.

Calcagno (striking his forehead). "Blockhead." He goes out.

Fourth Scene.

Fiesco *and the Moor.*

The Moor reports the state of Genoa, the general discontent towards the house of Doria, the hatred against Giannettino, the universal blame of Fiesco, because he, who could alone save them, trifled away his time in gallantries with Julia Imperiali.

A tumult is heard in the street that leads from the senate house. Fiesco sends out the Moor to direct the discontented senators to his palace.

Fifth Scene.

Enter Zenturione, Zibo, Asserato, and in great anger relate to Fiesco, how Giannettino, at the Signoria, decided the appointment of the procurator. The votes were equally divided between Zibo and Lomelino. Zenturione and Giannettino alone had not given their votes. Zenturione voted for Zibo; when Giannettino drew a sword from under his scarlet mantle, and piercing the vote of Zenturione, cried out, "Senators, the vote does not count; it has a hole. Lomelino is procurator."

Fiesco, after stirring up their discontent, tells them

Genoa needs a monarch ; and they had better throw themselves into the arms of Giannettino. They quit the apartment.

Sixth Scene.

Fiesco, alone, rejoices that the straw of the Republic is on fire.

Seventh Scene.

The Moor comes, announcing swarms of enraged citizens. Fiesco orders him to open the doors.

Eighth Scene.

Twelve mechanics enter, crying " Vengeance against Giannettino ! Down into the dust with the uncle and nephew ! " They call upon him to defend them, to think for them.

Fiesco, after having thanked them for their flattering confidence, tells them a fable, how the animal kingdom was once disturbed by civil contest, how a butcher's dog made himself master, and, after raging terribly among them, was dethroned by the multitude ; how the multitude took the supreme control, and how, the blockheads and the cowards being in the majority, they resorted to the government of the select few. Now the wolves were appointed officers of the finances, the foxes became secretaries, pigeons were the penal judges, tigers the judges of the peace. The hares were the soldiers, lions and elephants remained with the train, the ass was the kingdom's ambassador, the mole superintended the distribution of offices.

The desperate animals at last unanimously resolved to obey one chief, one head,— "and this head, O Genoese," he exclaimed, (whilst he stepped with majesty among them,) "this head was, — the lion. Now go and think of the lion." The citizens, with shouts of applause, retire.

Ninth Scene.

Fiesco orders the Moor to wound him in his arm, then to let him deliver him up to the judge as an assassin, to endure the torture of the first degree without confessing who hired him, and at last, under the torture of the second degree, to declare that it was Giannettino Doria. The Moor accordingly wounds Fiesco in the arm, and is dragged away amidst the cry of Murder! murder!

Tenth Scene.

Leonora and Rosa rush into the room, anxiously inquiring after the cause of the tumult.

Eleventh Scene.

Arabella comes with the joyful news, that she has seen the Count, safe and sound, galloping through the city.

Twelfth Scene.

In the palace of Andrea Doria, Lomelino informs Giannettino, that the whole Republic, people and patricians, are in the most violent commotion; all Genoa in one blaze of excitement. Giannettino laughs at their rage.

"I shall stand," he says, "like Nero upon the hill, looking on at the amusing conflagration." Andrea Doria enters, and intimates to Lomelino that he wishes him to retire.

Thirteenth Scene.

Andrea severely reproaches Giannettino with his brutal violation of the laws. "You may thank my gray head that wishes to be carried to the grave by the hands of my family, and my impious love for you, that I do not throw from the scaffold, the head of the rebel at the feet of the offended commonwealth." He leaves the room.

Fourteenth Scene.

Lomelino comes in out of breath, and informs Giannettino, that he has just witnessed, at the market place, the trial of the Moor, and heard his confession.

"Fiesco," he says, "appeared among the people; he said little, but laid bare his bleeding arm, and the people fought for the falling drops as if they were relics. The Moor was given up to his disposal, and Fiesco, — Fiesco — pardoned him. And now, the awful stillness of the people became roaring thunder. Every breath destroyed a Doria. Fiesco was carried home amidst countless shouts."

Giannettino braves the commotion, relying on the assistance of the Emperor Charles; he communicates to Lomelino the plan he has concerted with the minister of Charles, in what way he should become monarch in Genoa.

He orders him to write down the names of twelve senators who should be put to death. These were the names ; — Zenturione, Zibo, Thomas Asserato, with his three brothers, Calva, Fiesco, Bourgognino, Sacco, Calcagno. "The twelfth name," Lomelino says, "I write at my own peril, or our deadly foe is forgotten."

Giannettino. "All is well that ends well. — Joseph Verrina."

Lomelino. "This was the head of the serpent. Death holds, the day after to-morrow, a splendid gala, and has invited twelve princes of Genoa."

Giannettino orders Lomelino to communicate this paper to his confidants.

FIFTEENTH SCENE. *Apartment in the house of Fiesco.*

The Moor reports to Fiesco that his four galleys have safely entered the port. Fiesco gives him directions how to smuggle into the city two thousand soldiers, in different disguises.

SIXTEENTH SCENE.

Fiesco (*alone*). "Now, Doria, up to the field of battle! All the machines are prepared for the great hazard; all instruments are tuned for the dreadful concert."

SEVENTEENTH SCENE.

Verrina, Sacco, Bourgognino, and Calcagno enter, with the painter Romano, who carries a picture representing the history of Virginius and Appius Clau-

dius. Fiesco first disappoints their expectations of rousing his hatred of tyranny, by admiring almost exclusively the beautiful form of Virginia. At last he takes Romano by the hand, and leads him before the picture. "Stop here, painter. You stand here so proud because you have figured life upon dead cloth. You destroy tyrants upon the canvass, and are yourself a wretched slave. Go! your work is but jugglery. (*He throws down the picture*). I have done what you have but painted." The painter retires.

Eighteenth Scene.

Fiesco, (*interrupting a pause of astonishment.*) "Did you think the lion was asleep, because he did not roar? Were you vain enough to believe yourselves the only men that feel the chains of Genoa? Before you heard them clanking far off, Fiesco had broken them. (*He takes out of a casket a number of letters which he scatters over the table.*) Here are soldiers from Parma; — here is French money; — here are four galleys from the Pope. What is yet wanting to frighten a tyrant out of his nest? Republicans, you are more apt to curse tyrants than to overthrow them."

All except Verrina bend their knees, speechless, before Fiesco.

Verrina. "Fiesco, my spirit bows before yours; my knee cannot bend. You are a great man; — but rise, Genoese!"

They agree to meet on the following day to plot the conspiracy.

Nineteenth Scene.

Fiesco *alone.*

Two thoughts are struggling in his soul; the republican Fiesco and the Duke Fiesco. At last he exclaims, "To win a diadem is great, — to cast it away is divine. Perish tyrant! Be free, Genoa, and I thy happiest citizen."

Third Act.

First Scene. *A very wild country.*

Verrina coming in with Scipio Bourgognino, at night discloses to him a secret purpose which he feels strong enough alone to fulfil, but not strong enough to bear alone. "Fiesco," he says, "will destroy the tyrant; that is certain; Fiesco will become Genoa's most dangerous tyrant; this is more certain. Fiesco then must die through Verrina."

Second Scene. *Hall in the palace of Fiesco, with the prospect over the city and the sea.*

Fiesco *alone, looking at the rising sun.*

"This majestic city! mine! to rise upon it like the royal day, — to brood over it with a monarch's power, — to drown all the tumultuous desires, all the insatiable wishes in this bottomless ocean. — Surely, though the wit of the deceiver does not ennoble the deceit, the prize ennobles the deceiver. It is disgraceful to pick a full purse; it is audacious to embezzle a million; — but it is unspeakably great to

steal a crown. The disgrace diminishes as the crime increases.

"To rule or to obey! To be or not to be! One moment of royalty absorbs all the marrow of human existence. It is not the race-ground of life, — it is its goal, that determines its worth. Split the thunder into its elementary syllables, and it becomes a lullaby for babes; join them together into one sudden peal, and the royal sound will move the eternal heavens. — I am determined."

Third Scene.

Leonora enters. "I come, my lord, to trouble you with an insignificant request. For these seven months, I had the strange dream that I was the Countess of Lavagna. It is passed away. Allow me to return to the arms of my good mother."

She returns to him all the little trinkets he had given her, the pledges of his affection. "This dagger which pierced my heart, — (*reaching to him his love letter*), — even this, — and I retain nothing but the wound."

On the point of rushing out of the room, she is held back by Fiesco. "My Leonora, — one request. — Until Genoa is two days older, do not question me, do not condemn me!" He attends her respectfully to another room, and comes back.

Fourth Scene.

The Moor enters with news. He hands to Fiesco the paper on which the names of the twelve senators were written, who should be put to death, — with

Doria's own signature. The Moor obtained the paper by stabbing Doria's agent on his way.

He hands, also, some powders with which Donna Julia Imperiali intrusted him, bribing him to mix one of them, every day, with the chocolate of the Countess of Lavagna. The Moor leaves the room.

Fifth Scene.

All the conspirators enter.

Verrina. "You have summoned us to reflect upon the murder of the tyrants. We are here to give you our opinions."

Fiesco. "First then, who is the greater tyrant, he who shows the intention, or he who has the power to become a tyrant?"

Verrina. "I hate the former, I fear the latter. Andrea Doria shall die."

Sacco and Calcagno at first oppose, on account of his old age, and mild disposition.

Fiesco. "Fearful is the mildness of this old man; Giannettino's overbearing folly is only ridiculous. Let Andrea Doria die."

Bourgognino. "Chains of steel or of silk, — they are chains. Let Andrea Doria die."

All sign the death warrant of both uncle and nephew.

Fiesco then asks their opinions about the mode of execution. Calcagno advises, to stab them at church; Sacco to stab or to poison them at a banquet to which Fiesco shall invite them. Fiesco rejects the counsel with abhorrence.

Verrina. "An open heart shows an open brow. Secret murder makes us the brothers of every assassin. My advice is, that we give aloud the signal of rebellion, and storming, call up the patriots of Genoa to vengeance."

Bourgognino. "This is the voice of honor; and mine."

Fiesco. "And mine too." He gives them the death-warrant of the twelve senators, signed by Doria; they determine to accomplish their design that very night. Fiesco communicates to them his plan; to make themselves masters of the harbour, to take the two Dorias by surprise, and kill them in their palaces. They approve the plan.

Fiesco. "Genoese, you placed me of your own accord at the head of the plot. Will you obey, also, my further commands?"

Verrina. "So sure as they are the best ones."

Fiesco. "Verrina, do you know the word under the standard? Genoese, name it to him. — Subordination. If I am not the sovereign of this conspiracy, it has lost also one of its members."

Verrina. "A life of freedom is worth a few hours of slavery. We obey."

They then distribute the parts, and agree to meet again at nine in the evening, at Fiesco's palace. Verrina takes charge of the harbour, Bourgognino of the soldiers; Calcagno promises to find out the watch-word given out by Doria to the soldiers; Sacco to patrol the city. They leave the room.

Sixth Scene.

Fiesco *and the Moor.*

Fiesco hands him a paper. "Invite all those whose names are on this paper to attend a comedy at my house to-night. After this is done I will detain you no longer in Genoa." He lets a purse with gold fall behind him, and goes out.

Seventh Scene.

The Moor (*alone*). "Are these the terms on which we stand with each other? 'I will detain you in Genoa no longer,' — that is, translated from the Christian into my heathenism, — 'When I have become Duke, I shall have my good friend suspended on the gallows.'" He leaves the house, undetermined whether to promote the massacre of the Dorias, or that of the rebels by betraying them to the old Doria.

Eighth Scene. *Room in the house of the Countess Imperiali.*

Giannettino comes in to inquire of his sister Julia, whether Fiesco still shows himself as open to her as before. Having ascertained this to his satisfaction, he is about to leave the room, but is stopped by Lomelino.

Ninth Scene.

Lomelino secretly informs him that the courier, who was despatched with the list of the names of the doomed senators, has not come back.

Giannettino expresses his indifference, and tells him all preparations are made ; that Fiesco on the next morning shall be found dead in his bed.

Tenth Scene.

Fiesco enters to invite Julia to the comedy at his palace. He busies himself in arranging her dress. He treats Giannettino in the most open and cordial manner. Giannettino enjoys his unsuspecting folly, and assures him of his friendship. Fiesco tells him that his four galleys will be fitted out this evening, to cruise against the Turks, and begs him to inform his uncle of it, that he may not be disturbed if his undertaking should occasion some noise about the harbour and his palace.

Giannettino promises to take care of that, and wishes him success in his enterprise.

Eleventh Scene.

One of the German life-guard enters, to report that armed soldiers are hastening toward the harbour, to the galleys of the Count of Lavagna ; also, that suspicious people are hurrying over the market-place. Giannettino tells him he need make no report of it to the Duke Andrea ; and leaves the room. Fiesco offers his arm to Julia, to wait on her to the comedy at his palace.

Julia. "Only no tragedy, Count !"

Fiesco. "O no, it will make you die with laughter, my lady."

Fourth Act.

It is night. Court-yard before Fiesco's palace. The lamps are lighted; arms are carried in; one wing of the palace is lighted.

First Scene.

Bourgognino leads in soldiers, distributes the centinels, and gives orders; — every one who wishes is to be admitted, nobody is allowed to leave the court-yard. Whoever uses force is to be killed. He goes into the castle.

Second Scene.

The nobles, whom Fiesco had invited, enter separately, and to their astonishment find themselves detained in the court-yard by the sentries.

Presently Fiesco comes from the palace, and taking off his hat, steps in the midst of the assembled nobles.

"Gentlemen, I have taken the liberty of inviting you to a drama, — but not in order to entertain you, but to assign to you parts in it. Is there any one base enough to recognise any one as his master who is no more than his equal? There is no one here present, whose ancestors did not stand around the cradle of Genoa.

"I solemnly call upon each one of you to take up the cause of Genoa against her oppressors."

He is interrupted by the patriotic exclamations of Zenturione and Zibo. Then first he shows them

Doria's list of senators, who should be assassinated on the following day. They all take up the swords before them, except two brothers of Asserato, who refuse, and are saved from the rage of the others, by Fiesco, who confines them in a room of his palace.

Seventh Scene.

Calcagno enters. "Away! away! flee whoever can flee; your Moor, Fiesco, had an audience with the Duke; we are betrayed."

General consternation. Fiesco silences Calcagno, turns the whole into a farce invented by him to try their courage.

Presently a detachment of the life-guard of the old Duke demand entrance. Fiesco orders the arms to be carried away; and all the conspirators to retire.

Eighth Scene.

Three Germans of the Duke's guard enter, leading along the Moor, bound.

Fiesco. "What do you wish of me?"

German. "The Duke sends you a good evening. He delivers this Moor bound, to your grace, because of his shameless treachery. The rest is contained in this note." He hands a note.

Fiesco (*to the German*). "It is well, my friend. My respects to the Duke."

The Moor calls after him. "And my respects, too; and tell the Duke that if he had not sent an ass, he would have learned that there are two thousand soldiers concealed in the palace." Germans go out.

NINTH SCENE.

The conspirators enter.

Fiesco (with suppressed anger). "Genoese, the danger is over, and so is the conspiracy."

Verrina. "What? Are the Dorias dead?"

Fiesco. "I was prepared for the whole military power of the republic, but not for this. The feeble old man defeats two thousand five hundred men with four lines. Doria defeats Fiesco. (*He reads.*) 'Lavagna, it seems you have the same fate with me. Your benefits are rewarded with ingratitude. The Moor warns me against a plot. I send him back to you bound; and I shall sleep to-night without a guard.'"

Verrina. "And now, Fiesco?"

Fiesco. "Should a Doria conquer me by magnanimity? No, as true as I live! Disperse you; I shall go and confess the whole."

Verrina (stops him.) "Are you distracted, man? Was it, then, some piece of villany that we had in view? Was it not the cause of our country? Or did you wish to destroy Andrea only, and not the tyrant? Stop, I say. I arrest you as a state traitor."

The Conspirators. "Bind him! Throw him to the ground!"

Fiesco wrests the sword from one of them. "Softly! softly! Who is the first now that dares to throw the halter over the tiger? You see, Gentlemen, I am free; my way is clear. But I remain, because I have determined upon a different course. Be quiet,

Gentlemen ! All things remain the same as before." He quits them, and gives the Moor liberty to run off.

Tenth Scene.

A servant comes from the palace, informing Fiesco, that the Princess Julia has repeatedly asked for him.

Fiesco sends him to his wife, to request her to go to the concert-room, and remain behind the curtains until he comes. He requests the conspirators to take some refreshment in the palace, and, at the sound of a bell, to enter the concert-room. Verrina is to go first to the harbour, and, as the ships of Doria are conquered, give the signal of rebellion by the firing of a cannon.

Eleventh Scene. *The concert-room.*

Leonora, Arabella, and Rosa, express their anxious surmises at the sound of arms in the palace, and the command of Fiesco to conceal themselves behind the tapestry. They hear a noise, and retire to their hiding-place.

Twelfth Scene.

Julia and Fiesco enter in conversation. Fiesco, alternately by passionate appeals and artful reserve, makes himself so entirely master over the feelings and judgment of Julia, that she confesses her love, and with the words, " I adore you, Fiesco," she falls on her knees before him.

Fiesco (stepping back). " I pity, you, Signora." (At the same time he rings the bell, removes the

tapestry, and leads Leonora forward.) "Here is my wife, a divine woman."

Thirteenth Scene.

All the conspirators enter.

Leonora. "My husband, this was too severe."

While Julia breaks forth in furious invectives, he shows them the powders of poison which she meant to have mixed for Leonora.

Julia tries to escape, but is led back by Fiesco.

Fiesco. "A little patience, maiden; this company would like to know how I could so disgrace myself as to carry on this mad romance with the greatest fool in Genoa."

Julia. "You shall tremble! Doria thunders in Genoa, and I am his sister."

Fiesco. "Bad enough for you, if this is the last remnant of your gall. I am sorry to inform you, that Fiesco of Lavagna has turned the stolen diadem of his Excellency, your brother, into a halter, by which to hang the thief of the Republic this night.

"See, on this account I found it necessary to give some employment to the unbidden looks of your family; on this account I put on this harlequin's dress; on this account I let that jewel fall; and my game luckily ran into the obvious snare."

At last Fiesco, notwithstanding the tender petitions of Leonora, sends Julia off to a prison in his palace.

Julia. "The pestilence upon you, malicious hypocrite! (*To Leonora.*) Do not rejoice at your tri-

umph ; he will destroy you, also, and himself, and end in despair."

All withdraw except Fiesco and Leonora.

Fourteenth Scene.

He now first discloses to her the plan of the revolution. "Now retire to your chamber, Countess. To-morrow I shall wake the Duchess." She pleads with him, and implores him to give up his ambitious design. "O, my husband, you do not go hence to show yourself to the Genoese, and be adored. To rouse republicans from their slumber, to remind the horse of its hoofs, this is no pleasure-walk. Fiesco, trust not these rebels ! The prudent ones, who excited you, fear you ; the weak, who deify you, profit you but little ; — and wherever I look, Fiesco is lost."

Fiesco. "Pusillanimity is the greatest danger. Greatness also demands a sacrifice."

Leonora. "Greatness, Fiesco ? O that your aspiring mind should be thus at enmity with my heart ! See, I trust to your fortune. I will suppose you conquer. Alas, then, for me, the most wretched one of my sex ! Wretched if your undertaking fails, more wretched still if it succeeds. Here is no other choice, my friend ; — if he fails of the dukedom, Fiesco is lost ; — if I embrace the Duke, I have lost my husband."

Fiesco. "I do not understand this."

Leonora. "You will, my Fiesco. In the tempestuous torrid zone of the throne, the tender plant

of love withers. Still, I would say, sacrifice love and tranquillity to greatness, if only Fiesco still remains the same. But, O God! angels rarely ascend the throne, still more rarely they descend from it as angels. He who needs to fear no man, will he have compassion on any man? Princes, Fiesco, (these abortions of an impotent nature,) would fain sit down between humanity and Deity; — miserable creatures, still more miserable creators."

She at last completely overpowers his feelings by the eloquence of her love, — when the report of the cannon is heard, and the conspirators enter the hall.

Fifteenth Scene.

The Conspirators. "The time is come."

Fiesco. "Leonora, farewell for ever, — or Genoa lies to-morrow at your feet."

Bourgognino. "The Countess sinks down!"

Fiesco (on his knees before the fainting Leonora). "Leonora! Save her! for God's sake, save her! See! she opens her eyes (*springing up*), — now come, to shut those of Doria."

Fifth Act.

The great street in Genoa, — past midnight. — All is still quiet.

First Scene.

Fiesco comes in armed, and stops before the palace of Andrea Doria.

Fiesco. "The old man has kept his word. All

the lights are extinguished in the palace. The guards are removed."

He rings the bell. Andrea appears on the balcony. Fiesco, without discovering himself, warns him against Fiesco, tells him his murderers are at hand, advises him to flee immediately.

Andrea proudly refuses his advice. At last, leaving the balcony, he says, "Poor mocker! have you never heard that Andrea Doria is eighty years old, and Genoa happy?"

Fiesco hurries to another street. Beating of drums in every quarter. Sharp fighting near the gate of St. Thomas. The gate is forced, and opens the prospect upon the harbour, and the ships illumined by torches.

Second Scene.

Giannettino, wrapped in a scarlet mantle, comes with Lomelino and servants. He thinks the noise must be caused by the galley-slaves breaking their chains.

Third Scene.

The former. Bourgognino with other conspirators coming from the gate of St. Thomas.

Bourgognino. "Lescaro was a brave soldier."

Zenturione. "He fought like a bear until he fell."

Giannettino. "What do I hear? Stop!"

Bourgognino. "Who is this with the flambeau?"

Zenturione: "Stop! Your watchword!"

Giannettino (*drawing his sword*). "Subjection and Doria!"

Bourgognino. "Robber of the Republic and of my bride!" He throws himself upon Giannettino. They fight. Giannettino falls.

Zenturione. "The gate of St. Thomas is ours, and Giannettino is dead! Quickly, quickly! Carry this news to Fiesco."

Giannettino (*starts up*). "Pestilence! Fiesco!" (*He dies.*)

Bourgognino. "Genoa free and my Bertha!" They hurry away.

Fourth Scene.

Andrea Doria *with his German guard.*

German. "The storm has turned that way. Mount your horse, Duke."

Andrea. "Let me once more look on the towers of Genoa and the sky."

German. "Enemies everywhere! Away! flee!"

Andrea throws himself upon the dead body of his nephew. "Here will I die. Let no one speak of flight. Here lies the strength of my old age. My race is run." (*Calcagno at a distance.*)

German. "Murderers yonder. Flee, old Prince!"

Andrea. "Hear me, you foreigners! Hear! These are the Genoese, whose yoke I have broken. Do they thus recompense, also, in your country? Go, save yourselves! Leave me! Fill the nations with the terrible news,—the Genoese have slain their father."

German. "Away! that time has not yet come. Hands, comrades! Take the Duke in the midst of you! Let us beat respect for this gray head into those Italian dogs."

Calcagno (with his troop). "Who is here? What is the matter?"

The Germans (breaking their ranks). "German blows!" They go off fighting. Giannettino's corpse is carried away.

Fifth Scene.

Leonora (*disguised in male attire*) *with Arabella, who endeavours to keep her back.*

Leonora. "Fiesco! Fiesco! Fiesco! They forsake him! The faithfulness of rebels is unstable. My husband the leader of rebels! He himself fights as a rebel."

Arabella. "Not so, — but as Genoa's terrible arbitrator."

Leonora. "It is true, — and should Leonora have trembled? Should the first of republican men be received into the arms of the most cowardly republican woman? — I throw myself among the combatants!" She finds Giannettino's hat, mantle, and sword, lying on the ground; she takes them up, and, thus disguised and armed, she is met by Sacco and his troop.

Sacco. "Who is here? Doria, or Fiesco?"

Leonora. "Fiesco and liberty!" She hurries on.

Sixth Scene.

Calcagno comes with his detachment, informs Sacco that the Germans, with Andrea in the midst of them, have fought their way through, and left nine of his friends dead in the street. They march off.

Seventh Scene.

The Moor comes with a troop of thieves, to throw firebrands into the houses, and to plunder.

Eighth Scene.

Bertha *in her prison, alone.*

Bertha. "How dreadful is this stillness! like the stillness of the grave! These empty corners pour forth a terrible night; and my lamp is nearly extinguished. O come, come, my lover! It is dreadful to die in this prison. — What is this? — All the bells ringing together! A wild frightful noise! Hark! they come near! the bolts are removed! — Men! men! freedom! salvation!"

Bourgognino rushes in; torch-bearers after him.

Bourgognino. "You are free, Bertha! The tyrant is dead! This sword has slain him."

Bertha. "My deliverer! my angel!"

Bourgognino. "Genoa is free! Leave this dreadful dungeon, and follow me to the altar."

Verrina comes in. "God bless you, my children!"

Bertha and *Bourgognino.* "My father."

Verrina (lays his hands upon both: then to Bour-

gognino.) "Never forget that your marriage is as old as Genoa's freedom. (*To Bertha.*) You are Verrina's daughter, and your husband has slain the tyrant. — The priest is waiting for you."

Bourgognino. "What, my father, will you not go with us?"

Verrina. "My prayers will follow you. — Do you hear this shouting?"

Bourgognino. "They are probably proclaiming Fiesco as Duke. The populace offered him, shouting, the purple. The nobles looked on with horror, and could not say, No.

Verrina. "You see, then, that I must hurry to be the first to swear allegiance to the new monarch. — My son, I have converted all my property into gold, and carried it to your ship. Go on board immediately. Perhaps I shall come after you, perhaps never. You go to Marseilles, and (*embracing them tenderly*) God be with you."

Bourgognino. "Verrina, I remain. The danger is not yet over."

Verrina. "Go. You have destroyed your tyrant; you shall not rob me of mine." They leave.

Ninth Scene.

Fiesco, *Zibo, and attendants.*

Zibo informs him that the castle is taken. Fiesco sends out attendants to apprehend those who have set fire to the houses.

Zibo then tells him that Giannettino is not dead,

but that he has seen him with his yellow plume and scarlet mantle, only a few minutes ago.

Tenth Scene.

Sacco with soldiers, carrying the Moor, whom they seized while throwing fire into the church.

Fiesco sends him to the gallows.

Moor, (*pleading for his life.*) "Suppose the rope should break."

Fiesco (*to Sacco.*) "Take it double."

Moor. "That will do. Well then, so may the devil prepare himself for this extraordinary occasion." He is carried off.

Eleventh Scene.

Leonora is seen at a distance, in the scarlet mantle of Giannettino.

Fiesco, (*starting up*). "Do I not know this plume and this mantle? Yes, I know this plume and mantle. (*He rushes forward and stabs her*). Now if you have three lives rise up again and walk."

Shouts of victory and music are heard.

Twelfth Scene.

Calcagno, Sacco, Zenturione, Zibo, *with soldiers.*

They report the complete victory of their party in the city and harbour. Fiesco shows them in triumph the great victim of his hatred. They salute him Duke of Genoa. Calcagno informs him that the people

and senate are ready to receive their gracious sovereign at the Signoria.

Fiesco. "First allow me to settle with my own heart. I was obliged to leave behind me, in great anxiety, a tender friend who will share with me the glory of this night. Have the goodness to accompany me to your lovely Duchess."

Calcagno, for the purpose of cutting off Giannettino's head, approaches the dead body with the torches, and exclaims, — "Look here, Genoese! By heaven! This is not Giannettino's face!"

Fiesco casts a rapid glance upon Leonora, starts back, — "No! no! Genoa mine, you say? mine? Jugglery of hell! it is my wife!" He falls to the ground.

Thirteenth Scene.

Arabella comes, anxiously seeking her lady. She explains the whole.

Fiesco. "Your lady is found."

He now begins to rave against those around him, against nature and Providence, — and most against himself. — "Here lies my wife, murdered. I, the villain, have murdered my wife. — Leonora, the hour has come. Genoa's Duke is your Fiesco, — and the meanest beggar in Genoa, would not change his abject state for my purple robe and my torment."

At last he collects himself. "I will give Genoa a prince such as Europe has never seen. Now, follow your Duke!"

FOURTEENTH SCENE. *A distant street.*

ANDREA DORIA *and* LOMELINO.

Lomelino. "My lord, and can you still hope? An enthusiastic nation lies in the scale of Fiesco, and what lies in yours?"

Andrea. "Heaven."

Lomelino. "My lord, since the invention of gunpowder, angels do not encamp any more on the earth."

Andrea. "Pitiful ape, — who would deprive a gray-headed old man even of his God! Go tell the Genoese that Andrea still lives; that Andrea only entreats his children not to drive him away to foreigners, who would never pardon him the prosperity of his country. Tell them, Andrea entreats his children, only for so much earth in his native land as is sufficient to bury his body."

FIFTEENTH SCENE.

In the harbour, Verrina takes leave of Bertha and Bourgognino. They depart.

SIXTEENTH SCENE.

FIESCO *in his ducal attire, meets Verrina.*

Fiesco. "Well met, Verrina, I was on my way to seek you."

Verrina. "I, too, was on my way to you."

Fiesco. "Does Verrina see no change in his friend?"

Verrina, (*without looking at him.*) "I hope none."

Fiesco. "I ask, do you find no change?"

Verrina, (*casting on him a transient glance.*) "I find none."

Fiesco. "Then you see it is true that power does not make tyrants. Since we parted from one another, Fiesco has become Duke of Genoa, and Verrina (*embracing him*) finds my embrace as warm as ever."

Verrina. "So much the worse that I must return it so frostily; the sight of majesty falls down like a hatchet between me and the Duke. John Louis Fiesco possessed principalities in my heart; now, he has conquered Genoa, and I take back my property. O the cunning gambler! Only one card he had left out in his account. His calculations took in the whole play of envy; but alas! the dextrous contriver forgot the patriots! Has the oppressor reserved some recipe against the traces of Roman virtue? I swear it by the living God, rather than posterity shall find my bones in the churchyard of a dukedom, it shall gather them on the scaffold."

Fiesco, (*taking him gently by the hand.*) "But what if the Duke is your brother, if he makes his principality only the treasury of your beneficence. Verrina, what then?"

Verrina. "Presents made of stolen goods cannot save the thief from the gallows. — By the way, Duke, what was the offence of the poor devil whom you had hung on the church-door?"

Fiesco. "The villain set Genoa on fire."

Verrina. "Still the villain did not destroy the laws."

Fiesco. "Verrina tries my friendship to the utmost."

Verrina. "Away with friendship! Hear Fiesco, not as the subject to his master, not as one friend to another, but as a man to a man, I speak to you. You offended shamefully against the majesty of the God of truth, when you made virtue lend you her hands for your crime. The princely villany breaks down by its weight the scale that is sufficient for human sins, but you have mocked God, and your crime will be weighed in his balance. — Do not trouble yourself about an answer. I have done. Duke of Genoa, in the ships of the tyrant of yesterday, I became acquainted with a kind of wretched creatures who ruminate a crime long passed by with every stroke of the oar, and weep their tears into the ocean, which, like a rich man, is too proud to count them. A good prince commences his reign by deeds of mercy. Will you free these galley slaves?"

Fiesco. "Let them be the first-fruits of my tyranny. Go and announce to them their liberty."

Verrina. "You perform your good action only halfway, if you forego their joy. Go yourself. I should think the Duke was not too high for the feelings of a beggar."

Fiesco. "Man, you are terrible; but, I know not why, I must follow you."

They walk down to the sea. Fiesco once more implores him to be his friend.

Verrina. "Throw away this odious purple, and I am yours. The first prince was a murderer, and introduced the purple to hide his crime in this bloody color. Fiesco, I am a warrior; these are my first tears, — this my first prostration. *(He kneels down before him.)* Throw away this purple."

Fiesco. "Rise up! Excite me no more!"

Verrina. "I rise. I excite you no more."

They both step upon a plank, to go on board one of the galleys. Fiesco goes first.

Fiesco. "Why do you pull my mantle? It falls."

Verrina. "Well, then, if the purple falls, the Duke must fall too." He throws him into the sea.

Fiesco, (drowning.) "Help, Genoa! help your Duke!"

Sixteenth Scene.

Calcagno comes in haste. "Fiesco! Fiesco! half of Genoa has run over to Andrea. Where is Fiesco?"

Verrina. "Drowned. — I go to the old Andrea."

On this drama of Schiller, I shall make but a few remarks. With regard to a play which presents, in a small compass, so many striking events, so many well-defined characters, a full sketch, such as I have attempted to give, may serve as a critical exposition of the work.

The strivings and operations of the two great parties in Genoa, that of Doria and that of Fiesco, and the disposition of each individual, as well as the part assigned to him in these proceedings, are so distinctly brought before us in this play, that it bears the character, and possesses the characteristic excellence, of a dramatized history rather than that of an historical drama. The characteristic excellence of a dramatized history, or an historical sketch set forth with dramatic skill, consists in the graphic and warm delineation of persons, circumstances, and events, which gratifies our curiosity and love of wonder, while it extends our knowledge of facts fictitious or true. This merit certainly belongs to Schiller's "Fiesco" in an eminent degree. Each of the characters described separately engages our interest. There are the heads of the two great parties, Andrea Doria and Fiesco. The ambition of Andrea, which he has in common with Fiesco, is qualified by a wise and noble moderation, a respect for the laws of the state, and a devout reliance on divine providence. His ambition prompts him to secure to his family, to his unworthy nephew, the fruits of his distinguished merits, the highest power of the state; while for himself he is satisfied with the proud consciousness of being able to exercise it if he wished.

Fiesco, on the other hand, aspires after the highest power in order to exercise it himself, but not so much for his selfish gratification as for the glory of his native land; — while Giannettino Doria stretches out his hand for the same prize, because it affords him the means of gratifying all his brutal desires.

Fiesco's ambition is determined upon its object, so that he does not disdain even the vile services of the Moor as long as they seem indispensable; but whenever his object can be attained by open and generous measures, however dangerous, he rejects every base proposal, however expedient, such as those devised by Sacco and Calcagno to destroy the Dorias. His generosity even seems to get the better of his ambition; or rather his ambition finds its highest gratification in the triumphs of generosity. Thus, when every thing is prepared for the overthrow of Doria, he abandons all his hopes of conquering the whole political and military power of his rival, in order not to be defeated by him in generosity. Fiesco's mind is accessible to every tender and noble sentiment; his decision wavers long between ambition, tempting him with the splendor of royalty, and his conscience, aided by the affectionate appeal of his Leonora, setting before him the calm delight that dwells in the house of the simple citizen, and the transcendent glory of him who foregoes all his proud prospects of rising above his equals, in order to secure to all the same rights and the same blessings.

The other characters in this play are described with similar force and felicity; the tender, pure, and enthusiastic Leonora; the silent, suffering, and resigned Bertha; and the sensual, proud, sneering, and treacherous sister of Giannettino; the servile Lomelino; the avaricious Sacco; the calculating voluptuary, Calcagno, with the other conspirators; and among them, though not of them, the generous, heroic, Bour-

gognino, and the stern, uncompromising, and self-sacrificing Verrina.

All these delineations of individual character, as well as the rapid and glowing representation of events, secure to this play one of the two fundamental requisites of an historical drama, a variety of interesting details. But there is another characteristic which distinguishes the drama from the dramatized story. The light should not only fall upon a variety of objects, each of them interesting in itself, but it should be concentrated upon a single figure, the centre of the whole group. This requisite of dramatic unity is not fully complied with in Schiller's "Fiesco." There are too many striking characters and incidents to allow of a concentration of interest upon a single object, that should give a decided character to the whole.

LECTURE III.

CABAL AND LOVE.

THE scene of the third play of Schiller, "Cabal and Love," is laid in Germany, in the capital of one of its princes.

FIRST ACT. FIRST SCENE. *Small Parlour of the musician, Miller.*

Miller is talking with his wife about the connexion of his daughter Louisa with Ferdinand Walter, the son of President Walter, the most influential nobleman at the Court of the Prince. Mrs. Miller expresses the pride and satisfaction characteristic of a vulgar woman, at the idea of this marriage of Louisa with a person of such high rank, who, by that means, will raise the family from its present indigence and obscurity. Miller, with the honest pride of independence, sustained by constant industry, condemns this connexion, in a steady and blunt manner, because, however pure now, it cannot, under the existing distinctions of society, lead to any thing else than disappointment or disgrace. He scolds his wife for conniving at it, and, at last, tells her, that he means,

this very day, to go himself to acquaint President Walter with this connexion. "I shall say to his Excellency, your noble son has a design upon my daughter; my daughter is too mean to become your son's wife; but she is too precious to become your son's mistress; and there is an end of this. My name is Miller."

Second Scene.

Wurm, the secretary and confidant of President Walter, enters. He reminds Miller of his constant attention to Louisa, and urges him to support his suit. Mrs. Miller tells him, that he must try somewhere else, since his Excellency, Major Ferdinand Walter, is determined to make her a great lady. Miller orders his wife into the kitchen, and says he hopes Mr. Wurm will not think him such a simpleton as to aim at such high things by means of his daughter.

Then he tells Wurm, that he shall not forbid, but still less advise, his daughter to marry him; that he must carry on his suit with Louisa herself, and not screen himself behind the father. "If you have not courage enough for that, why then you are a dastardly fellow, and for such like, Louisas are not made." Wurm goes out.

Third Scene.

Louisa comes in from church. Miller treats her with great tenderness; but tells her that he would gladly give up the little that may yet be assigned to him of life, if she never had known Ferdinand. He goes out.

Louisa, (*to her mother*). "My pretensions to Ferdinand are not of this world. I can renounce him for this life. But there, mother, where all the partitions of distinction fall down, where every envelope of rank bursts, where men are nothing but men; there I shall bring with me nothing but my innocence. But my father has often said, that ornaments and splendid titles will become cheap, when God comes, and hearts rise in value. There tears are accounted as triumphs, and beautiful thoughts as ancestors. Then I shall be a lady, my mother. And what advantage will he then have over his faithful girl." The mother sees Ferdinand coming, and leaves the room.

Fourth Scene.

Ferdinand perceives her secret trouble. She frankly tells him, that she fears that their connexion cannot be a permanent and a happy one; that his father will never consent to his marrying so much beneath his rank. He begs her to be without fear, says that artificial distinctions of society cannot prevail against the union of hearts; that difficulties and dangers will fan up the flame of his affection; that her love alone can sweeten the curses which the tyranny of his father will bequeath to him. "On this arm my Louisa shall dance through life; to heaven you shall return more beautiful than when you left it; and it shall be owned, that love alone can give the last and highest finish to the soul."

FIFTH SCENE. *Hall at the house of President Walter.*

Wurm informs him, that his son Ferdinand has formed a serious connexion with the daughter of a common burgher, and intends to marry her. President Walter at first treats Wurm's assertions as suggested by his jealousy; that this cannot be any thing more than a love affair, as they are fashionable among the nobility. But as Wurm insists on the seriousness of Ferdinand's intentions, Walter tells him, that he means Ferdinand shall marry Lady Milford, the Duke's mistress. By this marriage Walter thinks to keep up his influence over the Duke, even after the arrival of the new Duchess. Wurm assures him, that Ferdinand will reject such a demand; but in order to convince himself that his rejection does not proceed merely from his contempt of the Duke's mistress, but from his serious attachment to Louisa Miller, the musician's daughter, he wishes the President would propose to Ferdinand a marriage with the most worthy lady in the land. President Walter, enraged, promises Wurm to follow his advice.

Wurm. "But your Excellency will not forget that the service of saving you from an unwelcome daughter-in-law" —

President. "Is worth the service, in return, of helping you to a wife. It shall be so, Wurm." Wurm goes out.

SIXTH SCENE.

The Court-marshal Kalb (Calf), an officious, sim-

pering courtier, in a gaudy dress, and perfumed, enters the room. President Walter asks him to spread throughout the capital the news, that Ferdinand of Walter is to marry Lady Milford. Kalb runs off in great joy.

Seventh Scene.

Ferdinand enters. President Walter reminds his son of all he has done for him; that he has charged upon himself the curses of the country, and the guilt of having destroyed his predecessor, for no other purpose than to elevate his son, without implicating him in any crime, to the highest station and power.

Ferdinand. "What, father, shall the bloody reflection of your crimes fall upon me? It would be better I had never been born, than that I should serve as an excuse for such wickedness."

The father tells him, that he pardons his hot head for such romantic nonsense; but if he cannot or will not avail himself of his chance, he is determined to force upon him his happiness; that, on this account, he has sent in Ferdinand's name a letter to Lady Milford with a promise to marry her. Ferdinand rejects and execrates the proposal of this connexion as infamous. The President applauds his eloquence, tells him that he is worthy of the most excellent lady in the dukedom, and that, on this account, he shall marry the Countess of Ostheim. Ferdinand's embarrassment increases. His father asks him if he has any objection to this match on the ground of honor. Ferdinand confesses, that the Countess of Ostheim could

make the best man happy, but not him, as he cannot love her. His father then treats him as a hypocrite, who has only alleged pretended objections to the person of Lady Milford, in order to get rid of the engagement. He tells him, that he has given his word to the Duke that he will marry Lady Milford, that the engagement is officially announced, that he has promised that Ferdinand will go to see the lady this very morning. "Now, young man, if you make your father a liar in the eyes of the Duke, the lady, the court, and the city, — or if I should find out the truth of certain stories which have been reported to me," (Ferdinand turns pale,) "then flee from my vengeance. A whole dukedom trembles when I set down my foot, let me see whether I shall be ruled by the obstinacy of a son." He goes out in anger. Ferdinand determines to go at the promised hour, and to hold up to Lady Milford such a mirror of her own character, that she shall herself renounce him; and if not, he will reject her in the sight of all.

Second Act.

Drawing-room in the palace of Lady Milford.

She is expecting Ferdinand Walter, and discloses to her attendant and intimate friend, Sophia, that her intended marriage is not, as was generally supposed, a work of cabal, but of real love; — the only means to save her from her disgraceful connexion with the Duke.

Second Scene.

A servant comes in carrying a casket with jewels

from the Duke for her wedding. She asks him what the Duke paid for these stones. He answers, nothing; that yesterday, seven thousand natives had been sent away amid the cries and lamentations of their despairing fathers and mothers, being sold to the English for the American service. — "These," he says, "pay for the jewels." She is deeply moved by this discovery of extreme misery, while she had been assured that the whole country was happy, and that this happiness was her work. She sends away the jewels to be sold for the relief of those who had lately suffered by a destructive fire, — although Sophia reminds her of the extreme displeasure of the Duke, to which this act must expose her.

Third Scene.

Ferdinand Walter enters. He treats her with indifference and contempt, and tries to impress her with a deep sense of her degradation. She confides to him the history of her youth. Her father, a descendant of Thomas Norfolk, had been charged by the king of England with a treasonable intrigue with France, and executed. Her mother died on the day of her father's execution, and she, with a nurse, fled to Germany, where her nurse died. Alone, a poor and friendless orphan, she became acquainted with the Duke, she received the solemn assertions of his devoted love; he promised that she should make his country happy, — and she became his mistress. She reminds Walter of all the shameful abuses she has abolished, all the good she has done by her influence.

But in the very height of her success she abhors the sink of corruption around her, and is bowed down by the sense of her own degradation. "And now, Walter, if an unhappy woman, pressed down by the feeling of her disgrace, weary of vice, heroically elevated by the call of virtue, irresistibly attracted by you, casts herself into your arms, desires to be served by you, restored to Heaven by you, — or rejected by you, obedient to the call of despair, should be driven into still more horrible depths of vice; " —

Walter interrupts, — "No! no! O God! I cannot bear it any longer. — Lady, I must make you a confession. I was deceived in you, my lady; I came here, hoping to find you deserving of my contempt; I resolved to excite your hatred. It would have been happy for both of us, if my purpose had been accomplished. — I love, my lady; I love the daughter of a common citizen, Louisa Miller."

Lady Milford, extremely agitated, declares to him that she can sacrifice her passion to her tenderness for him; but she cannot call back an engagement so solemnly announced; that he must defend himself as well as he can against his father.

FOURTH SCENE. *The chamber of the musician Miller.*

Miller, his wife, and Louisa are in great fear, because they have ascertained that Wurm has betrayed her connexion with Ferdinand to his father.

Fifth Scene.

Ferdinand comes in, asks whether his father has already been here; — bids Louisa be quiet because he is here to defend her.

Sixth Scene.

President Walter enters with attendants. His arrival causes general consternation. The President directs the most insulting questions to Louisa, which she, at first, does not understand; — she then faints away. Ferdinand resists him with earnest remonstrance and passionate reproach. Miller is at first frightened, but recovers his courage, and takes up the cause of his child against the President. The President sends for the constables.

Seventh Scene.

The constables enter, and the President orders them to take the fainting Louisa to the prison, and then to the pillory.

Ferdinand (*drawing his sword.*) "Dare to touch her, unless you have let your skulls also to the court."

They attack her. He wounds several of them, and drives them back. The President himself seizes Louisa, and delivers her to a constable. "Away with her."

Ferdinand. "Father, she may stand on the pillory, but the son of the President shall stand there with her. Do you still insist upon it?"

President. "The spectacle will be so much the more amusing."

Ferdinand. "Father, before you disgrace my wife, I shall stab her." (He tears her away from the constables and points his sword at her.) — "Do you still insist?"

President. "Only do so, if your sword is sharp enough."

Ferdinand (*taking his hand off from Louisa*). "Thou, Almighty God, art my witness. No human means have I left untried; I must proceed to one that is infernal. Lead her now to the pillory; meanwhile I shall acquaint the city with the way in which a man becomes President of the cabinet." He leaves the room.

President (*as if thunderstruck*), "What is this? Ferdinand! (*To the constables.*) Let her alone!" He hurries after Ferdinand.

THIRD ACT. *Room in the house of President Walter.*

President. "It was a confounded disappointment."

Wurm. "It turned out as I feared, Sir. Force only embitters fanatics but never converts them."

President. "I calculated thus; if the girl is disgraced, he, as an officer, must retreat."

Wurm proposes to him a plan calculated upon the strength of Ferdinand's jealousy, which can alone overpower his love; and upon Louisa's devoted affection for her father, by which she can be induced to

think it a duty to break with her lover. The father is to be put in prison as an offender against the Duke's majesty, which is insulted in the person of the President of his cabinet, and Louisa must be made to believe that there is no other way of saving her father, than to write with her own hand a billet doux to a third person, — which is then to fall, as by accident, into the hands of Ferdinand. The father and the mother are to be held in prison, until they swear to keep the whole proceedings secret, and will think it in the end, a deed of mercy, if Wurm restore Louisa's broken reputation by marrying her. The President approves, and despatches the order to arrest Miller and his wife, and sends for Court-marshal Kalb while Wurm goes to sketch the letter.

Second Scene.

Kalb enters. The President persuades him to act the part of the lover of Louisa, and let the letter fall into the hands of Ferdinand.

Third Scene.

Wurm comes, reports that the musician and his wife have secretly been put into prison; he shows the letter to the President, which he approves.

Fourth Scene. *Parlour in Miller's house.*

Ferdinand *and* Louisa *alone.*

Ferdinand proposes to Louisa, together with her father, secretly to leave the country, and that he will obtain means for their flight, by selling his valuables,

and raising sums upon his father's name, which he thinks is only plundering a robber.

Louisa. "No, my friend! If only a crime can serve you for me, I have yet strength enough to lose you." She begs him to let her be the willing victim, to restore him to his father, and to his bright prospects in society. "I go to bury my grief in solitary walls. My futurity is empty and dead; but now and then I shall regale myself with the faded nosegay of the past." (She gives him, trembling, her hand.) "Farewell, Mr. Walter."

Ferdinand, (*suddenly roused from his stupor.*) "Louisa, will you really not accompany me in my flight?"

Louisa. "My duty bids me remain and suffer."

Ferdinand. "Serpent! you lie! Something else keeps you here."

Louisa. "It may be better for you to abide by this suspicion. It will occasion less misery."

Ferdinand. "Cold duty against ardent love! And shall this story blind me? A lover detains you here; and woe to you and to him if my suspicion proves true." He hurries out.

Fifth Scene.

Louisa, alone, after a long silence, expresses her anxiety on account of her father's staying out so long.

Sixth Scene.

Wurm comes, informs her that her father is in prison, as an offender against the Duke's majesty; and

that her mother too is under arrest. By the most refined and gradual torture of her feelings, he at last induces her to write the letter intended to make Ferdinand renounce her, which he represents as the only means of saving her father from death. He dictates these words, which she writes, at intervals, interrupted by the expression of her agonized and revolting feelings.

"My Lord, — Three intolerable days have passed, and we have not seen each other. You must impute this to the Major, who guards me all day with Argus eyes. Yesterday the President was at our house. It was amusing to see how the good major contended for my honor. I took my refuge in a swoon. But soon this mask will be intolerable to me. If I could only get rid of him. To-morrow he will be on service. Wait your time, when he leaves me, and come to the place you know, to your tender Louisa." "To the Court-marshal Kalb."

Louisa. "O God! a name as foreign to my ears, as these lines are to my heart. Take this, Sir. It is my honest name, — it is Ferdinand, — it is the happiness of my life, — which I deliver into your hands. I am a beggar."

Wurm. "My dear miss, I have a hearty compassion for you. Suppose I should, even now, desire this neat hand of yours."

Louisa. "I should strangle you in your first sleep, and die with delight on the rack. Have you now done, Sir?"

Wurm. "One trifling want more; you must

swear before the altar that this letter is your own free act."

Louisa. "O God! Then thou must thyself lend the seal to solemnize the works of hell."

FOURTH ACT. FIRST SCENE. *At the President's house.*

Ferdinand, with a letter in his hand, sends a servant up to his father's room, to call down the Court-marshal Kalb.

SECOND SCENE.

Ferdinand, (*glancing over the letter.*) "Impossible! impossible! This heavenly covering does not conceal such an infernal heart. Still, — though all angels were to descend and vouch for her innocence, — it is her own hand, — an unheard-of monstrous fraud, such as man never saw. This then was the reason why she so perseveringly opposed our flight. For this reason, — O God! now all is revealed to me, — for this reason she gave up my claims to her love with so much heroism; and the celestial coloring had nearly, very nearly deceived also me! She has seen my whole soul! My heart was in my eyes at the blush of the first kiss, — and she felt nothing? nothing except the triumph of her art? When my rapturous delusion thought to embrace my whole heaven in her; my wild desires were asleep; in my mind no thought but eternity and Louisa; — God! then she felt nothing except the success of her plot; — death and vengeance! nothing but that I was deceived?"

Third Scene.

The Court-marshal enters. Ferdinand tells him that he has found the letter (*which he hands him*,) on the parade ground, where it fell from his pocket. The Court-marshal expresses great embarrassment. Ferdinand forces upon him a pistol, and proposes that each of them shall take hold of one corner of a handkerchief which Louisa had given him, and fire upon each other. The Court-marshal trembles, reasons, pleads with him, prays Ferdinand to let him escape. He threatens him, if he does not take aim, that he will carry him about for show, in a cage, like a marmot.

Court-marshal. "I will do every thing you command, my dear Sir, every thing you please. Only take away the pistols!"

Ferdinand. "How he stands there, the son of affliction! a disgrace to the sixth day of creation! as if an illegitimate printer had violated the copyright of the Almighty! With this wretch to share *her* heart! a churl made to wean others from sinning rather than to provoke it."

Court-marshal. "Heaven be thanked! he begins to grow witty."

At last, in despair, he confesses all, tells Ferdinand that it is all deceit, that he does not know Louisa, that he has never seen her.

Ferdinand. "What? The maiden is lost on your account, and you deny her thrice in one breath. Away! base fellow." He gives him a blow with the pistol, and kicks him out of the room.

Fourth Scene.

Ferdinand, alone, meditates upon destroying both himself and Louisa.

Fifth Scene.

President Walter enters, tells Ferdinand that he comes to beg his pardon; that Louisa has gained his respect; that he will consent to his marrying her. Ferdinand tells him that she is a hypocrite; laments his own blindness, implores his father's forgiveness, and hurries away.

Sixth Scene. *A splendid drawing-room at Lady Milford's.*

Sophia, Lady Milford's attendant, tells her that she has done her errand, and that she may expect Louisa Miller every moment.

Seventh Scene.

Louisa enters. Lady Milford offers to her the place of Sophia, who is going to be married.

Louisa. "I thank you, my lady, for this favor as much as if I felt at liberty to accept of it."

Lady Milford accuses her of pride, which suits but ill her low condition. "The rose hue of your cheeks, my precious one, is not unfading; it is only a thin paint which will, sooner or later, cleave to the hand of your admirer. What will you then do!"

Louisa. "I shall pity the admirer, my lady, who bought a diamond, because it seemed set in gold."

Lady Milford continues to urge Louisa; who, at

last, plainly tells her that she does not wish to live in such an atmosphere of moral corruption. The lady in rage, tells her that she knows all; that, if she dare continue to love Ferdinand, she will use all her power to render them both unspeakably miserable. "Also the destruction of happiness" (she says,) "is happiness."

Louisa. "You calumniate your own heart, my lady. You are not capable of tormenting a creature that has never harmed you."

Lady Milford, (recovering herself.) "Where am I? What have I said? O Louisa, noble, generous, heavenly soul, forgive an insane one. I will call you friend, sister, I will sell all my diamonds, all I have, — all shall be yours, — only renounce him!"

Louisa. "You shall have him, my lady. Of my own accord I give you up the man whom they have torn with the hooks of hell from my bleeding heart. Now he is yours. Rush into his arms! Drag him to the altar. Only do not forget that between your bridal kisses there will be hovering the ghost of a suicide. God will be merciful to me, — I have no other way!" She rushes out of the room.

Eighth Scene.

Lady Milford, (alone.) "What was this? What has happened to me? O! what did she say, the unhappy one! They still pierce my ear, those dreadful words full of condemnation, 'I give him up to you,' — whom? It was the present of your death-groans, the dreadful bequest of your despair. God!

God! have I fallen so low?" (Magnanimity and virtue gain the ascendency in her struggling soul.) "This loving couple is lost, or I must give up all my pretensions to him, and break all connexions between me and the Duke." She resolutely goes to her desk and begins to write.

Ninth Scene.

The Court-marshal enters with a message from the Duke. She gives him the note she has written, orders all her servants into the room, and makes him read it.

"My Lord Duke, — An agreement which you have broken so wantonly cannot bind me. The happiness of your country was the condition of my love. This deception has lasted three years; and I abhor favors dripping with the tears of your subjects. Give that love, which I can no longer return, to your wretched country; and learn from a British princess, mercy toward your German people. In one hour from this, I shall be beyond the limits of your territory. Joan Norfolk."

She then distributes among her domestics her money, and tells them that the poorest among them will go hence richer than his mistress.

Court-marshal, (in despair, still staring at the note.) "And this note shall I deliver to his royal highness, to his own high hands?"

Lady. "To his own high hands; and you shall report to his own high ears, that as I cannot walk barefoot to Loretto, I shall work for daily hire, to

cleanse myself from the disgrace of having ruled over him." She leaves the room.

FIFTH ACT. FIRST SCENE. *Parlour in Miller's house. Evening.*

Miller comes in with a dark lantern, anxiously looking round the room, without observing Louisa, who sits dumb and motionless in a corner of the room. "Here she is not; even here she is not. I have walked through all the streets, have inquired after her of all her acquaintances. No one had seen my child. Wait, unfortunate father, wait until the morning comes. Perhaps you will then find your only one washed up on the banks of the river. God! if I have set my heart too idolatrously upon this daughter, the punishment is hard. I will not murmur, Heavenly Father, but the punishment is hard."

Louisa. "You are right, poor old man. Learn in time how to lose."

Miller. "Are you here, my child? Is it you, indeed?"

After some sad conversation, Louisa requests him to forward a letter to Ferdinand. Miller demands to read the letter. Louisa gives him leave. He reads:

"You are betrayed, Ferdinand! an unexampled crime has broken the union of our hearts; but a dreadful oath binds my tongue, and your father has placed spies everywhere. But if you have courage, my friend, I know a place where oaths bind no more, and where there are no spies. But you must have courage enough to walk a dark road, that is lighted up

by nothing but Louisa and God. You must come with a heart full of love, leave behind you all your hopes, all your fermenting desires ; nothing can be of use to you except your heart. If you choose this road, — then set out to-night when the bell on the Carmelite tower strikes twelve o'clock. If you fear this journey, strike out the epithet of strong before your sex ; for a girl has put you to shame."

Miller, by continual appeals to her Christian principles and filial love, at last induces her to give up her intention and emigrate with him.

Miller. "I will go with you wherever you wish, my child ! God has provided daily bread in all places. He will also grant hearers to my violin. Nay, let every thing go as it will ! I will set the history of your sorrow to music, and sing to the guitar the song of the daughter, who, to honor her father, rent her heart. With this ballad we will beg from door to door, and the alms from the hands of the weeping will be a sweet repast."

Second Scene.

Louisa sees Ferdinand coming in, and with a loud cry throws herself on her father's neck.

Louisa. "God ! Here he is ; I am lost. He has come to murder me."

Miller entreats him to leave the house. Ferdinand hands her the letter. "Did you write this letter ? "

Miller. "Be steadfast, my daughter. Only this *single* '*Yes,*' and all is over."

Ferdinand. "Even the father is deceived. Louisa, by the living God I beseech you, did you write this letter?"

Louisa. "I wrote it."

Ferdinand. "Woman! woman! Do you know what you have been to me? No! you did not know that you were to me all, all! It is a poor contemptible word; but eternity labors to encompass it; systems of worlds complete their courses in it. — All! and to sport with it so criminally! O it is dreadful!"

Louisa. "You have my confession, Mr. Walter. I have condemned myself. Go now, leave a house in which you have been so unhappy."

Ferdinand. "Patience! I am quiet now. One small request, Louisa; it is the last. My head burns with such feverish heat, I need some cooling draught. Will you prepare for me a glass of lemonade?" Louisa goes out.

Third Scene.

Miller. "My dear Sir, can it perhaps alleviate your pain, when I confess to you, that I pity you from my heart?"

Ferdinand begs him not to speak of it. He talks to him about the music lessons which first brought him to his house. After some time he requests Miller to go and see after the lemonade.

Fourth Scene.

Ferdinand (alone). "She is his only child! Do

you feel this, murderer ? The man has in the world nothing but his instrument and this only child ! Will you deprive him of her ? Will you rob the beggar of his last penny ? Will you throw the crutch, broken, at the feet of the cripple ? But how ? What does he lose ? The girl to whom the holiest feelings of love were but puppets, — can she make her father happy ? It is impossible, impossible ; and I deserve thanks for crushing the viper before she stings her father also."

Fifth Scene.

Miller (*comes back*). "You will be served immediately, my Lord. There the poor thing is sitting, and will weep herself to death. She will give you tears to drink in your lemonade."

Ferdinand. "Would it were nothing more than tears !" He tells Miller that he is yet in his debt for music-lessons, and forces upon him a purse full of gold, which puts poor Miller in an ecstasy. He revels in splendid dreams, how he will use it all for the benefit of his daughter.

Ferdinand. "Be silent ! O be silent ! only today. This is the only thanks I claim of you."

Sixth Scene.

Louisa comes with the lemonade. Ferdinand tells Miller that his father will be missing him at the supper table, and begs him to carry an excuse from him, together with a letter directed to his father, which he received this evening, enclosed in one to him. Loui-

sa, with the greatest anxiety, begs her father to allow her to do the errand, but Miller refuses, as it is night.

Ferdinand. "Light your father to the door, Louisa." As she takes up the light he throws poison into the lemonade.

Seventh Scene.

Ferdinand and Louisa alone. Long silence. She endeavours to interrupt it by proposing to play upon the piano, or a game of chess, — asking him whether she shall not invite some of her friends to come in. He gives no answer.

Louisa. "O I am very wretched."

Ferdinand. "That may be true." He holds up to her the picture of her guilt in the most dreadful colors. She does not defend herself, but warns him against himself. He takes the glass with the lemonade, and drinks. "Your lemonade is very weak, Louisa; taste of it." She puts the glass to her lips, and drinks. Ferdinand, turning pale, hurries to another corner of the room.

Ferdinand. "Louisa, have you loved the Marshal? You will not leave this chamber."

Louisa. "Ask me whatever you please, I shall give no answer."

Ferdinand (on his knees before her). "Louisa, I conjure you, have you loved the Marshal? Before this lamp has burned its last, you will stand before God."

Louisa (starting up frightened). "Jesus! What

is this? and I feel very ill." She sinks upon a chair.

Ferdinand. "So soon? O you women, eternal enigmas! The tender fibre sustains crimes which gnaw the roots of humanity, and a grain of arsenic destroys you."

Louisa. "Poison! poison! O my God!"

Ferdinand. "So I fear. Your lemonade was seasoned in hell. You have pledged it to death."

Louisa. "To die! to die! Poison in the lemonade. God be merciful to me!—And O my mother! my father! my poor lost father! Saviour of the world! And is there no recovery? And must I go so soon?"

Ferdinand. "No recovery! You must go so soon. But be quiet; we take the journey together."

Louisa. "Ferdinand! you, too. Poison, Ferdinand, from you? O God, forgive him! God of mercy, take the sin from him! Ferdinand! Ferdinand! Now I cannot be silent any longer. Death, death, dissolves all oaths, Ferdinand! There is nothing in this world, or in the future, more wretched than you! I die innocent."

Ferdinand (*frightened*). "What did she say there? It is not usual for men to carry with them a lie upon that journey."

Louisa. "I do not lie; I have never told a lie but once in my life. This letter to the Court-marshal, — prepare yourself to hear a dreadful word, — my hand wrote what my heart condemned; — your father dictated the letter." (Ferdinand, motionless,

like a statue, suddenly falls down before her.) "O the dreadful misunderstanding! Ferdinand, they compelled me, — forgive, — I should have preferred death, — but my father, — the danger, — they contrived it cunningly."

Ferdinand (suddenly rising and drawing his sword). "God be praised! I do not yet feel the poison."

On the point of rushing out of the room, he is called back by the fainting Louisa. "Alas! what do you do? He is your father."

Ferdinand. "The murderer and murderer's father. He shall go, too, that the vengeance of the Judge of all may fall only upon the guilty."

Louisa. "Dying, forgive, my Saviour. Mercy upon you and him!" She dies.

Eighth Scene.

Enter President Walter, Wurm, with attendants, and Miller, people, and constables; all in great terror.

President (with his son's letter in his hand). "My son, what is this? I cannot believe" —

Ferdinand (throwing the glass at his feet). "Then *see*, — murderer!"

Miller, (falling down by his dead daughter.) "O Jesus!"

Ferdinand, (leading his father forward to Louisa.) "Here! barbarian, feast upon the horrible fruit of your wit. Upon this face, your name is written with distorted features; and the angels of destruction will

read it. May a form like this draw the curtains from before your bed when you sleep, and give you her icy hand; may a form like this stand before your soul when you die, and press away your last prayer. May a form like this stand upon your grave when you rise, and by the side of God when he sits in judgment." He faints away.

The President, in despair, charges the whole guilt upon Wurm. "You, Satan, gave the infernal counsel. Yours is the responsibility."

Wurm. "Mine? mine? you stupid villain! Yes, by this horrible sight, — it will come upon me! Now I must be lost, but you shall be lost too. Up! up! cry murder through the streets! Constables, bind me! I will discover secrets which shall make every one shudder who hears them."

President, (*stopping him.*) "You will not, madman."

Wurm, (*patting him on the shoulder.*) "I will, comrade, I will. I am distracted, it is true, and so I will act. Arm in arm with you to the scaffold! arm in arm with you to hell!" He rushes out of the room.

Miller, (*starting up suddenly and throwing the purse with gold at Ferdinand's feet.*) "Poisoner! keep your cursed money! Was this the price of my child?" He rushes out of the room.

Ferdinand, (*with a breaking voice.*) "Go after him; he despairs. Let the money be saved for him. Louisa! Louisa! I come. Farewell. Let me expire on this altar." He is placed near Louisa.

President, (*awaking from a deathlike stupor.*) "Ferdinand, my son, have you not one look for your ruined father?"

Ferdinand. "This last one belongs to God."

President, (*prostrated before him.*) "Creature and Creator abandon me! Not one look for my last consolation?"

Ferdinand holds out to him his dying hand.

President, (*quickly rising.*) "He has forgiven! Now I am your prisoner." He goes out, followed by the officers of the tribunal.

The title "Cabal and Love," designates the character of this play. It is the conflict between Love and Cabal or Intrigue. The principle of Love is exemplified, on the one hand, by the enthusiastic passion of Ferdinand and Louisa, and the devoted affection of Miller and Louisa; and the power of Intrigue by the ambitious President Walter, and his crafty secretary Wurm, and by that officious slave, the Court-marshal Kalb.

There is, in each of these characters, which I have here divided into two classes, a portion of the opposite extreme mixed up with their prominent qualities, — a mixture which, however apparently inconsistent in theory, gives to a character the very impress of nature and reality. Thus the devoted love of Ferdinand, which rises above all prejudices of rank, and his magnanimous opposition to his father's tyranny, which is tempered, though not intimidated, by his filial duty, — these noble qualities are mixed up with

jealousy, which (as Rochefoucauld rightly observes,) is not so much love as self-love, and which perverts his clear understanding, which otherwise could not have seen a rival in Court-marshal Kalb. This jealousy is blended with that apparent energy and actual weakness which is usually the inducement to suicide; and that fatal presumption which judges of the faults of others, and thinks the punishments it inflicts impartial, because the judge himself is ready to share them with his victim. "Be comforted," Ferdinand says to the dying Louisa, "we take this journey together." Even in Louisa we find the celestial temper of her mind touched by human infirmity. Her love of what is truly excellent in Ferdinand, of that which enables him to rise above all prejudices and fear, is nevertheless not strong enough to produce that clear-sighted and uncompromising trust in the conquering power of his attachment to her over every other earthly consideration, that perfect trust, (the perfection of love,) to which Ferdinand himself appealed in those solemn words, "I fear nothing, nothing, — except the limits of your love." Her love is generous enough to give up all her claims to him in this world, in order to reconcile him to his father and restore his splendid prospects in life; nay, to complete his happiness, she begs him to give his hand to one that is worthier of it than she. Her love is superior to the allurements but not to the fear of self; otherwise she would have seen that an act of resignation, which appeared to her only as a sacrifice of her own selfish views to his happiness, was in truth a sacrifice of his

happiness; she would have seen that the highest proof of love she could give him, nay that the only way in which she could do justice to her friend, was to suppose him incapable of giving up his pure and devoted affection for her, for the attainment of a splendid fortune which depended on the influence of his father which he condemned, and on prejudices of society which he despised. This weakness in Louisa, which prevented her from considering his highest happiness, and her real duty, must be ascribed either to a defect in her intellect, or to the limited nature of her affection. There is a struggle in her soul between her attachment to her father and her lover. As soon as she is made to believe that her father's freedom and life are in the power of Ferdinand's father, and can be saved only by inducing Ferdinand to renounce, of his own accord, his engagement to her, — she sacrifices plighted love to filial duty. The falsehood to which she resorts as the only means of saving her father, may be in a great measure excused, though it cannot be justified by the object. But as soon as her father is saved by her letter, her love of Ferdinand recovers the ascendance in her mind, the feeling of final separation from him, the thought of his delusion and utter wretchedness induced by her own act, lead her to the verge of the same determination which Ferdinand afterwards actually carries into effect. But once more, love of her father, aided no longer by any consideration of impending danger, but by religious principle and Christian feeling, succeeds in inducing her to commute the sentence of

voluntary death into self-banishment incompany with her old father.

In the musician Miller, also, we find the precious metals of truth and love mixed up with baser ingredients. The dross, however, is all on the surface, and the base of his character is solid and pure. The roughness of his manners, ill as it becomes him in his conversation with his silly wife, assumes a noble character in his own contemptuous treatment of the wily secretary Wurm, and in his courageous defence of the rights of his house and the character of his child, against the tyrant Walter. The ecstasy of his joy at receiving the purse of gold from Ferdinand, betrays him into the most ludicrous ejaculations, and the building of pompous castles in the air suited to his newly-acquired fortune. Still this excessive joy of the poor old man at the unexpected visit of Mammon, is not the gratification of a miser; he evidently rejoices in his golden dreams more than in the precious dust by which they are suggested. All his fond wishes, and all his vanity centre and end in the happiness of his child; and when she lies before him cold and dead, he throws the purse at the feet of the giver. — "Poisoner," he cries, "keep your accursed gold! Was this the purchase-money for my child?" As, on the one hand, the characters of Ferdinand, Louisa, and Miller, though virtuous in the main, are not faultless, — so, on the other hand, the worst characters in this drama, that of President Walter and his secretary Wurm, are not wholly destitute of traces of humanity. Walter's ambition has broken through every moral restraint,

has learned to trifle with the most sacred feelings as profane playthings; still the highest object of his ambition is not his own greatness, but his son's; and the energy by which he has hitherto sustained himself in the highest position in society, at once gives way when the object of his ambition, his hopeful son, becomes its victim. Even Wurm, in whom President Walter recognises a disciple that has surpassed his master in the art and mystery of intrigue, — this wily serpent which succeeds in carrying its poison into the paradise of innocent love, betrays at least one trait of humanity. He really loves Louisa; to make her his wife is the real end of his cabals; and when he sees her a corpse before him, he breaks forth in the words, "Yes, by this horrible sight, which freezes all the marrow in my bones, — now I will be lost!" "Up! up! cry 'Murder' through the streets! Constables, bind me and carry me hence!"

The circumstance that Schiller, in the delineation of these two great villains, has not obliterated all marks of recognition of a nature which they have perverted, proves a transition in his dramatic judgment and taste. Neither Wurm, nor Walter, is such a prodigy of consistent wickedness as Francis Moor. On this point Schiller says, in his treatise on tragic art, "Our pity is weakened if the author of misery, whose guiltless victims claim our sympathy, fills our soul with horror. It will always impair the perfection of a drama if the poet cannot do without a villain; and if he is obliged to derive the greatness of the distress from that of the crime. Shakspeare's Iago and

Lady Macbeth, Cleopatra in 'Roxolane,' and Francis Moor in 'The Robbers,' prove the truth of this assertion." The character of Lady Milford exhibits a peculiar mixture of good and evil. It is a conjunction of two hostile principles, a disinterested love and selfish ambition struggling in the same character. Her passionate love for Ferdinand engages our best sympathies, because it is, in fact, the reviving love of virtue in her, which assumes the form of that passion. On the other hand, her ambition, which induced her to prefer a life of splendid disgrace to honest poverty, makes her take a conspicuous stand in that system of intrigue, in which Walter, Wurm, and Kalb are great in their appointed spheres. It is this ambition, this false sense of character and consequence in the world, which makes her think that she cannot give up her engagement with Ferdinand, because it has been publicly announced; and which induces her to treat Louisa with studied disrespect, and to ridicule the apparent incongruity between her noble sentiments, and her low and indigent condition.

There is, in this drama, rich as it is in scenes and incidents of the most painful nature, one source of elevated consolation opened, to refresh us in this desert of human misery. The cause of love and nature, though repeatedly overpowered or outwitted by cabal, is at last victorious, not so much by the defeat and ruin of the evil-doers, but, what is far more, by the dismay and despair of the evil principle in their own souls. The good, in their last fierce struggle, rise above those weaknesses which impair their moral ex-

cellence; and the wicked, of their own accord, bring upon themselves the punishment they have deserved. It is Wurm, the cold, calculating, and profound villain, who, at the sight of the ruined object of the only natural affection he had retained, is the first who goes to proclaim to the world the secret crime by which he and his powerful employer rose to eminence, and to call upon them the dormant vengeance of public justice. "Is there no one here, to weep with a disconsolate father? Ferdinand have you not one look for your ruined father?" These are the words of the haughty, crafty, and cruel tyrant, craving the forgivness of his expiring son, and eagerly grasping the extended hand, as if it were the hand of saving mercy stretched out to him from heaven, — and with this ray of hope in his heart, he goes boldly to deliver himself up to the judge and the executioner. In Lady Milford, whose history forms an episode in this drama, we see another instance of the victorious power of simple goodness, which gains its noblest triumphs by the defeat and ruin of its advocates and martyrs. Through the will of the prince and that of Ferdinand's father, she possesses the power of ruining him unless he consents to marry her. She even succeeds in overcoming his abhorrence, and in filling him with respect and sympathy for her. She finally induces Louisa, her only rival, to renounce all her claims to Ferdinand. It is now, when she sees herself at the summit of all her wishes, — that the thought of Louisa's innocence and love, her magnanimity and her misery, overpowers all the impulses of jealousy and

ambition in her soul, and she resolves to exchange a splendid career of folly, pride, and guilt, for a life of penitence and humiliation. The character of Ferdinand, originally pure and elevated, but darkened by the criminal, as well as moral indulgence of his passion, is perfected by suffering; and when we hear him pouring forth the agony of his soul in those words of self-condemnation and prayer, "God of my Louisa! mercy, mercy upon the most wicked of murderers!" who can prevent his own stern abhorrence of his deed from melting into compassion? Who would not desire that his own verdict of guilty, should be set aside by the Supreme Judge? Who would not exclaim with the dying Louisa, "O the dreadful delusion!" The defects in the character of Louisa which I have before noticed, all vanish before the celestial brightness which illumines her dying moments. What she had vainly attempted to do in life, to reconcile Ferdinand with his father, she accomplished by her death, forgiving and teaching him to forgive, in imitation of the dying Saviour. All that was frail in her, dies with her; every trait of beauty in her life and character is brought out, and immortalized, by her death. Our memory glances rapidly over the incidents in her life, and rests delighted on those words in which she describes the commencement of her love, and those in which she shows that her love is not of this world. "When I saw him the first time," she said, "the blood rose in my cheeks, all my pulses chased each other more joyfully, each emotion spoke, each breath whispered, 'It is he!' my heart recognised what had

ever been wanting to its satisfaction, and repeated 'it is he!' and O, how that was reëchoed through the whole sympathizing world! Then, O then, the first morning dawned upon my soul, a thousand young feelings sprung up in my heart, like flowers from the earth at the approach of spring. I lost sight of the world, and yet I recollect that at no other time it appeared to me so beautiful. I did not think on God, and yet at no other time I loved him so truly." When her father expresses his grief at a match which can never turn out well in the end, she says, "I do not wish to possess him, now, my father! one dream of Ferdinand is enough to drink up the scanty dewdrops of time. I can renounce him for this life. But there, where all the partition," &c., &c.

I have spoken, first, of the leading idea in the composition of this play, — the conflict of two principles, Cabal and Love, the sources of two opposite modes of conduct and character. I have shown, also, that the prominent characters, which exemplify these two practical principles, although they are marked by the prevalence of the one or the other, still exhibit a mixture of light and shade, of good and evil, which gives them the appearance of correct likenesses, rather than of mere illustrations of abstract principles. — I have shown finally, that in the end, the foolishness of simple goodness triumphs over the wisest conceits of ambition.

The character of each of the *dramatis personæ* is kept up with much talent, as there is no appearance of that anxious effort at a consistent delineation, by

which, in some dramatic writings, the characters introduced become the less true to nature, the more they are true to themselves. It has been objected by some, (Doering,) that the manner in which the musician Miller appears in the first scenes, is at variance with his later expressions, particularly toward the end of the play. The objection, I suppose, is pointed at the fact, that the style of Miller's conversation in the first scenes, is marked by a good deal of broad, and sometimes low, humor, and energetic rudeness, which is thought incompatible with the tenderness and elevation which he shows in the sequel, and particularly toward the end of the play. It is true, our honest musician does not possess that refinement of speech and manners which is the usual result of a gentlemanly education, belles-lettres, — study and genteel society; he calls things by their plainest, and sometimes by very inelegant names, he betrays a strong relish for offensive sounds and alarming figures of speech, and is not unfrequently found swaggering like a lord and swearing like a trooper. — Now, though we cannot but sympathize with mother-wit, and genuine fun, in whatever form they may appear, we do not feel disposed to tolerate the dirty vessel because it contains excellent salt, — and we strongly suspect that neither our hearers, nor the honest musician himself, would thank us for trying to apologize for him, when he calls himself "a rough, plain-spoken, German churl." — But in defence of the poet, we must say in the first place, that this coarse ingredient in Miller's character is not confined to the

first scenes of the play, but adheres to him throughout, and breaks forth most manifestly in the fifth scene of the last act, in his raptures at the sight of the purse of gold which he received from Ferdinand. I will give a specimen from the first, and one from the last act. In the first scene of the play, when Miller is disputing with his wife about the connexion of their daughter Louisa with the son of President Walter, Mrs. Miller observes, "You should only see the charming letters which the Baron writes to your daughter. Then you would see that he thinks of nothing else than the beautiful soul."

Miller. "Ay, this is the upshot of the matter, we strike the sack, we mean the ass. Man is man. I must know that."

Mrs. Miller. "Only see the splendid books which his Grace, the Major, has brought to our house."

Miller. "I understand. The strong simple breaths of nature are too rough for the tender macaroni stomach of his Grace. He must have them dressed and cooked first in the infernal kitchen of the belles-lettres writers. Into the fire with the dirt! There the girl drinks in, God knows what superangelic nonsense; and that runs into the blood like Spanish-flies, and scatters the handfull of Christianity which the father found it hard enough to keep together. Into the fire! I say. The girl gets all the devilish stuff into her head, and while she is loitering about in that paradise of fools, she forgets at last her home, is ashamed that her father is Miller, the music

master, and cheats me of a clever, honest son-in-law, who would have stepped into my custom snug and warm. — No! no! The pie is made, and shall forthwith be sent to the oven. I shall go myself and inform the President of the affair; — and as for the Major, I shall show him where master carpenter has left a hole in my house."

Mrs. Miller. "Be courteous, Miller! Remember how many a clean penny we have received, his splendid presents" ——

Miller. "The price for the blood of my daughter? Go to Satan, you infamous ——— ! Much rather will I go about begging, and give concerts for a warm dinner; — much rather will I dash my violincello to pieces, and carry about dung in the sounding-board, than live upon the money which is bought with the soul and salvation of my child. Leave off your confounded coffee-drinking and snuff-taking; then you need not drive your daughter to market. I have eaten my bellyful, and have always had a nice shirt upon my skin, before such a confounded coxcomb had put his nose into my parlour."

I will give another specimen of Miller's conversation, a piece of his mind, if I may say so, from the last act, when he discovers that the purse which he received from Ferdinand, is filled, not with silver, as he first supposed, but with gold. "What, Sir," he exclaims, with his hand on the purse, "what, Baron, are you distracted? Here lie, — or I am bewitched, here I grasp the bare, yellow, identical gold. — No, Satan, you shall not catch me!"

Ferdinand. "Have you made free with old or new wine, Miller?"

Miller. "Thunder and lightning! Here, look here, gold!"

Ferdinand. "And what then?"

Miller. "Your Lordship! I am a plain, common man; if you wish to harness me for a piece of villainy, — for, by heaven, so much gold cannot be earned by fair dealing;"——

Ferdinand. "Be without fear, my dear Miller. You have long earned this money, and God forbid that I should settle the account by your good conscience."

Miller. "Mine, then, mine! with the good God's own knowledge and will. — Wife! Daughter! Come here! Victoria! O, what a dash I will make now. — And I will give my music-lessons in Regent street; and I will smoke nothing but number five, Three Kings' tobacco, — and if I be found again sitting at the half-penny place, I will be hanged first. But as for me, Sir, money does not make the man, no, money does not! I have eaten potatoes, — and enough is enough; and this coat here is good for all time to come, if the dear sun does not shine through the sleeves. — For me, Sir, all this is rubbish. But my dear girl, Sir, she shall enjoy the blessing; every wish of hers that I can spy in her face, shall be gratified."

Ferdinand. "O, still! be still!"

Miller. "And she shall learn French, and minuet-dancing, and singing, that they shall speak of it in

the newspapers ; and she shall wear a cap like the daughters of counsellors, and a bishop, as they call it ; and the musician's daughter shall be talked about for ten miles round."

I have shown, that the musician is true to himself in the last act as well as in the first. And his character is equally true to nature ; the coarseness of his speech and manners, which, in some scenes, amounts to downright rudeness, is by no means inconsistent with the tenderness and elevation which he shows on other occasions. He is rude to his wife, because she favors, from vulgar pride, the connexion of Ferdinand and Louisa ; he is rude to Wurm, who wishes him to use his paternal authority with Louisa to make her marry him ; he is rude to Ferdinand, when he supposes that he intends to forsake them in their distress, when they are expecting his tyrannical father ; and he is preëminently rude, and very justly so, to President Walter himself, when he breaks into his house and insults his child. But he is tender to Louisa, and this tenderness rises to the highest pathos when he dissuades her from suicide ; he is tender, also, to Ferdinand, when he sees him disconsolate under the impression of Louisa's treachery.

But although we think the characters introduced in this play, true to nature, yet there are passages which are chargeable with an overstrained sentimentality, particularly in some of the speeches of Louisa and Ferdinand.

It was evidently the design of Schiller to represent the moral and intellectual character of Louisa, not as

the natural growth of her mind, but rather as the engrafted fruit of her intimacy with Ferdinand. This intimacy with a cultivated and enthusiastic mind, and through him with books of a similar character, which honest Miller would have thrown into the fire, could not but, in some degree, unsettle the simple and susceptible mind of Louisa. Still, some expressions of her sentimentality can hardly be accounted for by the excited and unsettled state of her mind, which entered into Schiller's conception of her character. Thus, she says to her father, in one of the first scenes of the play, "This breath of life, I would gladly bid it fly, that, as a soft and fluttering breeze, it might cool his face. This floweret of youth, I wish it was a violet, and that he might set his foot upon it, that I might modestly die under his steps. It would suffice me, father. Can the proud, majestic sun be offended, if the little fly basks in his rays?" This is a way of speaking, which hardly comports with the noble simplicity, which signalizes every word of Louisa in conversing with Ferdinand himself; and, unless our judgment is bribed by the manifold striking and affecting beauties of this play, we cannot but charge those and similar passages with overstrained sentimentality. But, with these exceptions, we find nothing to support the harsh criticism of A. H. Schlegel, who, with all his eminent critical acumen and enlargement of mind, is by no means free from a partial bias of taste and judgment, which makes him as unwilling to recognise excellences in Schiller, as to allow defects in Shakspeare. He criticizes this play, or rather passes it over, with the words, "'Cabal and Love,'

with its overstrained sentimentality, can hardly touch us, though it cannot fail to torment us by painful impressions." To all those, who are disposed to form their judgment from the impression which this drama produces on their minds, rather than from the authority of celebrated critics, we would appeal with confidence from that sweeping remark of Schlegel. We confess, that we find it particularly hard, because it is partially true; for there are passages which are liable to the charge of overstrained sentimentality; and if these be brought forward as specimens and illustrations of the character of the whole piece, the ingenious critic may make out as good a case as a travelling author who determines the character of a whole country from his own experiences in a stage-coach or a ball-room. No one, indeed, can read this tragedy without painful impressions, amounting to torment. But these impressions do not arise from the frightful appearance of suffering, which certainly does not constitute the real depth of a tragedy. Even the most terrible scene to behold, the dying scene of Ferdinand and Louisa, is by no means the most impressive and painful. It comes in rather as an alleviation of that far deeper pain produced by the terrible misunderstanding which separates two souls that seemed destined for one another, and which is solved only by death, that restores their union. If we ask ourselves what it is in this play, that excites such an intense, painful interest in us, and makes it a deeper tragedy than either "Fiesco" or "The Robbers," we find, that it is not the extent, nor even the

degree of human suffering. For the amount of suffering, which is presented to us in "Fiesco," is perhaps as great as that which is exhibited in "Cabal and Love," and in "The Robbers" it is certainly far greater. We feel a deeper tragic interest in this play, not on account of the striking appearance, nor the actual amount of human misery, but simply on account of the reality of these sufferings with which we are impressed. "The Robbers" may be the better painting, but "Cabal and Love" is certainly a better likeness than the other of suffering human nature. In "The Robbers," the interest we feel in the real suffering of the old Count, of Charles, and of Amalia, is divided, or modified, by the imaginary cause from which they, in part at least, proceed. I mean the mad scheme of Charles Moor of rectifying the partial distribution of good and evil in the world by crime. Our interest in the sufferings of the old Count, imprisoned by his own son, and condemned to die with hunger, is partially engrossed by the external circumstances, such as the ruined tower, the solitary forest, and the time, the dead of night. In "Fiesco," the plot of the play, the scheme of changing the government of Genoa by revolution, takes up our attention, and in some degree turns it away from the real objects of a tragic interest, the passions, the endeavours, and the disappointments of men. In "Cabal and Love," we are made acquainted with three persons, Ferdinand, Louisa, and her father, whose most ardent wishes are natural and right, and their gratification apparently within their reach, as their happiness is bound up in

each other. They are plunged into the deepest misery. Not only their warmest wishes to be united by the sacred ties of family are disappointed, but the father must see his innocent child insulted in his own house; the daughter, in order to save her father, is compelled to lend her hand to a falsehood which must separate her from her lover; and he, in the agony of seeing all his hopes destroyed, as he thinks, by the perjury of his friend, resolves upon murdering both her and himself. This whole transition, from the highest hope of happiness to the abyss of wretchedness, horrible as it is, is natural. The causes of this dreadful change, also, though apparently irreconcilable to human nature, are sadly true to history. There have been and are men, who, by the indolence or superstition of their fellow-men, have been enabled to rule over them with absolute power, and to make use of it for gratifying all their passions. And there have been and are individuals who have been raised by their sovereign to the highest rank and power under him, in order to reward them for ministering to his vilest passions; and who, not unfrequently, become the sole rulers of their prince, unless they share their power with his mistress. This is the state of the court, in which President Walter and Lady Milford wield the helm of affairs, and in which the light-shunning birds of prey, and the proud and babbling parrots, men like the wily secretary Wurm and the insignificant Kalb, are characters of distinction and influence. It was not necessary for Schiller to go far in search of real models for such

characters ; they were around him and near at hand ; and he deserves our admiration, not so much for his sagacity in finding, or power of invention in portraying them, as for his moral courage in holding up to public ignominy a state of things, of which thousands, who lived under it, would not have dared to acknowledge so much as that they knew of its existence. It is this which, in "Cabal and Love," adds, to the powerful impression of the intrinsic correctness of the representation, the charm of discovery ; and the mirror of fiction becomes the revealer of unknown, or at least unacknowledged truth. This drama, "Cabal and Love," concludes the third period in Schiller's literary life ; and the more perfect perception of the true sources and objects of dramatic, and particularly of tragic interest, which is exhibited in this play, proves, perhaps, more than any thing else, the progress of his mind.

LECTURE IV.

DON CARLOS.

THIS drama is founded on the history of Carlos, son of Philip the Second, king of Spain. Carlos, who was once engaged to marry the French princess Elizabeth of Valois, had become reserved and gloomy since Philip, his father, had dissolved this engagement, and himself married Elizabeth.

In the first act, at the royal pleasure-garden of Aranjuez, Domingo, the father-confessor of the King, endeavours to sound the mind of Carlos. Carlos sees through his design, and sends him back to the king to report that his espionage had proved unsuccessful.

The Marquis of Posa enters; the intimate friend of his youth, who has just returned to Spain after a long absence. Carlos receives him with enthusiasm. "O now all is well again; this embrace heals my sick heart. And what has brought you here from Brussels? and to whom do I owe this surprise? To whom? Do I still ask? Holy Providence, pardon the overjoyed one who lost sight of thy goodness. Thou knewest that Carlos was without an angel, and thou sentest me this one."

Posa tells him that he comes from the Netherlands to induce him to go there, and save the country from the dreadful Duke of Alva, who was appointed by King Philip to exterminate the rising spirit of freedom. The last hope of this land rests upon the glorious grandson of the Emperor Charles the Fifth; they are lost if his heart has forgot to throb for human happiness.

Carlos. "This hope is vain. You speak of times long since gone by. I too once dreamed of a Carlos whose blood flowed warmly through his cheeks when they spoke of freedom. But he is dead and buried. He whom you see here is your Carlos no more, who in Alcala took leave of you, who in sweet delusion presumed to become the creator of a new golden age in Spain. O the thought was childish, but divinely beautiful. Those dreams are gone."

Carlos then tells his friend Posa the dreadful secret of his heart, that he still loves Elizabeth, once his intended bride, now the wife of his father.

Posa, seeing that there is no way to win the heart of his friend for the cause of mankind except through the object of his passion, tells him that he is going to see the Queen, to whom he has letters from France; and shall endeavour to procure him an interview with her.

The gardens of the Queen.

Posa is introduced. He finds the Queen still the same as he had formerly known her in France. Restrained by the etiquette of the court, guarded by the

suspicious jealousy of the King, she remains gentle, open-hearted, free from all reserve and fear of suspicion, because conscious of her own purity. He entreats her to grant an interview to Carlos.

Posa succeeds in removing her ladies in waiting. Carlos enters and Posa withdraws. Carlos tells her that he has endeavoured in vain to subdue his feelings; that his father had robbed him of what was his own in the sight of God and of men. She beseeches him to leave without delay this place where an interview with him was a crime in the eyes of his father. She conjures him to quench the flame in his heart. "Elizabeth," she says, "was your first love; let Spain be your second; how gladly, my dear Carlos, do I yield to one so much worthier of your love."

Carlos, (*on his knees before her.*) "How great you are, you heavenly woman! Yes, all that you demand I 'll do. Here in the face of the Almighty, I promise to you a perpetual —— no, O Heaven! —— I promise a perpetual silence, not a perpetual forgetfulness."

Queen. "How could I ask of Carlos a promise I myself am not disposed to keep?"

Posa hastily enters. "The King! Away prince, away from this place!"

Carlos. "What do I take hence with me?"

Queen. "The friendship of your mother."

Carlos. "Friendship! Mother!"

Queen, (*handing him some letters.*) "And these tears from the Netherlands."

The King enters, accompanied by the Duke of Al-

va, the Count of Lerma, and other grandees. He expresses alarm and anger at finding her without her ladies. She answers with calm dignity. He commissions his counsellors to watch Carlos, who begins to be a cause of alarm to him. Then he says that he will send an army and the Inquisition to the rebellious Netherlands.

Carlos, at an interview with Posa, says, "Flanders shall be saved. She wills it; this suffices me." He then tells Posa that he intends to go himself to his father, to beg for himself the command of the army in the Netherlands.

Posa. "Now, at last, I hear my Carlos. Now you are wholly yourself again."

Carlos demands of Posa the solemn assurance that he will remain his friend for ever, even when he is elevated to the throne of Spain. Posa begs him to consider that mankind, now a great name to him, would then come before him only as the worshippers of an idol. "Friendship," he says, "is true and bold. You would not suffer the independence of a citizen, nor I the pride of a prince." But the friendship of Carlos prevails over his scruples; and Posa solemnly promises to be and remain his brother.

Second Act. *Royal palace at Madrid.*

Carlos succeeds in obtaining a private audience with the King. With the eloquence of filial affection, he tries to wake a paternal feeling for himself in Philip's heart; at last he urges upon him his request to be sent at the head of the army to Flanders.

The King suppresses the emotion excited in him by Carlos, and remembering the Duke of Alva's warning against a treacherous design of his son, refuses his request. Carlos, vehemently agitated, withdraws.

Philip orders Alva to be ready to depart for Flanders ; and to reconcile Carlos to himself, reproaching Alva, at the same time, with the suspicion he has sowed in his heart against his son.

In one of the antechambers of the Queen, Carlos receives, through a page of the Queen, a key with a note, asking him to repair to the most remote apartment, where love was allowed freely to confess what it had hitherto been able to intrust only to hints. Carlos, though not knowing the handwriting, feels persuaded that the note cannot come from any one else than the Queen ; and, enraptured by the thought that the Queen returns his love, hastens toward the chamber, and is met by the Duke of Alva.

The Duke thanks Carlos for having procured for him the command of the army designed for the Netherlands. Carlos refuses his thanks with indignation. Alva answers with offended pride ; reminds him of what he has done to make his father what he is. He must know how much easier it is to provide a world with a king than a king with a world. " Woe to the infant majesty that mocks its nurse. This sword prescribed Spanish laws to foreign nations ; it beamed before the crucified one, and opened bloody furrows for the seed of faith. God ruled in heaven, I upon the earth."

Carlos exposes the infernal character of Alva's greatness. Alva answers insultingly. Carlos draws his sword, and compels him to fight.

The Queen, (*stepping out of her apartment.*) "Naked swords! Carlos!"

Carlos lets his sword fall, stands for some time motionless, then he embraces the Duke of Alva, with the words, "Reconciliation, Duke! All is forgiven!"

He kneels down before the Queen, then rises quickly and hurries away, while Alva, looking at them in amazement, says, "In truth this is very strange."

Carlos repairs to the apartments pointed out in the mysterious note, and, to his utter astonishment, finds, not the Queen, but her attendant, the princess Eboli.

Carlos. "O! where am I?"

Princess. "Ah Prince Carlos!"

Carlos. "Where am I? Dreadful deception! I mistook the apartment."

Eboli. "O how well Carlos knows how to find the apartments where ladies are without a witness."

Princess Eboli discovers to him that she is the writer of the note to him; she shows him a letter from his father to her, in which King Philip declares his love to the Princess Eboli, and begs for a secret interview with her. She begs Carlos to rescue her from the King, and confesses her love to Carlos.

Carlos promises to deliver her, but without understanding her declaration of love, and, convinced of her innocence, discovers to her that he loves another,

and that he thought the note and the key were sent by her.

The Princess Eboli, disappointed, in violent grief, endeavours to snatch from him the letter from the King to her, which she had given to him. But Carlos, now fully aware of his delusion, keeps the letter as an authentic testimony of the unfaithfulness of his father to his wife, and hastens away.

Princess Eboli resolves to avenge her disappointment on the Queen, who, she thinks, must have encouraged the love of Carlos, who otherwise could not have supposed the note and key sent by her.

Chamber in the royal palace.

Alva communicates to Domingo (the father confessor of the King) his suspicions about a secret understanding between Carlos and the queen. Domingo intimates to Alva his apprehensions of a design of Carlos, in concert with the Queen, to introduce freedom of conscience in his kingdom, as soon as he should succeed to the throne. The Princess Eboli intimates to Domingo, through whom the King had sought a secret interview with her, that she now grants his request which she had before declined, and she discovers to Domingo and Alva, that the Queen has broken her faith to the King. They agree to inform the King, and thus to ruin the Queen.

A Convent of La Trappe.

Carlos and Posa meet, according to a previous appointment. Carlos informs him of all that has hap-

pened, the result of his audience with the King, and his interview with the Princess Eboli.

Posa expresses his apprehension, that the princess has discovered his secret, and will undoubtedly betray it to the King. Carlos protests against this apprehension as groundless. He demands of Posa to procure him an interview with the Queen; for he has now in his hands what must insure his success, because the King has broken his faith to his wife, and thus forced her from every regard for him. At the same time he shows him Philip's letter to the princess Eboli, and demands again an interview with the Queen.

Posa. "Did you not say, that you love your mother? And you would show her this letter? Carlos, I read something in your looks, something quite new, quite strange to me until this moment. You turn your eyes away from me. Is it true, then? But let me look once more at the letter, whether I have read right."

Carlos hands him the letter; Posa tears it in pieces.

Carlos. "What! Are you distracted? Surely the letter was very important to me."

Posa. "So it seemed; therefore I tore it. O Carlos! what connexion is there between the faithfulness of her husband and your love? O how greatly did I mistake the nature of your love!"

Carlos. "What, Roderic? What do you believe?"

Posa. "O I feel what a faith I must relinquish. Once, indeed, once it was so altogether different with

you. You were so rich, so warm, — so rich! there was room for a whole world in your bosom. All this is now gone, swallowed up by a passion, a small selfish desire. Your heart is extinct. Not one tear left for the dreadful fate of the provinces, not one tear! O Carlos, how poor, how wretchedly poor you have become since you love no one but yourself!"

Carlos (*with suppressed tears.*) "I know that you esteem me no longer."

Posa. "Not so, my Carlos. I knew it well, you only misunderstood yourself."

Carlos. "My Roderic, you err. I did not think so nobly; no, far otherwise than you would make me believe."

Posa. "But now, my Carlos, we understand each other. Now you shall, you must see the Queen."

Carlos (*falling on his neck*). "O how I blush before you!"

Posa. "You have my word. A bold, a happy thought dawns in my mind. But you shall learn it from fairer lips."

THIRD ACT. *The bedchamber of the King.*

The King, sleepless, struggles with the suspicion that has been sown in his heart, by the Princess Eboli, against his wife and his son. He calls in Alva and Domingo, who artfully cherish his suspicion. The King, enraged, accuses them of a secret plot, and sends them away.

King (*alone*). "Now give me a *man*, good Provi-

dence ; thou has given me much. Now give me a man. I need truth. Give me the rare man, with a pure and open heart, with a clear mind and unprejudiced eyes, who can help me find that one thing needful, truth." He turns over a catalogue of the names of men, who, in the course of his reign, had been reported to him as deserving, and worthy to be promoted. The name of a Spanish grandee, the Marquis of Posa, occurs repeatedly, — the only man who has never sought his favor.

At the grand audience he inquires after Marquis Posa. The Count of Lerma tells him, that he has lately returned from his voyages. Alva speaks of his glorious deeds, when yet a boy, under the command of Lavalette. Other grandees relate other highly meritorious actions.

King. "What ? Among all these not one envier ? Surely this man has either the most extraordinary character, or no character at all. I will see him."

Posa, informed of the wish of the King, determines to speak what the despot has never heard before, the language of nature and of truth.

King. "You have deserved well of my crown. Why did you withdraw from my thanks ? I do not wish to be the debtor of my servants. Ask for yourself some favor."

Posa. "I enjoy the benefit of the laws."

King. "A right which is enjoyed, also, by the murderer."

Posa. "So much the more by the good citizen. Sire, I am satisfied."

The King urges him to enter again into his service, which he had left. Posa tells him he cannot be the servant of a king. "I love mankind," he says; "in monarchies I am allowed to love no one but myself."

King. "This ardor is praiseworthy; seek for yourself, in all my kingdoms, a place in which you can gratify this noble impulse."

Posa. "I find none."

Posa, emboldened by the rising astonishment of the King, speaks to him of the misery of the persecuted Netherlands.

King. "Look around in my Spain. Here blooms the fortune of the citizen; and this tranquillity I grant to my Netherlanders."

Posa. "The tranquillity of a cemetery." He prostrates himself before the King, and begs for freedom of conscience.

King (*with surprise*). "Strange enthusiast!"

Posa. "Look around on God's beautiful nature! It is founded upon freedom; and how rich is it through freedom! He, the great Creator, throws into a drop of dew a worm, and lets desire revel even in the dead spaces of corruption. Your creation, how narrow is it, how poor! The rustling of a leaf terrifies the lord of Christendom. You must tremble before every virtue. He, in order not to hinder the divine phenomenon of freedom, rather suffers the dreadful host of evil to rage in his universe. He, the artist, does not appear; modestly he veils him-

self behind eternal laws. The freethinker sees them, but not Him. 'What need is there of a God,' he says, 'the world is sufficient for itself.' And the devotion of no Christian has praised Him better than the blasphemy of that freethinker."

King. "And who would undertake to establish such a sublime standard, among mortals, in my kingdom?"

Posa. "You can do it! you! Restore to man his lost nobility. Let the citizen be, as formerly, the object of the crown. Let no duty bind him, except the equally venerable rights of his brothers. When man, restored to himself, awakes to the feeling of his own worth; when you have made your kingdom the happiest of this world; then, Sire, it is your duty to subdue the world."

King. "I am the first to whom you have disclosed your inmost heart. I believe it, because I know it. On account of this restraint, this modest discretion, I will forget that I have learned your sentiments, and how I learned them. I know, young man, you will think differently of me when you shall know them as I do. I was seeking after truth; and here I find something more. You must remain in my service. — No objection! — Marquis, you have found me out upon my throne; and will you not in my house also?"

Posa assures him of his perfect faith in the excellence of Carlos, and the exalted virtue of the Queen, and inclines the King to the same belief. The King commissions him to search the heart of Carlos and of the Queen.

Fourth Act.

Apartment of the Queen.

Posa comes to see the Queen, commissioned by the King. He asks, for Carlos, an interview with her; and begs the Queen to urge Carlos secretly to go to Brussels before the Duke of Alva can arrive there, to head the cause of religious freedom, assisted by Egmont and William of Orange.

The Queen enters warmly into the bold scheme, as a great and beautiful enterprise. In a note to Carlos, she promises the interview with him, and desires him to be prepared for a great undertaking.

The Count of Lerma, full of faithful apprehension for Carlos, warns him against the mysterious conduct of Posa, who has at once gained the whole confidence of the King. Carlos assures him of his entire confidence in Posa.

Posa hands the note of the Queen to Carlos, and at the same time begs Carlos to hand to him his pocket-book, with all his most secret papers; because they will be safer in his hands, from the suspicion and violence of the King.

Carlos hesitates for a moment, then gives him the pocket-book. Then he takes it back again, in order to retain one letter from the Queen, which she wrote to him when he was sick, without hope of life at Alcala. "I have always carried this letter," he says, "next my heart. Leave me this letter, only this one; take all the rest."

Posa. "Carlos, I would rather not part with it; this very letter I care for particularly."

Carlos turns towards the door to leave him, then comes back, and gives him the letter, trembling. "Take it!" He lays his face upon Posa's breast. "No, my father's power does not reach so far; no, my Roderic, not so far."

Posa (*alone*). "Is it possible there should be this hold in his heart, and I not know it! Suspicion of his friend? — Still what good can it do to show to the slumbering man, the thunder cloud that is hovering over his head? It is enough that I turn it quietly from him; and when you are awake, Carlos, there will be over you a cloudless sky."

The apartment of the King.

His daughter, Clara, a child of three years old, is seated near him. The Queen enters, greatly agitated, seeking justice at the feet of the King; her casket had been broken open, and letters, written by Carlos to her at the time of his engagement, and a medallion from him, had been taken out. While the king is addressing to her suspicious questions, the child, finding the medallion on the floor, says, "Look here, mother, the beautiful picture."

The Queen, recognising it as her own, remains speechless. Then she says, "Truly, Sire, this means to try the heart of your wife, seems to me very royal and noble. — If this theft has been your command" —

King. "Yes."

Queen. "Then I have no one else either to accuse or to pity."

The King, enraged, reproaches her with all he suspects; and pushes away the child, who is clinging to her weeping mother.

Queen. "This child, at least, I must secure against insult. (*Taking Clara upon her arm.*) Come, my daughter, if the King will recognise you no longer, I must go to find, beyond the Pyrenees, vouchers, to plead our cause."

Upon the threshold she falls with the child, who exclaims, "O, my mother bleeds."

King (*hurrying to her in consternation*). "What dreadful accident! Blood! Have I deserved this, to be punished so cruelly?" The Queen rises, supported by the King.

Alva and Domingo enter, followed by ladies of the Queen. The King orders the ladies to attend the Queen to her apartments.

Alva. "The Queen in tears!—blood on her face!"

King. "Does this surprise the demons who have misled me?"

Alva and Domingo. "We?" (*Posa enters.*)

King. "Truly.—Ah! Here he is! Welcome, Marquis! You Dukes, I need no longer now. Leave us."

Posa (*after they have withdrawn*). "Sire, the old man who braved death for you in twenty battles, must think it hard to be thus sent away!"

King. "So to think, becomes you; to act thus,

suits me. What you have been to me in these few hours, he has not been during an age."

Posa tells him, that he has found means to possess himself of the pocket-book of the prince, which he hands to the King; but without the letters of the Queen to Carlos. The King, highly pleased with this possession, finds, among the papers, the note from Princess Eboli to Carlos. The King now sees himself betrayed by her, who was the one that broke open the Queen's casket, and accuses himself of injustice towards his innocent wife. Posa confirms his faith in the Queen's innocence, but desires him to intrust him with full power over Prince Carlos, in order to watch him; and in case of necessity, even to arrest him. The King invests him with full power.

Carlos is informed, by Count Lerma, that the Duke of Alva has lost the favor of the King, who has invested the Marquis Posa with the great seal. He intrusts to Carlos his own hopes, cherished in secret, that his children will see days of freedom and prosperity under Carlos. At the same time he warns Carlos against Posa. He informs him, too, that he has seen the pocket-book of Carlos in the King's hand, while Posa was standing by.

Carlos struggles long against his suspicions, but at last gives way to the thought that Posa has sacrificed him, in order to execute, through the King himself, the great plan which he had reserved for Carlos. In his grief, he says to Lerma, "I was dear to him, dear as his own soul. I know it. But should millions, should the country, not be dearer to him than one?

His bosom was too wide for one friend; and the happiness of Carlos too small for his love. He sacrificed me to his virtue. Can I blame him for it? Yes, it is certain, it is! I have lost him. — But, O, my mother! the letter which I left with him! O how has she deserved it of him? I must go to her; — I must warn her. — Happily there is one friend left to bring me to her." He goes out.

Alva and Domingo come to warn the Queen against Posa. She declines their insinuations, and tells them that she acknowledges no mediator between herself and her husband.

Carlos repairs to the apartment of the Princess Eboli, whom he conjures, as his only friend, to procure for him an interview with his mother.

Posa enters with guards, and fearing that he has disclosed, or is on the point of disclosing, to the treacherous Princess Eboli, his secret love for the Queen, which must ruin him, takes him prisoner in the name of the King; for one moment he thinks that he ought to kill even the Princess Eboli, his confidant, that the secret might die with her. But he rejects this thought as savage and cowardly. Posa sees only one way left to save Carlos for the Netherlands, — that is by making the King believe that he (Posa) has been endeavouring to bring upon Carlos the crime which he has himself committed. Accordingly, he writes a letter to William of Orange, saying that he, in order to escape the King's suspicion, has nourished his apprehension of Carlos; that through Philip himself, he has found means to approach the Queen

whom he loves; but that Carlos, having discovered his passion, had warned the Queen through the Princess Eboli; that now, all being lost, he, Posa, is on the point of leaving Madrid for Brussels, there to join the Prince of Orange. Posa forwards this letter to the hands of the postmaster, Prince Taxis, who he knows is secretly commanded to deliver every letter for Flanders to the King. Meanwhile the whole court is in commotion, on account of the arrest of the Prince.

Posa obtains an interview with the Queen, in which he discloses to her his whole mysterious course of conduct; tells her that she must see Carlos this very night, and inform him, if he himself should be prevented, that horses are waiting for him at the convent of La Trappe, where they used to meet in secret, and that all arrangements are made to carry him with the greatest speed through Spain to Flanders. — "Here," he says, "here upon this sacred altar, in the heart of his Queen, I deposit my last costly bequest. Tell him, that he shall remember the oath which we swore to each other, when boys; I have kept mine until death; it is now for him to perform his. He shall realize the bold dream of a new state, the divine offspring of friendship. Let him put the first hand to this rude block; whether he succeed or perish, no matter; let him put his hand to the work.

"Tell him that he shall reverence the dreams of his youth, when become a man; that he shall not open his heart, the tender, divine flower, to the corroding insect of a boasted, superior wisdom; that he

shall not be led astray when the wisdom of the dust blasphemes inspiration, the offspring of Heaven."

Meanwhile the King, anxiously waiting for Posa, from whom he expects to learn the cause of Carlos's imprisonment, receives the intercepted letter of Posa to William of Orange, and, after great struggles, convinced of his treachery, calls the Duke of Alva to his apartment, before which all the grandees were assembled, awaiting the result with the greatest anxiety.

Alva at last steps out of the King's apartment, and embracing Domingo, exclaims, "Let a *Te Deum* be sung in all churches; the victory is ours!"

FIFTH ACT. *The prison of Carlos.*

Posa enters. Carlos thanks him for this kindness. "Virtue," he says, "can be hard, but never cruel. O I know it has cost you much. Your gentle heart bled when you adorned your victim for the altar."

Posa. "Carlos, what do you mean by this?"

Carlos. "You yourself will now accomplish what I should have done, but could not. You will give to Spain golden days, which they hoped from me in vain. You saw that I had become nothing. O that dreadful passion destroyed all the blossoms of my youth. I was dead for your great hopes. Providence or chance led the King to you. It cost you my secret, and he was yours; and you his guardian angel. For me there is no salvation, but perhaps for Spain. Nothing in all this is to be condemned, except my own mad delusion, not having seen ere now, that you are as great as you are tender. Still, if you could have

spared *her*, for this I should have been unspeakably grateful to you. But no more of this. I do not wish to reproach you. Of what importance is the Queen to you? Shall your strict virtue stoop to the little cares of my love? Pardon me, I was unjust."

Posa. "You are so,—but not on account of this reproach. Here are some of the letters which you intrusted to my safe-keeping. They are safer in your hands now than in mine."

He hands to Carlos the letters of the Queen to him, and begins to explain his conduct, when the Duke of Alva enters, and announces to Carlos his freedom. Carlos tells him that he shall not accept it from any one but the King himself.

Carlos. "Tell him, I shall stay here, until he or his Madrid lead me out of this prison." (Alva goes out.)

Posa. "O Carlos, it is done! God be praised, it has succeeded. You are saved, you are free, and I, — I am satisfied with myself. Now be a man! You lose me Carlos, for many years, fools call it for ever."

Posa then shows him that after the casket of the Queen had been broken open by the Princess Eboli, and his letters to the Queen found, there remained to him no means to save Carlos from the wrath of the King but the course he had taken; and that since Carlos had intrusted his secret to the treacherous Princess Eboli, all that he could do was to make himself appear guilty in the eyes of the King; that for this purpose he wrote the letter to the Prince of Orange, knowing that it would be intercepted, and delivered to

the King; and that the visit of Alva just now showed him that the plan had succeeded.

Carlos starts up to go to the King to inform him, before he hires a murderer for Posa. But Posa holds him back. "Save yourself for Flanders. The kingdom is your calling. To die for you was mine."

As Carlos is trying to lead him forward to the King, a musket is fired through the iron grate and Posa falls.

Carlos. "Merciful God!"

Posa. "Think of your safety, — do you hear? of your safety. Your mother knows all; — I have finished."

Carlos, prostrated upon the dead body of his friend, does not perceive the King entering with all his grandees, to restore to him his sword.

King. "Rise up, my son. They have been too quick!"

He raises him up in his arms; Carlos, suddenly recollecting himself, pushes him back.

Carlos. "You smell of murder; your fingers are bloody."

The grandees express the most violent emotion.

King. "No, do not stand there so alarmed! What monstrous thing have I done? have I laid my hands on the anointed of heaven? Fear nothing! I shall not harm him. Do you see the brand upon his forehead? God has marked him."

The endeavours of the King to soften him are vain. Carlos lies without motion by his dead friend. A tumult is heard in the streets; an officer enters to re-

port that all Madrid is in arms, because the report is spread that Carlos is imprisoned, and his life in danger.

King, (*stepping in the midst of his grandees.*) "Does my throne still stand? Am I the king still of this land? No, I am no more. These cowards weep, softened by a boy. There, before that young blooming king, fall down. I am nothing, a weak old man."

Alva. "Has it come to this? Spaniards!"

All the grandees surround the King with drawn swords, kneeling down.

King, (*throwing down his mantle.*) "Clothe him with this royal apparel! On my mangled body"——

He swoons, and is carried away by Lerma; while Alva, with the others, goes to pacify the city.

The Queen sends her physician to Carlos, to inform him that he will find in his chamber a mask, representing Charles the Fifth, who is supposed by the guards to haunt that wing of the palace which the Queen inhabits. In this mask he shall go to the chamber of the Queen at midnight. Carlos promises to be there.

A Carthusian monk, whom Posa, supposing that he might not have time to communicate with Carlos, had intrusted with secret papers, is caught by the guards of Alva, and by torture made to deliver the papers.

In these Alva finds the plan of the journey of Carlos to the Netherlands, all the preparations that have been made, and the whole mode of proceeding after his arrival, in order to effect the independence of the

Netherlands. Also, the previous interview which he is to have this night with the Queen, is mentioned.

With these papers, Alva hastens to the King at night. The King sends for the Cardinal, Grand Inquisitor of the kingdom. — Meanwhile, an officer of the life-guard comes in to report, that the ghost of the old Emperor has been seen, passing the guards, and disappearing in the chambers of the Queen.

King. "Double the guards on that wing. I am desirous of having a word with this ghost."

The Grand Inquisitor, an old man of ninety, and blind, enters, attended by two Dominicans. As he passes through the ranks, the grandees fall on their knees, touching the hem of his garment. He blesses them, and they depart.

The Grand Inquisitor reproves the King for having trusted the Marquis Posa, without having first consulted the Holy Inquisition, in whose records his whole life and character lay described, and his death as a heretic was decreed.

Grand Inquisitor. "You may thank the church, that is satisfied with punishing you as a brother. Your error is corrected. Now return to us. For, by the living God, if I did not stand before you now, to-morrow you would have stood so before me."

King. "No more such language! Be moderate, priest! I cannot bear it."

Grand Inquisitor. "Why did you call the shade of Samuel, then! Wherefore am I sent for?"

King. "One work more is to be done, it is the last. My son meditates a rebellion."

Grand Inquisitor. "And what have you determined?"

King. "I must let him escape, or kill him."

Grand Inquisitor. "How, Sire?"

King. "Can you frame for me a faith that defends the murder of a child?"

Grand Inquisitor. "To reconcile eternal justice, the Son of God died on the cross."

King. "It is a crime against nature. Will you silence, then, this mighty voice?"

Grand Inquisitor. "No voice of nature avails against faith."

King. "I lay my jurisdiction in your hands. Can I wholly disappear?"

Grand Inquisitor. "Give him to me."

King. "He is my only son. For whom have I gathered?"

Grand Inquisitor. "Rather for corruption than for liberty."

King (*rising*). "We are agreed. Come now to rescue from my hands the victim!"

Chamber of the Queen. CARLOS *in his mask, taking leave of his mother.*

Queen. "Not through weak tears will the great dead be commemorated. Tears may flow for lesser sorrows. He has sacrificed himself for you; with his life he has redeemed yours. Carlos, should this blood have been shed for a delusion? I have made myself responsible for you. Will you make me a liar?"

Carlos. "A tomb-stone I will set for him, such as has never been set to a King. Over his ashes a paradise shall blossom."

Queen. "Thus have I wished to see you; this was the solemn meaning of his death."

Carlos. "Mother, my passion sleeps in the grave. I see at last, that there is a higher, a more desirable good, than possessing you. My friendship I cannot take away from you. But if Providence raises me to the throne, the royal widow shall be sacred to me."

The King, attended by the Grand Inquisitor, and his grandees, appears, unperceived, in the back ground.

Carlos. "Now I hasten to rescue my oppressed people. Mother, farewell." He kisses her.

Queen. "O Carlos! I cannot rise to this manly greatness. But I can comprehend and admire you."

Carlos. "Elizabeth! Am I not strong? I have held you in my arms, and my purpose has not wavered. I leave you. Henceforward there shall be nothing secret between us. This, (*seizing the mask,*) shall be my last deception."

King (*stepping forward*). "It is your last." The Queen, swooning, falls down.

Carlos (*receiving her in his arms*). "Is she dead? O God in heaven!"

King (*cold and calm, to the Cardinal-Inquisitor*). "Cardinal, my task is done. It is for you now to do yours." He departs.

Schiller conceived the first idea of his "Don Carlos" at Bauerbach, in the year 1783. The first scenes of this play were published in the "Rhenish Thalia," a periodical edited by Schiller; and the play was finished during his residence at Dresden, in 1787. The length of time that intervened between the beginning and the finishing of the play, had a considerable influence on the composition. On this point, I will quote a passage from one of a series of letters on "Don Carlos," which Schiller wrote in consequence of some strictures which had been made on his play. These letters, which Schiller published in Wieland's "German Mercury," in 1788 and 1789, furnish a very valuable commentary on this drama. "It may have happened to me," he writes, "that in the first acts of this play, I have excited other expectations than I have fulfilled in the last. During the time that I was composing it, which, on account of many interruptions, was rather a long time, many changes had taken place in myself. Various events, which, during this period, modified my mode of thinking and feeling, necessarily affected this work. That which at first had chiefly interested me in this play, in the course of time, lost more and more of its power of attraction, and, at last, almost entirely ceased. New ideas, which, in the mean time had sprung up in my mind, usurped the place of the former; Carlos himself had fallen in my favor, perhaps for no other reason, than because I had got the start of him in years; while on the contrary, Marquis Posa had occupied

his place. So it happened, that I brought to the fourth and fifth acts, a wholly different heart.

"But the three first acts were already in the hands of the public, and the disposition of the whole could be no longer reversed. It would have been necessary for me, either wholly to suppress the play, (and for this, I venture to say, the smallest portion of my readers would have thanked me,) or I must adapt as well as possible, the second half to the first. If this has not always been done in the happiest manner, I feel some satisfaction in thinking, that a more skilful hand than mine would hardly have done much better. The principal fault was, that I had been too long about this composition; while a dramatic work ought to be the blossom of a single summer."

We see from this declaration, and from the play itself, that after the first part was written, in which Carlos was the principal character, his friend, Posa, who was first intended to be only the mentor of the young hero, had become first in the mind of the author, and consequently was made the hero of the second part. This change had an influence, partly on the plot of the drama, which necessarily became more complex; and partly on the distribution of light and shade among the prominent figures. The complicated machinery, the intricate operations, by which Posa endeavours to establish freedom in Spain, first by his influence upon Carlos, then, without Carlos, through the King himself, and at last, by making himself appear guilty in order to save Carlos, and bequeath to him the example of his own martyrdom, — I say, this want of simplicity in

the plan is so much the more prominent as it is not to be found in any other play of Schiller. Besides, in the distribution of light and shade in this dramatic picture, we see the effects of that poetic partiality by which, according to Schiller's own confession, Carlos, the object of his first love, was made to resign the chief place to Posa, the offspring of his philanthropic enthusiasm; still this disparity in the warmth of coloring bestowed on the two prominent figures, does not amount to a breach of harmony. For in the first place, Carlos and Posa, the characters between which the predilection of the poet was wavering, are united by the most tender and devoted friendship; and then, the very principle which at first raises Posa above his friend, the disinterested love of universal freedom, triumphs at last, also, in the soul of Carlos, over the impulses of a more contracted passion. It will then, perhaps, not appear too fanciful a criticism to say, that not any one individual, but the genius of freedom, the spirit of humanity, is the hero of this tragedy. This spirit, which reigns absolute in the mind of Posa, and gains the ascendency in the heart of Carlos, is worshipped in secret by the pure and beautiful soul of Elizabeth. It has a sincere, though a timid worshipper, in the Count of Lerma, while it exacts reluctant homage from the old despot, the King, and manifests its power by the fear of Domingo, and hatred of Alva, and the abhorrence of the Cardinal-Inquisitor, who, to the question of the King, "If I kill my only son, for whom then have I gathered?" returns the infernal answer, "Rather for corruption than for liberty."

Plato, in his *beau idéal* of a republic, divides all men, according to their prominent qualities, into three classes, — as their conduct is regulated either by reason, or by generous feeling, or by the appetites. To each of these three classes of men Plato assigns an appropriate occupation in his commonwealth. The men of the first class are the rulers and instructors, those of the second are their disciples and assistants, employed in keeping the men of the third class, the slaves of appetite, the avaricious and the sensualists, subject to the law and guidance of reason.

Posa and Carlos are two characters which Plato would recognise as being formed after his own heart. To Posa he would have assigned a place in the first class, among the rulers ; to Carlos one in the second class, among the assistants or defenders of the republic.

The history of the time from which the subject of this drama is taken, was, as Schiller justly observed, peculiarly favorable to the formation of such a character as is here attributed to the Marquis Posa. In vindication of the historical probability of this character, Schiller says, " The period in which it is formed, is that of a universal fermentation of minds, a struggle between prejudices and reason, an anarchy of opinions, the twilight of truth, which has ever been the nativity of extraordinary men in every age of the world." " The time in which Posa comes forward, was that in which public sentiment was agitated more than ever on the rights and freedom of conscience. The reformation in the church had first

given currency to these ideas, and the disturbances of the Netherlands kept them in vogue.

"The relation in which Posa and Carlos first appear in the play, is the recollection of their academic years. Harmony of feelings, the same passion for greatness and beauty, the same enthusiasm for truth, freedom, and virtue, had bound them together."

But after their separation, while Carlos, at the court of his father, deprived of his only friend, and cruelly disappointed in his first love, was sinking into despondency, and the enervating revery of a hopeless passion, — Posa, in his voyages, was studying men and nations under different constitutions, and degrees of civilization and happiness. "His youthful passion," Schiller says, "was enlarged into an all-embracing philanthropy. In his intercourse with kindred minds, his ideas are rendered more enlarged and defined. Approved men of the world, such as William of Orange, Coligny, and others, strip them of their romantic garb, and clothe them with the more homely dress of practical utility."

According to this idea of Schiller, in order not to pass a one-sided judgment upon this character, we must take into account both the enthusiast and the calculating man of the world, — two elements which, as history proves, are by no means incompatible in the same individual. So high and daring a scheme as the emancipation of Spain from religious and political slavery, could be the creation only of the most lofty enthusiasm. But the manner in which he attempted it, was such as became the pupil of William of Or-

ange. He wishes to manage the King, taking advantage of a moment in which Philip, disturbed with jealousy against his wife, and suspicion against his son, requires a man of truth and clear-sighted integrity to dispel his fears. The manner, also, in which he had planned beforehand the whole expedition of Carlos to the Netherlands, showed the profound politician and general, — so that his mortal enemy, the Duke of Alva, after having intercepted the papers which Posa left for Carlos, on finding in them the most exact account of all the means and measures by which the independence of the Netherlands is to be effected, exclaims, "The plan is devilish, — but indeed divine."

On the other hand, the sacrifice of his life must again be attributed to the enthusiasm of Posa. Though it must have been as easy for him as for Carlos to escape to the Netherlands, he prefers a different course. In order to impress his friend Carlos more deeply with his great calling to become the saviour of his oppressed country, Posa charges upon himself the plan of attempting its emancipation, and thus seals the sacred cause of liberty with his own blood. The faults of Posa are such as most naturally belong to such a character. After having established himself, against his expectation, in the unlimited confidence of the King, he gives up his first plan of achieving, through Carlos, the independence of Flanders. He thinks he can accomplish that great object, single-handed, by his own influence over the King, — and with the peculiar vanity of a great man, being anxious

to do as much as possible without the assistance of others, he keeps this essential change in his original plan a secret from his friend, who, from that time, begins to suspect, not Posa's love of freedom, but his friendship for himself, and thus unconsciously prepares the ruin of their common cause, of Posa and himself.

In the delineation of King Philip's character, no one can mistake the hand of the master. Guided by this heart-searching description, we pass on with a mixed feeling of abhorrence and pity through the crowds of his guards, his courtiers and his priests, to the deep solitude, where the despot sits attended by a few that dare to approach his secluded apartment, and with no one that has access to his deserted heart, except his doubts, his jealousies, and his fears. The impression made upon such a mind, by the first one who speaks to him, as a man to his fellow-men, the language of nature and of truth, is perfectly consistent with his despotic deportment toward Alva and Domingo, his tyrannical temper towards his son, his cruel jealousy toward his wife, and his anger smothered by fear in the presence of the Cardinal-Inquisitor.

Still it seems to me that Schiller, with a view to soften and humanize the gloomy character of the despot, in order to bring it within the reach of sympathy, and make it an object of tragic interest, has in several places gone too far. The poet occasionally lends him a tenderness, and a heart-felt interest in the philanthropic enthusiasm of Posa, particularly after Posa's death, which, in the mouth of the self-willed old tyrant, sound unnatural and out of character.

Some of these passages have been used with great comic effect by Tieck, in his wonderful play, called "Puss in Boots." The bursts of sentimental grief which the death of Posa draws from King Philip, being put, by Tieck, into the mouth of *his* king, who is thrown into fits by the sight of a delicate rabbit being spoiled by the cook and thus sent to the royal table, never fails to draw bursts of laughter from the reader or spectator, though the same passages in Don Carlos should have moved him to tears.

I shall pass over the other characters in Schiller's "Don Carlos," as they are in themselves sufficiently distinct and vivid. I will add only a few words on the character of the Queen, in the delineation of which we perceive most clearly the progress of Schiller's dramatic genius. No female character that is represented in the previous plays of Schiller, is equal to that of Queen Elizabeth, whom historical records also describe as a pure and excellent woman. The *beau idéal* of female character which Schiller has presented in his picture of Elizabeth, appears not so much the result of a creative imagination, as of a deep and devoted study of female nature. I will quote only the words in which Posa describes her character to his deluded friend Carlos, in order to make him see and feel the immeasurable distance between her and the Princess Eboli, who had artfully impressed Carlos with a high idea of her excellence. Posa, after having described the Princess Eboli as she really was, goes on to say, "And then I saw the

Queen. O Carlos, how very different all that I beheld.

Arrayed in nature's unassuming glory,
With careless unconcern, all unacquainted
With calculating, school-taught etiquette,
Equally far from boldness and from fear,
With calm heroic step, she moves along
The narrow middle path of modesty;
Knows not that she exacted adoration,
When she was far from dreaming of applause."

LECTURE V.

WALLENSTEIN.

THE hero of this drama is Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, the commander-in-chief of all the armies of the Emperor Ferdinand. The whole drama is divided into three parts, each of which forms a play by itself. The first part, "Wallenstein's Camp," is designed to show the state and disposition of the army, the common soldiers, whose generals have been called together for consultation by Wallenstein.

The second part, "The Piccolomini," exhibits the characters and dispositions of Wallenstein and the generals of his army, particularly of Octavio Piccolomini and his son Max; and introduces us to the family of Wallenstein, his wife Theresa, his daughter Thekla, and his sister, the wife of Tertsky, lieutenant-general under Wallenstein.

In the third part, "Wallenstein's Death," all the light which the two preceding parts have thrown, on one hand, upon the state and disposition of the army and its generals, and on the other, upon the family of Wallenstein, is more and more concentrated upon his own single character; and the ends of

all the various pursuits and transactions, which form the plot of the drama, meet at last in the catastrophe.

The scene of the whole drama, from the beginning to the end of the third act of the last part, is the Bohemian city Pilsen ; and then, to the end of the play, the Bohemian fortress Egra. The time is the seventeenth year of the Thirty Years' War.

WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP.

"Wallenstein's Camp" was performed at Weimar, in 1798, at a time when, by the wars between the new French Republic and all the other powers of Europe, the state of things in the political world, which had been established by the peace of Westphalia, the result of the Thirty Years' War, was shaken in its foundations. In the prologue to "Wallenstein's Camp," the poet says, "And now, at the end of this century, when reality itself becomes poetry, when the two great objects of man, dominion and liberty, are the stake of the contest, — now dramatic art, also, on her stage of shadows, may well attempt a higher flight, nay, she must attempt it, lest the stage of life put her to shame. The old solid form, which, a hundred and fifty years ago, a welcome peace gave to the kingdoms of Europe, the costly fruit of thirty miserable years of war, — we, in these days, see it fall asunder. Once more allow the poet's fancy to bring before you that dark time, and then look more consoled upon the present, and the distant future full of hope.

"The poet now would place you in the midst of

that warfare. Sixteen years of desolation, of pillage, and of misery, have passed; the world is still fermenting in dark masses, and not a hope of peace beams from afar. The clash of arms rings through the German Empire; the cities are deserted, Magdeburg in ashes; arts and industry lie prostrate; the citizen is nought, the soldier all.

"Fierce insolence unpunished braves all morals,
And hordes, grown savage in this endless war,
Are still encamped on the deserted field.
Upon this deep, dark ground of history
Is pictured forth a daring enterprise,
And an aspiring, haughty character.
You know him, the creator of bold hosts,
The idol of the camp, the scourge of countries,
The uncontrolled, adventurous son of fortune,
Who, borne up by the favor of his time,
Rose quickly to the highest mark of honor;
Unsatisfied, and ever onward striving,
He fell a victim of untamed ambition. —
Obscured by party-hate and party-favor,
His character appears a wavering shadow
In history; but poesy shall bring him
Before your eyes, and nearer to your hearts.
For she who limits and unites all things,
Leads back to nature every wild extreme;
She sees man struggling with the woes of life
And, mildly just, imputes the greater half
Of his offence to his unhappy stars.
"Not he himself will, on this stage to-day,
Appear before you; but in those bold hosts

Which his command rules, which his mind inspires,
The image of his character will meet you,
Until the timid muse at last may venture
To place him living in the midst of you.
It was his power that seduced his heart;
His camp alone accounts for his transgression."

The scene of Wallenstein's camp is in the neighbourhood of the city of Pilsen. Tents of sutlers. A motley crowd of soldiers, dressed out in a great variety of uniforms and military distinctions; all the tables are occupied. Croats and Uhlans, seated by a coal fire, are cooking; the sutleress fills the glasses; soldier boys are playing at dice on a drum. There is singing heard in the tents.

A peasant comes forward with his boy, complaining bitterly of the soldiers' revelling at the expense of the peasants. He has a set of false dice to try his luck with these robbers. "If they take what is ours by the bushel, we must try to get it back by the spoonful."

An old master of horse communicates to the trumpeter his surmises as to the reason, why the troops to-day have received double pay, why so many generals and commanders have been assembled at Pilsen. "And from Vienna the old periwig that we see skulking about here since yesterday, that means something, I bet."

Trumpeter. "It is another bloodhound that gives chase to the Duke."

Master of Horse. "Do you see? They do not trust us; they fear the Friedlanders' secret counte-

nance ; he has risen too high for them ; they would gladly pull him down."

Trumpeter. "But we hold him up ; we. O, if all only thought as you and I."

Master of Horse. "Our regiment and the four others which Tertsky commands, the Duke's brother-in-law, the most resolute corps in the camp, are attached to him and devoted ; he himself has trained us up ; all the captains are of his appointing ; they are all his soul and body."

A Croat and a sharpshooter come forward, the sharpshooter trying to persuade the Croat to barter a precious necklace he has stolen for a pair of pistols, a field-flask, and a blue cap. The blue cap at last flatters the vanity of the Croat, so that he agrees to the cheating bargain.

A Constable comes. "A courier has just come in with the news that the Swedes have taken the city of Regensburg."

Trumpeter. "Then we shall soon have to mount."

Master of Horse. "Do you think so ? In order to protect the Duke of Bavaria, who has a spite against our prince ? I think we shall not be in a great hurry."

Two chasseurs from the corps of Holk come ; the sutleress brings wine. They recognise each other as old acquaintances. She gives an account of all her travels in following the army.

The schoolmaster comes and drives the boys to the field school.

The other soldiers express their envy of the splen-

did dresses of the chasseurs ; the Master of Horse reminds them, that they are Wallenstein's own regiment, and must, on this account, be respected more highly than others.

Chasseur. " This is no compliment to us ; we, too, bear his name, as well as you."

Master of Horse. " Yes, yes, you, too, belong to the whole mass."

Chasseur. " I suppose you are of a peculiar race. The difference, as far as I can see, lies in the coats, and mine suits me."

Master of Horse. " Mister Chasseur, you have my compassion ; you live away there among the peasants. The general's presence can alone give the nice tact and the most approved fashion."

Chasseur. " The lesson becomes you very ill.
How the general hems, how the general spits,
You have copied with most remarkable skill.
But as for his genius, that is, his wits,
The parade ground no such lesson admits."

Second Chasseur. " Ask after us ! In every place
We are called the Friedlander's bold wild chase.
And we bring the name to no disgrace.
With quick destruction everywhere,
Like the flood, like lightning, we're here, we're there.
Follow the course of devastation,
Ask ; — it is no empty boast ;—
Generation after generation
Will speak of Holk and his daring host."

Master of Horse. " There we have it ! my good fellow, say,

Does a riotous life make the soldier? Nay!
The perfect training, the look, the attention,
The tact, the skill, the quick comprehension."

First Chasseur. "Liberty makes him! In spite of your chatter.
I 'm vexed with you to discuss the matter.

Did I for this purpose run away from school, that I should find again in the camp slavish toil and the narrow walls of the school-room?
I will live idle and gay;
Will see something new every day.
I will not lay up, I will not provide.
For this to the Emperor I 've sold my hide,
That I may live on in careless pride.
Lead me against the enemy's line,
Command me to cross the deep, swift Rhine,
Though every third man must be lost in the fray,
I shall not demur, I shall not delay;
But with things of to-morrow or yesterday,
Do not incommode me, I pray."

First Chasseur. "What a life of torment we had to lead
Under Gustavus, the mighty Swede!
He made a church of his camp! Indeed
Every morning when the drums were beating,
Every evening, he held a prayer meeting.
And if we made merry, the King on his horse
Himself would preach us a pious discourse."

The Chasseur then goes on to tell how he, in order to escape from the Swedish discipline, ran over to the troops of the League. There they had plenty of all good things under the command of Tilly, until,

at the battle of Leipsic, fortune deserted him, and put an end to the merry life of his soldiers. Then he deserted to the Saxons, where they were under strict discipline, and had to carry on the war so as to break with neither; so that he could bear it no longer, and was on the point of running home again, when

"The drums were beating for Wallenstein."

Master of Horse. "And how long do you mean to hold out here?"

Chasseur. "Just as long as you please. As long as *he* rules, I think of no escaping. Can the soldier find it better anywhere? Here all things go on in true warlike fashion, all on a grand scale; and the spirit which moves the whole carries on the lowest horsemen. Here I advance with courageous step; I boldly stride over the neck of the citizen, as the General does over the heads of the princes. He holds his command not as an office from the Emperor.

The German Empire is none of his cares;
A kingdom of soldiers, that is his desire.
The whole world he will set on fire,
That he may do whatever he dares."

Trumpeter. "Hush! who would venture such words?"

Chasseur. "What I think I have a right to say; the word is free, says the General."

Master of Horse. "So he said; I heard it several times. The word is free; the deed is dumb, the obedience blind; these are his own authentic words."

Chasseur. "His warlike fortune never upsets
As it has happened to others so often;
He conjures fortune, it must stand by him;
And whoever is fighting under his banner,
He is allied with mysterious powers.
For nobody will deny what I say
That he keeps a spirit of hell in his pay."

Master of Horse. "That he is invulnerable there is no doubt,
They also say he reads, in the stars,
Future events both far and near;
But I know better how it is.
In the dead of night, when the gates are locked,
A little old man pays his visits to him;
The sentries have often accosted the sprite,
And always something great comes to light,
When the little gray-coat appears in the night."

Chasseur. "Yes, yes, he has bound himself to the old boy,
That his soldiers may live in plenty and joy."

A recruit enters, with a helmet on his hat, and a flask of wine in his hand.

"Hurrah, I follow the Friedlandish banners."

He rids himself of the entreaties of his uncle, who accompanies him, and endeavours to keep him back. He is welcomed by the soldiers; the master of horse steps forward with gravity, laying his hand upon his helmet.

"Well done, my son; you have put on a new man with this helmet and armour; you have joined a worthy multitude. Assume now a spirit of lofty daring."

Chasseur. "Of your money especially be not sparing."

Master of Horse. "You are on the point of embarking in the ship of fortune. The whole world lies open before you. He who risks nothing can hope for nothing.

While the citizen to his employment bound,
Like the horse in the mill, goes round and round,
For the soldier the banner of hope is unfurled ;
For war is the watchword now of the world.

Look upon me. In this coat, I bear, as you see, the stick of the Emperor. Every government under the sun, you must know, has begun with the stick. And the sceptre in the hand of the king is but a stick; that is an established truth. And if you have once risen to the dignity of a corporal, to the highest power you have gained a chance, and so far, you too can yet advance."

He illustrates his position, by the example of Colonel Butler, who from a common soldier rose to the rank of a commander ; — and by the example of Wallenstein himself.

Musicians enter and play a waltz. The sutleress dances with the recruit ; the first chasseur with her niece ; the girl escapes from him, he runs after her, and instead of her, seizes the capuchin preacher, who at that moment enters.

"Hey diddle, diddle, dee! higgledy, piggledy !
That goes on merrily ; I 'm of your company.
Are you the soldiers of Christ the Lord ?
Or Turks, or an Anabaptist horde ?

Do you keep the Sunday so ?
As if the Lord God had the gout,
And would not strike a single blow ?
Is this the time to loiter about,
To dance and to shout ?
Quid hic statis otiosi ?
Why do you stand with your hands in your breeches,
When hither the enemy's war-cry reaches ?
The bulwark of the Bavarian lands,
Ratisbon, is in the enemy's hands ;
While the army here in Bohemia abides,
Careless of all else, for the belly provides,
Cares for the bottle more than the battle,
Whets his whistle instead of his sword,
Had rather kill oxen than Oxenstierna.
All Christendom mourns in sackcloth and ashes,
The soldier gets rich, makes merry, and dashes.
This is a time of trouble and tears,
And many a dreadful sign appears
On high ; from the heavens which over us frown
The bloody mantle of war is hung down ;
From the windows of heaven, the Lord our God
Stretches forth the comet like a rod.
Then are days like the days of the flood ;
The ark of the church is sailing in blood ;

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And what is the cause of all this distress ?
It is your heathenish wickedness.
Officer and soldier, in riot and revel,
And lewdness, — are working the works of the devil.

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Where sin leads the van, distress forms the rear,
As the taste of the onion brings forth the tear.

* * * * *

Ubi erit victoriæ spes
Si offenditur Deus? How can you be victorious,
While for staying away from church you are notorious,
While in feats of carousing alone you are glorious?
The woman of whom the Gospel speaks
Found the lost piece of silver; and Saul
Sought his father's asses and found them all;
Joseph found his brothers again; —
But whoever among you soldiers seeks
The fear of God and a life without stain,
He will find little in all your camps,
Were he to light a hundred lamps.
Again, by the Gospel we are apprized,
That to the preacher in the wilderness,
The soldiers came running with eagerness;
And how they did penance, and were baptized.
Quid faciemus nos? they inquire,
What shall we do to escape from the fire?
Et ait illis, — and then he did say,
Neminem concutiatis,
You shall do no violence any day;
Neque calumniam faciatis,
You shall injure nobody's reputation;
Contenti estote stipendiis vestris,
Be content with the wages allowed to your station.
There is a commandment, — 'Thou shalt refrain

From taking the name of thy God in vain.'
And is there any but Wallenstein's host
That of so much blasphemous language can boast ?
Nay, if for every curse which you sputter,
For every thunder and lightning you utter,
The bells should be rung in the country around,
Very soon no sexton would be to be found.
And if for every impious speech
Which you throw out with horrible screech,
One little hair from your head should be torn,
Over night 't would be shaven and shorn,
Though 't were as thick as Absalom's wig.

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There's another commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal,'
And there are none that understand better
Than you to keep this command to the letter ; —
Yourob and never attempt to conceal.

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* * * * *

But why should we find fault with the band,
When all comes from him who has the command ?
As the limbs, so the head to which they cleave ;
Who knows on whom that one may believe ! "

Chasseur. " Sir Priest, us soldiers you may accuse ;
Against the commander we 'll have no abuse."

Capuchin. " *Ne custodias gregem meam*,
Such a King Ahab and Jeroboam.
He denies, like Peter, his master, and so
He forsooth cannot hear the cockerel crow."

The two Chasseurs. "Hold your tongue, or you are a dead man."

The Croats (interposing.) "Stay here, holy man, and do not fear;
Say thy say, and let us hear."

Capuchin (screaming still louder). "Such a haughty King Nebuchadnezzar,
Such a father of sins, and filthy heretic! —
There will never be peace till the Emperor's hand
From the Duke of Friedland has freed the land."

During these last words the priest makes his retreat, while the Croats defend him against the other soldiers.

All remain but the Capuchin.

First Chasseur (to the Master of Horse). "What did he mean, tell me if you know,
By the cock that the General cannot hear crow?
It was all, I suppose, a foul fabrication."

Master of Horse. "Amongst us, it is not without foundation.
The General by nature is somewhat queer;
In especial he has a ticklish ear;
He hates to hear the cat *mi-ou*,
When the cock crows, he feels he knows not how."

Chasseur. "'T is an oddity which with the lion he shares."

Master of Horse. "In his house this command is given to the sentries,
All must be still as a mouse in the entries!
For his mind is engaged in deep affairs."

Within the tent a tumult is heard ; and a number of voices ; " Seize the thief! seize him!" The peasant with the false dice is carried along by the soldiers, in order to be judged, and then to be hung. A cuirassier enters.

Cuirassier. " What's the matter with this peasant, say ! "

Sharpsh. " He is a knave, he has cheated in play."

Cuirassier. " Is it you he has cheated ? you ? "

Sharpsh. " Yes, and has sponged and skinned me too."

Cuirassier. " How can you, a Friedlandish man,
So debase and degrade yourself, — fy !
As with a boor your luck to try ?
Let him run off as fast as he can."

(*The peasant escapes.*)

Arquebusier. " Who is this ? he is not a Bohemian I deem."

Sutleress. " He is a Walloon in high esteem,"
One of Pappenheim's noble bands."

Dragoon. " Whom Max Piccolomini now commands ;
Whom they of their own will and might,
Have made their colonel, after the fight
Of Lutzen, where Pappenheim expired."

Arquebusier. " And how have they such right acquired ? "

Dragoon. " This corps is distinguished above all others,
In every battle they win the prize,

Their own jurisdiction they exercise,
And the Duke of Friedland loves them like brothers."*

In order to understand and appreciate the first part of "Wallenstein," "The Camp," two considerations are necessary. First, "The Camp," when considered as a literary composition by itself, can be fully understood only when we take into account partly the character of the time in which these scenes are laid, and partly the peculiar mode of life, the world of soldiers, to which the poet wishes to introduce us. In the second place, "The Camp" is to be considered as an introduction to the drama itself.

*Dr. Follen, in his lectures on the second and third parts of "Wallenstein," gave only a rapid sketch of the most interesting events which led to the catastrophe, and made a few extemporaneous criticisms. He read entirely from Coleridge's translation of "The Piccolomini," and "The Death of Wallenstein," excepting Thekla's song. He thought the following more true to the inimitable beauty of the original.

THEKLA'S SONG.

"The dark clouds gather, the oak woods roar,
The maiden wanders along the green shore;
The billows are breaking with might, with might,
And she lifts up her voice in the gloomy night;
Her dim eyes with tears overflow.

The heart it is dead, the world is lone;
On all my young wishes has fallen a blight.
Now call thy child home, thou Holy One!
I have drank in the fulness of earthly delight,
I have lived, I have loved; — let me go."

In the first place then, when we look upon "Wallenstein's Camp" by itself, we must consider the character of the age, the degree of civilization, the modes of thinking, acting, conversing, preaching, which were peculiar to that age, in which the poet wishes to make us so entirely at home, as to forget ourselves, our own peculiar mode and views of life and state of society, and for a little while become contemporaries of Wallenstein. Even if Schiller had not written the history of the Thirty Years' War, his "Wallenstein" would have convinced us of his profound and minute inquiry into all the characteristics of the age; he had completely explored and surveyed the distant shore, before he allowed his enterprising fancy to emigrate, and attempt a new settlement in the world of fiction. A correct knowledge of the forms of society in the first part of the seventeenth century is necessary to appreciate the literary merit of that oddest of all compositions, the sermon of the Capuchin friar. His main object is evidently to produce a moral effect; he preaches, as Madame de Staël says, justice and moderation. It is a stern and bold reproof of the common vices of the camp; intemperance, licentiousness, theft, violence, slander, and blasphemy. And in keeping with their object is also the manner in which these truths are brought home to his audience; it is the true style of the camp, which is found, however, more generally in all the sermons of that time, particularly in those of Abraham a Santa Clara. Those qualities which would render a sermon palatable, instructive, and impressive, to a more cultivated

audience of our days, would have made it wholly unsuitable to a common audience of the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries. Our learning and philosophy would have appeared pedantry or heresy; our refinement would have been set down for affectation. But those natural powers, which, while the minds of men are engaged chiefly in polishing the rough materials, are apt to be checked and cramped, mother-wit, fancy, courage, — are prominent in the capuchin's discourse. The directness of address, the bold attack upon prevailing vices and wickedness in high places, made his address impressive to those who considered courage as the standard of manly excellence.

Another quality, which, next to courage, is apt to give perhaps the greatest influence in such a state of society, broad humor, the power either to gratify the love of fun by ludicrous comparisons, or to sting to the core, to cut to the quick, by the barbed arrows of ruthless sarcasm, — this power, too, is prominent in the quibbling and punning discourse of the camp preacher. Besides, there is a professional unction and skill, a use of Bible texts, standing forth as so many heads under which the different divisions of the sermon are marshalled, kept aloof from the comprehension of the multitude by their solemn Latin apparel, but brought home to their credulous curiosity and obedience by a homely and pithy paraphrase. All these heterogeneous ingredients of common-sense morality, vehement reproof, bigoted invective, Latin quotations, and barbarous puns, are moving and

marching on together in quickstep, according to the melody of rhythm and rhyme, — a multifarious doggerel that resembles the beating of the drum, sometimes muffled, but generally loud and shrill, in brief successive peals or long sustained trills. And as, in this mongrel production, a great number of unmusical sounds are made to chime together in reluctant harmony, so the most dissimilar and ill-assorted thoughts are matched together by unexpected transitions and fantastic associations, while the whole is pervaded and animated by a poetic ardor, which now and then breaks forth in bright flashes, like the *merry dancers* streaming up from the thick darkness beneath. Thus, whatever we may think of its philosophy or theology, who can deny his poetic sympathy to a passage like this ;

"This is a time of trouble and tears,
And many a dreadful sign appears
On high; from the heavens which over us frown,
The bloody mantle of war is hung down ;
From the windows of heaven, the Lord our God,
Stretches forth the comet like a rod.
These are days like the days of the flood,
The ark of the church is sailing in blood."

These seem to me to be the prominent qualities which characterize that fictitious discourse in "Wallenstein's Camp," as well as most of the real sermons that have come down to us from the time of the Reformation and the Thirty Years' War. They, as well as the contemporaneous discourses of English

divines, can be justly appreciated only when we resolve to read them in the spirit, and with some knowledge of the peculiar notions, of those who heard them. It is a high exercise of our intellectual powers to enter into the compositions of other times with as much self-forgetting devotion as Schiller has shown in his historical dramas; and though it be the exclusive privilege of the poet and true philosopher to feel at home, to live and move in forms of thought, states of feeling, and modes of expression which are foreign to him, yet we can all enter into the productions of different parts and ages of the world with an understanding heart, with a spirit of generous and charitable allowance for different degrees of civilization, — without a bigoted or fastidious partiality for our own attainments, without trying the words or ideas of others by the standard of vanity, which would make the amount of foreign merit to depend on the question, "How it would appear, or how we should appear, if we were to say or do such a thing."

It was with a view to make you enter into the whole character of the composition of Schiller, and, by this means, into the spirit of the age of which it is a living likeness, that I have given a full sketch of "Wallenstein's Camp," and particularly the capuchin's sermon, without attempting to smooth down the rough edges and give them something of the polish of the productions of our times. I have done so from a just confidence in the character of my audience, and with, perhaps, a presumptuous trust in my own utter

incapacity of saying any thing that could wound the religious sensibility of any person.*

Another consideration of great importance for a full understanding of this play, is the character of that society of men which is here brought before us. "I know of but one difference between men," says the Chasseur in the camp, "those who belong to the army and those who do not, and under this banner is cast my lot." It is a world of soldiers, separated from all the natural ties of property, family, and country; their hands against every man, and every man's hand against them. The natural affections are not extinct, but they assume an artificial, unnatural character. Their fraternal affection binds them to their brothers in arms, and the feelings of filial devotion attach them to their chief, the father of the army; he is the source of all riches and honor; his command is their only law. To cling together to support their common head, to keep under subjection the people, all those who are not of the army, is the necessary condition of their independence, their very existence. That in such a state of society there is no chance for the developement of individual talent, no free and harmonious unfolding of the seeds of excellence which nature may have laid up in the individual, — is obvious. The camp is their home, their school, their world.

* Dr. Follen was led to make this vindicatory remark, in consequence of learning, that some of his hearers were greatly shocked at his repeating such profane expressions, as they thought them, as are contained in the capuchin's discourse.

In this unnatural state of society, as portrayed in Schiller's "Wallenstein," we behold three characters standing aloof from all the rest. Max, Thekla, and Wallenstein. Wallenstein is superior to any of those characters which are cast in the standard mould of military discipline, because he is not the creature, but the creator, of the army. He excites a true tragic interest, not so much by the horrible catastrophe which puts an end to so extraordinary a life, as by the fact, that he who possessed the power to collect in his hand all the means for the highest purpose to be attained in his time, the establishment of religious-freedom in Germany, on the principle of equality between the different churches, and individual religious liberty, — had sacrificed his true destiny, and prospect of glory, for an object of common ambition, the splendor of a crown.

Max and Thekla are two beings of whom we may well say, that they were not made for this world, though, in truth, the world was made for such as these. It is in such characters, that we see the true calling, the distinctive excellence of Schiller's poetic energy, — and, we may add, it is in such images as these, that we recognise the highest calling of poetry itself, — to set before us the *beau idéal* of human nature.

LECTURE VI.

MARY STUART.

First Act.

Hannah Kennedy, the nurse of the Queen of Scotland, in violent dispute with Mr. Paulet, her keeper, who is searching the chamber of the Queen. He takes possession of some of her secret papers, and her jewels.

Kennedy. "O shameful violence which we endure!"

Paulet. "As long as she possesses, she can injure,
Each thing becomes a weapon in her hand."

Kennedy. "Be kind I pray you, Sir. Let us retain
But these last ornaments of life. She, wretched lady,
Delights to see these remnants of past splendor,
For all else you have taken from us already."

Paulet. "It lies in honest hands. Conscientiously
'T will be restored to her in proper time."

Kennedy. "It might suffice them to have taken her power;
Must they begrudge her these poor ornaments?
A noble heart will learn to bear at last

A great misfortune ; but it grieves to be
Without the small embellishments of life."

Paulet. " They only turn to vanity the heart,
Which into itself should enter, and repent.
A gay and vicious life can be atoned for
In poverty alone, and in debasement."

The Queen enters. Lady Kennedy informs her of what has happened. " You have nothing left now, that is royal ; you are wholly destitute."

Mary. " Be quiet, Kennedy. These bawbles,
They do not make the Queen. They can treat us
Basely, but cannot make us base."

She tells him that among the papers which he has seized, there is a letter to the Queen of England, in which she asks for an interview with her, whom she has never seen. She begs him to deliver it to the Queen herself, and not to the faithless hands of Lord Burleigh.

He says he will think of it. He answers all her questions in a surly and harsh manner.

Sir Mortimer, Paulet's nephew, enters, and, without taking any notice of the Queen, says to Paulet ; " There 's some one seeks you, uncle." He withdraws in the same manner. The Queen, who observes it with indignation, turns to Paulet, who is on the point of following ;

" One request, Sir.
If you have aught to say to me, from you
I can bear much, I know your old age.
This young man's insolence I cannot bear ;
Spare me the sight of his repulsive manners."

Paulet. "That which repels you, makes him dear to me.
He is indeed not one of those soft fools
Whose hearts the false tear of a woman melts;
He has been long abroad, in Paris, Rheims,
And has brought back his true old English heart;—
Lady, this heart is proof against your art."

(*He goes out.*)

The Queen, lost in gloomy thoughts, discloses to Lady Kennedy that this is the day of the death of Darnley.

Mary. "I know him,
It is the ghost of royal Darnley.
In anger he has risen from his tomb,
And never will make peace with me until
The measure of my misery is full."

Lady Kennedy tries to divert her mind by representing to her that she has done full penance, and the church has absolved her; that she herself did not murder him, that youth excuses her offence; that she was provoked by the insolence and crime of her husband, and deluded by the powerful charms of Bothwell. — But these attempts at extenuating her fault, only sharpen the self-reproach of the Queen, who charges herself with having connived at, though she did not command, the murder of her husband. Her friend then attempts to affect the mind of the Queen in the opposite way, by presenting to her her guilt in its full extent; and then brings forward the true ground of consolation, her heartfelt repentance and reformation since that time. Mortimer comes cautiously stepping in.

Mortimer (*to the nurse*). "Leave us, Dame Kennedy. Watch at the door; — I would speak with the Queen."

Mary (*with authority*). "Hannah, remain!"

Mortimer. "Be without fear, my Lady; learn to know me." He hands a note to the Queen.

Mary, (*looking at it, starts back astonished;*) "What! what is this?"

Mortimer (*to the nurse*). "Go, Lady Kennedy, and take care,
That not my uncle may surprise us here."

Mary (*to the nurse who hesitates*). "Go! go! do what he says."

The nurse withdraws with signs of wonder.

Mary. "It is from France,
'T is from my uncle, Cardinal of Lorraine,
(*She reads.*)
'Trust to Sir Mortimer, who brings you this;
You have no truer friend than he in England.'
(*Looking at Mortimer with astonishment.*)
Can this be so? and is it no delusion,
That I should find a friend so near, when I
Believed myself forgot by all? — I find him
In you, the nephew of my jailer, you,
In whom I feared to see my worst!"——

Mortimer (*throwing himself at her feet*). "Forgiveness!
My royal mistress, for this odious mask,
Which I have found it hard enough to wear.
Yet to this mask I owe it that I can
Approach you, and afford you aid and freedom."

Mary. "Rise up, Sir; you surprise me, I cannot
So quietly from the depth of my misfortune
Give myself up to hope. Speak, Sir, explain
To me this fortune that I may believe it."
Mortimer. "Let me begin with my own story."
Mary. "Speak, Sir."
Mortimer. "I was a youth of twenty years, my Queen,
Brought up in gloomy hate of papacy,
When an invincible desire impelled me
To seek the continent. I left the dark,
Dull meeting-houses of the Puritans,
My home behind me, and, in rapid course,
I traversed France, with most intense desire
To see the celebrated Italy.
The season of the great church festivals
It was, the roads were crowded all with pilgrims;
Each image of the saints was crowned; it was
As if mankind was on a pilgrimage
Toward the heavenly kingdom. Thus the stream
Of all this faithful multitude seized me,
And bore me onward to the gates of Rome.
O how shall I describe my feelings, when
Before me, columns and triumphal arches
Arose; the grandeur of the Coliseum
Surrounded me, amazed; the lofty spirit
Of art led me to its bright world of wonders.
I had not felt before the power of art.
The church that educated me, you know,
Hates the attractions of the senses, bears no image,
Reveres the incorporeal word alone.

O! what were my emotions, Queen, when soon
Within the church I stood, and now the music
Of heaven descended, while all around, the fulness
Of figures rose profuse from walls and ceiling,
The highest forms of grandeur and of glory,
That lived and moved before the ravished senses."

He then related how the wonderful beauty of the forms of worship won his heart for the Roman Catholic religion, that the Cardinal of Guise, to whom he was introduced, completed the victory by convincing his reason, and that he returned to the bosom of the church, and abjured his error. The Cardinal then sent him to Rheims, where he visited the schools of the Jesuits, and became intimately acquainted with the Scotch exiles, and strengthened himself in the faith.

"One day
As I walked through the palace of the bishop,
My eyes fell on the portrait of a lady,
A portrait full of touching wondrous charm.
It seized with might upon my inmost soul;
I stood transfixed, not master of my feelings.
And thus the bishop spake; 'Not without reason
You stand before this picture deeply moved.
For, the most beautiful of women, she
Is also the most wretched of her sex.
She suffers martyrdom for our religion;
And 't is your native land in which she suffers.'"

Mary. "The honest man! No, I have not lost all,
While such a friend is left in my misfortunes."

Mortimer then goes on relating how the bishop and others had convinced him that Mary, and not Elizabeth, was the legitimate sovereign of England; and at the same time he was informed that she had been removed from the castle of Talbot, her former keeper, and intrusted to his uncle. This seemed to him a loud call of Providence, that had chosen his arm to free her. The Cardinal gave his advice and blessing; and taught him the difficult art of dissimulation; and he returned to England.

"O what a treasure does this house contain!
Whene'er I set my foot upon this threshold,
My heart at once is rent by agony
And blissful ecstasy in seeing you.
But fearful nigh draws the decision; growing
With every hour, the danger presses on.
I must delay no longer; I cannot
Conceal from you the terrible event."

Mary. "Is my sentence passed? Speak freely! I can hear it."

Mortimer. "It is. The two and forty judges have
Pronounced you guilty, Queen. The House of Lords,
The Commons, and the town of London press
Upon the execution of the sentence.
The Queen alone still hesitates, from evil
Conceit that she may be compelled to act,
Not from forbearance and humanity."

Mary receives his account calmly. She thinks that the object of those who have condemned her to death, is perpetual imprisonment. But Mortimer

assures her that her death alone secures the throne of Elizabeth; that, therefore, he has formed a conspiracy with twelve noble youths, to free her from her imprisonment; and that Count Aubespine, the French ambassador, knows and promotes the plot. The Queen warns him, and advises him to flee from England before the watchful Burleigh has discovered the plot. At last she tells him, that there is one man in England who can open the gates of her prison.

Mortimer. "O name to me this man!"

Mary. "Count Leicester."

Mortimer. "Leicester!
Count Leicester, your most bloody persecutor,
The minion of Elizabeth, from him" ——

Mary. "If any one can save me, it is he.
Go to him. Speak to him with perfect trust.
And to assure him that you come from me,
Give him this paper; it contains my portrait."

Hannah Kennedy, (enters hastily.)

"Sir Paulet, with a gentleman from court!"

Mortimer. "It is Lord Burleigh. Be composed, my Queen.
Whate'er he brings you, hear it tranquilly."

He withdraws by a side door, Kennedy follows. Lord Burleigh enters, introduced by Sir Paulet.

Burleigh. "I come a messenger from the tribunal."

Mary. "To the tribunal which his spirit guided,
Lord Burleigh now is pleased to lend his voice."

Paulet. "You speak as if you knew the sentence."

Mary. "Since my Lord Burleigh brings it, I do know it."

Burleigh begins with the statement that she has submitted herself to the tribunal of the forty-two judges. She interrupts, denying the fact. Burleigh then says, that whether she recognises the competency of the court or not, is a mere formality. "You breathe the air of England, enjoy the benefit, the protection of her laws, and thus are subject to her government."

Mary. "I breathe the air of an English prison; do you call that living in England? Enjoying the benefit of her laws! I hardly know them. For I am not a subject of this kingdom, I am a free Queen of a foreign land."

Burleigh replies, that the royal title cannot serve as a passport to sow bloody discord in a foreign country. What would be the security of states, if the just sword of Themis could not reach the guilty brow of the royal guest, as well as that of the beggar.

Mary. "I do not decline the trial, I only reject the judges."

Burleigh then shows how the Queen has selected the noblest men of England, the House of Lords, to be judges in this royal contention. Suppose party hatred should bribe an individual, can it be supposed that forty chosen men should unite in the severe sentence of passion?

"Yes, if these judges were as you describe them,
I must be dumb, lost without hope would be
My cause, if they were to pronounce me guilty."

She then shows, from the history of Henry the Eighth, the servile and venal character of this same House of Lords. Even those who are honest are Protestants and Englishmen passing sentence upon a Papist, a Scotchwoman. She reminds him of the old saying, that a Briton cannot be just toward a Scot, nor a Scot toward a Briton; that, therefore, according to ancient custom, Scot and Briton cannot be witness against each other.

"Necessity enacted this strange law;
A deep sense dwells in ancient customs,
They have a right to our respect, my Lord.
Nature has thrown these two impetuous nations
On one plank in the ocean, she divided
Unequally, and bid them fight for it."

Burleigh tells her that she has violated the law against pretenders to the throne; that she was accessory to the conspiracy of Babington, according to the testimony of her own secretaries Curle and Nauè.

Mary says, that this law was contrived expressly for her ruin. "Woe to the poor victim, if the same mouth which gives the laws, pronounces sentence also." She denies the existence of authentic documents to prove her guilt; that neither Babington before his death, nor her two secretaries, have been confronted with her as the law requires.

"How? was I misinformed perhaps? Sir Paulet,
I always found in you a man of truth.
Now prove it. Tell me on your conscience, is it
Not so? say, is there no such law in England?"

Paulet. "It is so, Lady, this is law with us.
Truth must be spoken."

Mary. "Now, my Lord, if they
Judge me according to their English laws
With so much rigor where these laws oppress me,
Why then will you evade these laws where they
Might prove a benefit to me?"

Burleigh endeavours to evade the question; she insists upon a direct answer. She then shows him that the dispute between her and England, is not a question of right, but of power alone.

Burleigh. "Appeal not to the law of power, my Lady.
It is not favorable to the captive."

Mary. "I am the weak, she is the powerful one.
Well, let her use her power, put me to death,
An offering to her security.
Let her not borrow from the law the sword
To rid her from her hated enemy.
Let not such jugglery deceive the world;
And what she is, O! let her dare to appear."

(*She leaves the room.*)

Lord Burleigh intrusts to Paulet the secret grief and embarrassment of the Queen of England. That although it is not she herself, but the law and the court who condemn Mary, yet she cannot escape the censure of the world for commanding the execution of a sentence of death against her sister, her rival, which without her command cannot be executed. She, therefore, hopes that Sir Paulet will, at least, not oppose any measures by which the cause of all the trouble of his Queen may be removed in a more private manner. "Then," he continues,

"Then the report is spread that she is sick,
Is growing more and more sick, and at last
She dies, — dies in the memory of men;
Still your good name is pure."

Paulet. "But not my conscience."

Burleigh. "If you do not consent to lend *your* hand,
Still you will not prevent another surely," ——

Paulet. "No murderer shall reach her threshold, while
The household gods of this my roof protect her.
You are the judges; judge her; break the staff!"
"For the sheriff,
For the hangman, shall my castle gate be open.
She is intrusted now to my safe-keeping;
And you may rest assured, I shall so keep her,
That she shall neither do nor suffer wrong."

SECOND ACT. *The palace of Westminster.*

ELIZABETH, *Count* LEICESTER, *the Earl of* SHREWSBURY, *and the French Ambassador, Count* AUBESPINE, *and* BELLIÈVRE, *Envoy Extraordinary from France, with other French and English gentlemen.*

Count Bellièvre desires to be allowed to depart, and carry to the Dauphin, his master, the joyful message of the consent of the Queen to be married to him. She says that this is a time for putting on mourning rather than for kindling the marriage torch; when a dreadful event is impending on her own family. Still, upon the more earnest entreaty of the French ambassadors, she declares that if she cannot

resist the urgent demands of her people, desiring her to be married, which she fears will be stronger than her own will, she knows in Europe no prince to whom she would give up her highest jewel, her freedom, with less reluctance. At last she gives a ring to Bellièvre, which he is to carry to his Royal Highness, as a present and an earnest, still not a binding promise.

Aubespine avails himself of this moment to intercede for the Queen of Scotland.

Elizabeth. "No more, Count. Let us not confound
Two things so wholly incompatible.
If France sincerely wishes my alliance,
She must consent to share my troubles also;
And not befriend my enemies."

She dismisses all from her presence except Leicester, Talbot, and Burleigh. Burleigh urges the execution of the sentence against Mary as essential to the welfare of the Queen and of England.

"Her life is your death and her death your life."

Elizabeth praises his zeal and his wisdom; still she desires a milder counsel. Shrewsbury opposes the execution of Mary Stuart as unjust, because she is not subject to the law and government of England.

Elizabeth. "In error, then,
Is my council of state, my parliament; in error
Are all tribunals of the kingdom, which
With one consent ascribed to me this right."

Shrewsbury shows her the nature of this consent. He then speaks of the situation of Mary Stuart.

"She is allowed no advocate; and no one
Speaking of her, dares to expose himself
To your displeasure; then, O permit me,
An old man, who, so near the brink of death,
Cannot be bribed by earthly hopes, — that I
Protect her whom all others have forsaken."

He does not justify her crime; he only wishes to present what can be said in extenuation of it. What she did during the civil war in Scotland, may, in a great measure, be excused by the difficulties and dangers she had to contend with, considering the natural weakness of her sex.

Elizabeth. "Woman is not weak. No, there are strong souls
Among them. I will suffer no remark,
Before me, of the weakness of the sex."

Shrewsbury replies, that misfortune was to her a severe school; that she was brought up without a prospect of royalty at Woodstock, and in the Tower, where no flatterer sought her. Mary Stuart, when yet a tender child, was educated at the luxurious court of France, where she never heard the earnest voice of truth,

"Was dazzled by the splendor of corruption,
And the vain good of beauty was her portion;
Her blooming charms outshone all other women,
And by her form no less than by her birth" ——

Elizabeth. "Come to yourself, my Lord of Shrewsbury; —
Consider here we 're sitting in grave council.
Those must be charms beyond all other charms,

Which can inspire an old man with such ardor. —
My Lord of Leicester, you alone are silent!
What makes him fluent, does it bind your tongue?"

Leicester. "I 'm silent with astonishment, my Queen,
That they should fill your ears with such alarms."

He ridicules Burleigh's exaggerated representation of the evils to be feared from suspending the execution of the imprisoned Queen. His advice is to let the sentence remain in full force, but not to execute it, until some new attempt should be made to rescue her.

Sir Paulet enters, hands to the Queen the letter of Mary Stuart, and introduces his nephew, Sir Mortimer. Mortimer gives to the Queen an account of her enemies in France and in England; confesses that he has visited the schools of the Jesuits, and feigned an attachment to Catholicism, in order to find out the secret designs formed against the Queen.

He gains her confidence, so that, after the others have retired, she expresses her desire that Mary might die in her prison, so that she might be saved the necessity of commanding the execution of the sentence.

Mortimer promises to lend her his assistance, and she promises him the highest reward.

At an interview with Leicester, Mortimer hands him the letter of Mary with her portrait. After many expressions of mutual distrust, they gain confidence in one another. Leicester discloses to him, that since the Queen has resolved upon the marriage

with the French Prince, he has returned to his former attachment to Mary Stuart, and determined to save her. In this letter, sent by Mortimer, she assures Leicester of her forgiveness, and promises to be his if he will deliver her. Mortimer acquaints him with the conspiracy he has formed. Leicester represents the attempt as rash and dangerous. Mortimer rails at his prudence. He acquaints Leicester with the secret commission he has received from the Queen; from which Leicester hopes that the sentence will for some time still remain unexecuted. He intends to persuade Elizabeth to have an interview with Mary Stuart. Mortimer asks him to fight nobly as a knight for her whom he pretends to love; to arm the nobility in his many castles, to allure Elizabeth to one of them, and then detain her until she has freed Mary.

Leicester rejects the plan, as insane.

"Follow my guidance. Venture nothing rashly.
— Some one is coming, leave me!"

Mortimer. "Mary hopes; —
Shall I return with empty consolation?"

Leicester. "Carry her the oaths of my eternal love."

Mortimer. "Carry them yourself. I offered myself
As an instrument of her deliverance, but not
As messenger of love for you."

After Mortimer is gone, the Queen enters. Leicester, by artful flattery, makes her believe that she can in no way gratify her jealousy so effectually, as by granting to Mary, as a punishment, the interview

which she asks as a favor. It will be more than death to her, to see herself eclipsed by Elizabeth's beauty; at the same time, this favor will gain the public opinion for her, without preventing her ridding herself afterwards of her hated enemy in whatever form she pleases. His plan is, that Elizabeth on returning from the chase, not far from Fotheringay, should meet Mary, as by chance, walking in the Park. The Queen, at last, gives her consent.

THIRD ACT. *A Park; trees in front, with a wide prospect in the back ground.*

FIRST SCENE.

Mary, with quick steps, comes from behind the trees. Hannah Kennedy follows slowly.

Kennedy. "You hasten on as if you went on wings;
Thus I cannot keep up with you. Pray stop!"

Mary. "Let me enjoy this freedom so new;
Let me be a child, be thou a child too!
The light winged step once more let me try,
O'er the meadow's green carpet once more let me fly.
Yes! the dark gates of my prison are bursting;
Free from that house of gloom and despair
Let me go forth, and panting and thirsting,
Drink in the free, the heavenly air."

Kennedy. "My dearest Lady, O! your prison-house
Has been enlarged but little, very little.
You do not see the walls that still surround us,
Because the thick leaves of the trees conceal them."

Mary. "O thanks to these trees so thick and green,
That hide my prison as a friendly screen.
O grant me this sweet dream that I am free!
Why wake me from my blissful reverie?
By this wide canopy of heaven surrounded,
A prospect wide, unbounded,
Extends before me like an endless sea.
There where you see yon misty mountains rearing
Their hoary heads, begins my fair domain;
And yonder clouds, which toward the south are steering,
They seek the shore of France across the main.
Hastening clouds, ye sailors on high,
With you I would wander, with you I would fly.
Greet for me sweetly the land of my youth!
Doomed in this land of bondage to tarry,
Ah! I have no one my message to carry.
Free in the air is your lofty way,
Far beyond this Queen's imperious sway."

Kennedy. "O my dear Lady! you are in a dream.
This grant of freedom, missed so long, transports you.
I try in vain to solve this contradiction;
But yesterday death was announced to you,
To-day, at once, this liberty was granted.
They take the chains, I 'm told, also from those
Whom they prepare for everlasting freedom."

Mary. "Dost thou not hear how the bugle is sounding
Through forest and field, with mighty strain?
O how I long to leap on the bounding
Spirited steed, to join the glad train

Once more. — O that well-known voice,
That wakes recollections so sad and so sweet.
On the heaths of the Highlands it was my delight,
When we taught every vale, every rocky height,
The shouts of the joyful chase to repeat.
There a fisherman fastens his boat to the shore ;
This pitiful skiff could set me free.
How quickly to friendly towns would I flee !
For a beggarly pittance he toils at the oar ; —
I would reward him with wealth without measure,
A draught he should take as he ne'er did before,
In his nets he should find a golden treasure,
Would he take me but in, — and push from shore."

Kennedy. "Vain wishes these ! do you not see far off,
How we are followed by the steps of spies ?
A dark and cruel prohibition frightens
Each sympathizing creature from our path."

Mary. "No, my good Hannah ! not in vain, believe me,
Have they at last unlocked my prison door.
This small indulgence is to me the herald
Of greater fortune. I mistake not. 'T is
The active hand of love to which I owe it ;
I see in it Lord Leicester's powerful arm.
Thus by degrees they will enlarge my prison,
Accustom me by small to greater things,
Until I see at last the face of him
Who will redeem me from these bands for ever."

Paulet comes to announce the approach of the Queen of England. Mary is overcome, says she cannot see her now ; she is not prepared.

"What I have prayed for as the highest favor,
Seems fearful, terrible to me."

The Earl of Shrewsbury, who had left the hunting party of the Queen in order to prepare Mary for the interview, endeavours to comfort her, to inspire her with confidence; urges her to speak with moderation and submission, and appeal to her magnanimity.

Paulet. "The Queen! The Queen!"

All make way, and stand at a distance; Mary alone remains leaning upon her nurse. Elizabeth enters, attended by the Earl of Leicester, with a train of followers.

Elizabeth (to Leicester). "What place is this?"

Leicester. "Fotheringay Castle."

Elizabeth (to Shrewsbury.) "Send off our hunting train to London.
Our people throng too eagerly in the streets;
We seek protection in this silent park."

Talbot sends off the train. She fixes her eyes upon Mary, while she continues speaking to Paulet.

"My people love me overmuch. Excessive,
Idolatrous, are these outbreaks of joy;
Fit honor for a God, not for a mortal."

Mary, who, during this time, is leaning half fainting upon her nurse, rises, and her eye meets the fixed look of Elizabeth. She shudders, and casts herself upon the bosom of her nurse.

"O God! no heart is speaking through these features!"

Elizabeth. "Who is the lady?"

(*General silence.*)

Leicester. "You 're at Fotheringay, Queen."

Elizabeth feigns surprise and astonishment, and casts a dark look upon Leicester. "Who is the cause of this surprise, Lord Leicester?"

Leicester. "'T is done, my noble Queen. And now,
Since Heaven has guided hitherward your steps,
Let magnanimity and pity conquer."

Shrewsbury. "O be entreated now, my royal mistress,
To cast thine eye on this unhappy lady,
Who here is perishing before thy sight."

Mary collects herself, moves toward Elizabeth, but stops on her way, shuddering; her gestures expressing the greatest struggle.

Elizabeth. "How, my Lord!
Who was it that announced to me one deeply
Cast down? I find a proud one, by no means
Made pliant by misfortune."

Mary. "Be it so.
I will subject myself even to this.
Begone, impotent pride of noble souls!
I will forget both who I am, and what
I have endured; I will fall down before her
Who has o'erwhelmed me in this deep disgrace.
(*Turning towards the Queen.*)
Heaven has decided in your favor, sister;
Your happy head is crowned by victory,
I honor him who has exalted you.
(*Kneeling down before her.*)
But now, my sister, be magnanimous;

Let me not lie before you in disgrace ;
Extend to me your hand, your royal hand,
To raise me from this abject fall."

Elizabeth, (*stepping back.*) " You are now where you should be, Lady Mary ;
And, full of gratitude, I bless my God,
Whose gracious hand would not permit that I
Should lie at your feet, as you have at mine."

Mary (*with rising emotion*). " Think on the changes of all earthly things.
There is a power that visits pride with vengeance.
Revere and fear that dreadful hand, which now
Has cast me down so low before your feet.
Nay, for the sake of these witnessing strangers
Honor in me yourself! Do not disgrace
And desecrate the blood of Tudor, flowing
In my veins as in yours. — O God in heaven !
Nay, do not stand there inaccessible,
A beetling rock, to which the shipwrecked sailor
With ceaseless, fruitless struggles, tries to cling.
My all, my life, my happiness depends
On these my words, the power of these my tears.
Set free my heart that it may soften yours.
If you survey me with this look of ice
You make me shudder, you lock up my heart,
The stream of tears is stopped, cold terror freezes
The words of supplication in my bosom."

Elizabeth (*cold and severe*). " What is it you would tell me, Lady Stuart ?
You wished to speak to me, and I forget
The Queen, the sore offended one, that I may

Fulfil the pious duty of the sister.
I grant to you the comfort of my presence,
Obey the call of magnanimity,
And thus expose myself to just reproof
By this low condescending, for you know
You have been laying plans to murder me."

Mary. "With what shall I begin, and in what manner
Shall I arrange my speech with wise discretion,
That it may touch your heart, and yet not wound it?
Great God endow my speech with power, and O!
Take from it every sting that might give pain.
I cannot speak in my defence, without
Accusing you, and this I would avoid. —
The treatment I received from you, it was
Not right, for I am as you are, a Queen,
And you have held me as a prisoner.
I came a suppliant; and you, despising
The sacred rights of hospitality,
The holy laws of nations in my person,
You locked me up in prison walls; my servants,
My friends, were cruelly removed from me;
I was exposed to shameful want; was placed
Before an ignominious tribunal. —
"No more of this! let an eternal silence
Bury whatever cruelty I suffered.
See, I will call it a behest of fate;
You are not guilty; I too am not guilty;
An evil spirit rose from the abyss,
To fan the spark of hatred in our hearts,
Which parted us e'en in our tender youth.

It grew with us, and evil plotting men
Added their breath to fan the unhappy flame.
Insane enthusiasts did arm with sword
And dagger the unhallowed daring hand.
This is the dreadful destiny of kings ;
Their enmities convulse the world with hatred,
Unchaining all the furies of dissension.
But now no foreign mouth here is between us,
(*She approaches her confidingly and with a soothing tone.*)
We stand before each other face to face.
Now, sister, speak, tell me in what I have
Done wrong, you shall have satisfaction full.
O if you had but granted me a hearing,
When I so eagerly did seek your eye,
It never would have gone so far ; not now,
In this sad place, would be this painful meeting."

Elizabeth. " It was my happy star prevented me
From taking, then, the adder to my bosom.
Accuse not destiny ; accuse your heart ;
The wild ambition of your family.
No hostile act had ever passed between us,
When that proud priest, your uncle, bitten with
The lust of power, his daring hand stretched out
To seize on every crown, — waged war against me,
Enticed you to assume my coat of arms,
To arrogate my royal titles, and
Engage with me in fight for life or death.
Whom did his madness not call up against me ?
The tongues of priests, the swords of nations, and
The fearful weapons of religious frenzy.

Even here, here in my kingdom's peaceful seat,
He fanned the direful flames of civil discord, rank rebellion.
But God is with me; and the haughty priest
He does not hold the field; the fatal blow
Was aimed at my head, but it falls on yours."

Mary. "I stand in God's all-overruling hand.
You 'll not abuse your power so bloodily."

Elizabeth. "Who shall prevent me? who? It was your uncle
Who taught, by his example, all the kings
How one may make peace with his enemies.
My school be St. Bartholomew. What, then,
To me is kindred, law of nations? Does not
The church annul the bond of every duty?
It sanctions perfidy and regicide.
I only practise what your priests are teaching.
Tell me the pledge that could secure your faith,
If I magnanimously loose your bonds?
The lock that I would put upon your truth,
That would not open with St. Peter's key?
In power alone is found security;
There 's no alliance with the brood of serpents."

Mary. "O! this is but your gloomy sad suspicion.
You have at all times looked upon me as
An enemy, a stranger. If you had
Acknowledged my good right to be your heiress,
Kindness and gratitude would have secured!
To you in me a grateful friend and relative."

Elizabeth. "Your friendship, Lady Stuart,
Is all abroad; your house is popery,
The monk your brother. I acknowledge you
My heiress! You! The treacherous trap!
That you, during my life, might lead astray
My people as an artful sorceress;
Might cunningly ensnare the noble youth,
My subjects, in the meshes of your love!
That every one might turn with fond submission
Toward the rising sun; and I then" ——
Mary. "Rule in peace!
Here I resign all claims upon this kingdom.
Alas! the pinions of my soul are lamed.
Greatness has lost all charm for me. Your object
You have achieved; I am but Mary's shadow.
Broken by long, shameful imprisonment, is
My lofty courage. You have done the worst
To me; you have destroyed me in my bloom.
Now, sister, make an end of it; speak out
The word which has brought you to this spot;
For ne'er will I believe that you came here,
With cold derision to torment your victim.
O! sister, speak it out, this word! Say, 'Mary,
You 've felt the greatness of my power; now learn
To reverence my magnanimity.'
O! say it, and I will receive my life,
My freedom, as a present at your hand.
One word makes all undone. I wait for this
One word. O, do not let me wait too long!
For if you do not now, dispensing blessings,

Depart from me as a divinity, —
Not for this whole rich island, sister, not
For all the lands the sea surrounds, would I
Before you stand as you before me now."

Elizabeth. "Do you, at last, confess yourself subdued?
Are your intrigues all o'er? Is there no other
Assassin ready? No adventurer
To risk for you the sorry feat of knighthood?
Yes, all is over, Lady Mary. You seduce
No one from me. The world has other cares;
No one feels tempted to become your —— fourth
Husband, for you are fatal to your suitors
As to your husbands."

Mary. "Sister, sister;
O God! God! grant me moderation!"

Elizabeth, (*surveying her long with a look of proud contempt.*)
"These, then, Lord Leicester, are the charms which no man
Can look on with impunity; beside which
No other woman may presume to stand.
Forsooth this glory was of cheap attainment.
To be the universal beauty needs
Only to be accessible to all."

Mary. "This is too much."

Elizabeth, (*scornfully laughing.*) "Now you exhibit
Your true face, until now it was but a mask."

Mary, (*glowing with anger, yet with a noble dignity.*)
"My faults were those of youth, of human frailty.
Power seduced me; I have not denied

Nor hid my faults ; all false appearance
I have disdained with royal magnanimity.
The worst of me is known to all the world,
And I can say I 'm better than my fame.
Woe to you, when the world shall draw aside
The cloak of purity wherewith you hide,
Deceitfully, the flame of stolen pleasures.
Your mother left to you no legacy
Of modesty ; the world well knows what virtue
It was that raised Ann Boleyn to the scaffold."

Shrewsbury, (*stepping between the two Queens.*)

" O God in heaven ! must it come to this ?
Is this your moderation, Lady Mary ?
This your submission ? "

Mary. " Moderation ! I have
Endured what human nature can endure.
Begone, lamb-hearted meekness ! Flee to heaven,
Patient endurance ! Break, at last, thy bonds,
Come forth from thy retreat, long-cherished anger !
Thou, that didst arm the excited basilisk with
The look of murder, place upon my tongue
The poisoned arrow ! "

Shrewsbury. " She is beside herself ; forgive
The raving one, the grievously incensed one."

Elizabeth, speechless with anger, darts furious glances upon Mary. Leicester, in the greatest disquietude, tries to lead Elizabeth aside.

" Hear not this raving one ; away, away,
From this unhappy place."

Mary. "The throne of England is polluted by
A bastard ; this high-hearted British people

Is duped most foully by an artful juggler.
If right prevailed instead of might, you would
Kneel down before myself; for I 'm your Queen."

Elizabeth goes out quickly, followed by the lords in the greatest consternation.

Mortimer enters, and expresses his delight at her noble courage. "You were the Queen, she was the criminal." He tells her she must give up all hope of Leicester's assistance; that there is no other way left now than what he has prepared. This very night his associates are to enter the castle, slay all her keepers, and carry her away. She protests against these criminal means. In a frantic manner he declares his passion for her; she spurns and severely reproves him. Presently Kennedy comes and bids them flee, because the whole park is surrounded by armed men. The Queen and Kennedy flee toward the house. O'Kelly, one of Mortimer's friends, enters. He bids him flee; tells him that one of them, a Frenchman, had attempted to stab the Queen on the road to London; that the thrust missed, and Shrewsbury disarmed the murderer.

Mortimer. "Flee hence, my friend, and God
conduct your flight.
To save her if I can, I shall stay here;
If not, to take my rest upon her bier."

Fourth Act.

The Queen has annulled her engagement with the French Prince; the ambassador Aubespine, whose participation in the conspiracy against the Queen has

been discovered, is ordered to leave the kingdom. Burleigh intimates to Leicester, that his secret connexion, too, is found out. Mortimer comes to warn Leicester; tells him that Burleigh has found, in the chamber of the Queen, the draft of a letter which she had written to him.

Mortimer. "Now save yourself, save her; invent excuses;
Try what your authority, what a bold brow
Can do."

Leicester, (*suddenly recovering his presence of mind.*) "I will.

(*He opens the door and calls in the guard.*)

This state's traitor
Take into custody, and guard him well.
The most infernal plot has been discovered.
I go myself to inform the Queen of it."

(*He leaves the room.*)

Mortimer. "Ah, villain! Yet I have deserved this lot.
Why did I put my trust upon this wretch?
Over my neck he strides.
My fall must build for him a bridge of safety.
Then save yourself; my lips are sealed for ever.
Not even in death I wish for your alliance.

(*To the officer of the guard who comes forward to arrest him.*)

What do you want, base slave of tyranny?
I mock you! I am free."

(*He draws a dagger.*)

Officer. "He 's armed! Up! snatch from him the dagger."

(*They attack him. He defends himself.*)

Mortimer. "And free in this last moment of my life,
Shall my heart opened be, my tongue be free.
Curse and destruction be upon you all
Who have betrayed their God, and their true Queen,
Who have abandoned, treacherously, both
The earthly Mary and the heavenly one;
Have sold yourselves to this false, bastard Queen."

Officer. "You hear the blasphemy. Up! up! and seize him!"

Mortimer. "Loved one! it was not in my power to save you;
A brave and great example, then, I 'll set you.
Mary, thou holy one, pray for me, take
Me to thyself, into thy heavenly life."

(*He stabs himself, and falls into the arms of the guard.*)

Queen ELIZABETH *and* BURLEIGH. — *The Queen holds in her hand Mary's letter to Leicester.*

Elizabeth. "To lead me there! to carry on with me
Such mockery! the traitor! to parade me
In triumph there before his mistress! — O!
No woman ever was deceived so basely.
She shall pay for it with her life, — and he
Shall see her fall, and then fall after her."

Burleigh. "But he will importune you, find excuses."

Elizabeth. "How, find excuses! Does this letter not
Convict him? O his crime is clear as day."

Leicester enters, confesses he has carried on a correspondence with Mary Stuart, in order to discover her intrigues and ruin her; his only fault was, that he, trusting in the Queen's confidence, did not inform her of this bold way of performing his duty.

Elizabeth. "Pitiful excuse!"

Burleigh. "Why, if your object was a good one, did you conceal it?"

Leicester. "To talk before you act, this is your way,
My Lord; my way is first to act, and then to speak."

Burleigh. "You speak because you must speak now."

Leicester. "And you
Are glorying because you have accomplished
A work important, wonderful, you think;
You have unmasked high treason, you have saved
Your Queen; you know all, nothing can escape
Your penetrating glance, you think. Poor boaster,
With all your espionage, this day the Queen of Scotland
Would have been free, had I not hindered it."

Burleigh. "Had not you?"

Leicester. "I, my Lord. The Queen confided
Herself to Mortimer, nay, she disclosed to him

Her inmost heart, she went so far as to
Intrust him with a bloody charge against
The prisoner, when his uncle had with honor
Declined a similar commission. Say,
Is it not so ?"

(*The Queen and Burleigh look at each other with embarrassment.*)

Burleigh. "And how did you obtain
This information ?"

Leicester. "Is it not so ? Where, then,
Had you your eyes, my Lord, that you
Perceived not that this Mortimer deceived ?
That he was an infuriated Papist,
A tool of Guise, a creature of the Stuart,
A bold and resolute fanatic, who
Came here to free the Stuart, and to murder
The Queen ?"

Elizabeth. "This Mortimer ?"

Leicester. "Through him I carried on
A correspondence with your enemy ;
This was the way in which I learned to know him.
This very day she should have been delivered
From her imprisonment ; few moments since
I heard it from him ; I arrested him ;
He, in despair then as he saw his work
Undone, himself unmasked, — he slew himself."

Elizabeth. "I am deceived in an unheard-of manner.
This Mortimer ! O the most hateful woman,
The cause of all this mischief" ——

Leicester. " She must die.
I now vote for her death. Once I advised you
To let the sentence be unexecuted
Until again a hand were raised for her.
This has been done, and now I do insist
Upon an instantaneous execution."

The Queen, by degrees, is induced to believe Leicester innocent; and commissions him and Burleigh with the execution of the sentence, which is to be laid before her immediately. A tumult is excited in the city, to urge the Queen to sign the death-warrant. The Earl of Shrewsbury entreats her not to allow a momentary excitement to prevail in her mind, against the voice of justice and humanity. Burleigh advises her to remain firm, and to do what is indispensable to her safety and the welfare of England.

Elizabeth. " Now leave me to myself. With men
there 's no
Advice or consolation in this matter;
I lay it now before a higher judge;——
What he advises me I shall adopt."

She dismisses her lords. Now she lays before her own mind all the reasons she has for signing the death-warrant. First she dwells, on the reasons of state. The powers of the continent, the Pope, France, Spain, are endeavouring to raise Mary Stuart, as the legitimate heir, to the throne of England. Mary Stuart is the name of every misfortune that befalls her; at last she says,

" With what contempt she then looked down upon
me,

As if that glance should strike me to the ground.
Weak one ! I carry better arms, they strike
With deadly aim, and you have ceased to be.
A bastard am I in your eyes ?
I am so only while you live and breathe."

She subscribes the sentence. She gives it to the Secretary, Davison. He asks her whether he shall forward it to be executed forthwith, or retain it in his hands. She gives no definite answer ; bids him pray for light from above ; he shall act according to his discretion, but shall be answerable for the consequences. As he insists upon a clear explanation, of what is to be done with the paper, she tells him that she has said it already ; — and leaves him with the words, " to act according to the duties of your office."

Burleigh comes, snatches the paper from him, and hastens off with it.

Fifth Act. *Castle of Fotheringay.*

Death has been announced to Mary ; and preparations are made for her execution in the castle.

In one of the chambers of the Queen, Hannah Kennedy, in deep mourning, is engaged in sealing packets and letters. Melvil, the Steward of the Queen of Scotland, who, after a long separation, has been allowed to visit her once more on the day of her execution, enters. He exhorts Hannah to moderate her grief. " When all the others," he says, " give themselves up to despair, let us, with manly, noble

composure, go before her, and be a staff to her on her way to death."

Kennedy. "Melvil, you are in error if you think that the Queen needs our assistance to go with firmness to her death. It is she herself who sets us an example of sublime composure."

Melvil. "Did she receive the news of death with calmness?
They say that she was not prepared for it."

Kennedy. "She was not. Wholly different terrors
Were those which embarrassed her. It was not death,
It was her deliverer, who made Mary tremble.

"Freedom was promised to us. Last night Mortimer had promised to carry us hence, and wavering between fear and hope, whether she should trust to the bold youth her honor and princely person, the Queen awaited the morning. Now a tumult is heard in the castle, a knocking alarms our ear, and the striking of many hammers. We believe we hear the deliverers, hope beckons, the sweet desire of life awakes involuntarily, powerfully within us. Now the door opens, and Sir Paulet enters to inform us, that the carpenter beneath our feet erects the scaffold."

Melvil. "Righteous Heaven! O tell me, how
Did Mary bear this terrible vicissitude?"

Kennedy. "Not by degrees man turns from life to death;
At once, quick, instantaneously, must we
Exchange time for eternity.

"And God granted to my lady at that moment to repel the hope of earth with a determined spirit, and with the power of faith lay hold on Heaven.

"No token of pale fear, no word of grief
Disgraced my Queen.

"Then first when she was informed of my Lord Leicester's shameful treatment, and of the sad fate of that dear youth, who had sacrificed himself for her, when she saw the deep grief of the old Knight, whose last hope died through her,

"Then her tears flowed; it was not her own fate,
It was another's grief that drew them from her."

A number of the other female attendants of the Queen come into the chamber expressing their sorrow.

Queen Mary enters, in solemn apparel, with a crucifix in her hand. She looks around with calm, quiet majesty.

"Why do you mourn? why do you weep? you should
Rejoice with me, that now, at last, the end
Of all my woe has come; my bonds fall off,
My prison opens, and my soul soars gladly
On angels' wings to everlasting freedom.
(*She steps forward and sees Melvil on his knees before her.*)
How? Melvil here? Not thus, my noble Sir.
Arise! you have come here, to see your Queen
Not in her death, but in her final triumph."

"O that this one great joy had been allotted
To me, once more before my death to clasp

The dear, dear hand, of one of my relations !
But I must die here in the midst of strangers ; —
Your tears alone I shall see flow for me.
Melvil ! my last intentions for my friends
I shall commit to your true breast."

She then makes all her servants promise to leave England immediately after her death.

" What I, the poor, the robbed one, still possess,
I have distributed amongst you. They,
I hope, will honor my last will. This, also,
The apparel I am wearing on my way
To death, belongs to you ; permit me once more
This earthly splendor on my way to heaven.
(To her Ladies.)
To you, my Alice, Gertrude, Rosamond,
I leave my pearls, my apparel,
For your youth yet rejoices in dress.
You, Margaret, have the nearest
Claim to my generosity, for I leave you
The most unfortunate of all.
That I do not avenge on you the guilt of
Your husband, my last will will show.
For you, my faithful Hannah, the value of gold,
The splendor of gems, have no charm ; —
My memory is to you the highest jewel.
Take this 'kerchief ; I have with my own hand
Embroidered it for you in the hours of sorrow,
And have interwoven my hot tears.
With this 'kerchief you will bind my eyes,
When it has come to that. This last service
I wish to receive from my Hannah."

Kennedy. "Melvil, O I cannot bear it."

Mary. "Come all; — Come and receive my last farewell.

(*She reaches out her hands; one after another they kneel down, kissing her hand.*)

Farewell, farewell, farewell for ever."

They all withdraw except Melvil. Melvil discloses to her that he has become a priest, in order to hear her last confession. She confesses her sinful hatred against Elizabeth; her sinful love of Leicester; but declares her innocence of the crime for which she is sentenced to die. She embraces death as an atonement for that one crime committed in her youth.

Burleigh, Leicester, and Paulet enter, to receive her last commands. Leicester remains at a distance. She sends to the Queen of England her sisterly greeting, and asks her forgiveness for the passion she showed at the interview with her.

Burleigh. "Say, have you not yet chosen better counsel? Do you still decline the assistance of the Dean?"

Mary. "I am reconciled to my God. Sir Paulet, I have innocently been the cause of great suffering to you, have robbed you of the staff of your old age; — O let me hope that you do not remember me with hatred."

Paulet (*giving her his hand*). "God be with you; go hence in peace."

The sheriff now enters to conduct her to the scaffold. She takes the crucifix and kisses it. — "My Saviour, my Redeemer, as thou once didst stretch

out thy arms upon the cross, so spread them out now to receive me ! "

As she is on the point of leaving the room, her eye meets the fixed look of Leicester; her strength fails her, and she is on the point of sinking down. Leicester receives her in his arms. She recovers herself, and says, " You keep your word, Lord Leicester; you promised me your arm to lead me out of this prison, and you lend it to me now.

(*She proceeds in a lower voice.*)

" Yes, Leicester, and not only freedom,
I hoped to have to thank your helping hand for ; —
You should have made this freedom dear to me.
Yes, hand in hand with you, blessed by your love,
Would I enjoy a new life. Now,
As I am on my way to take my leave
Of this world, and become a blessed spirit,
Now, Leicester, I may well, without a blush
Of shame, confess to you my conquered weakness.
Farewell ! and, if you can, live happily.
Yours was the shining lot to woo two queens.
A tender, loving heart you have disdained,
Betrayed, to win a proud one.
Kneel at the feet of your Elizabeth,
May your reward not be your punishment.
Farewell ! Now have I nothing more on earth."

She goes out, preceded by the sheriff, and accompanied by all except Leicester.

Leicester. " Do I still live ? Do I bear it still to live !
Does not this roof let down its weight upon me ? "

"What have I lost!
O what a pearl have I cast from me!
What happiness of heaven have I wasted.
She goes, an already glorified spirit
And to me remains the despair of the condemned."

He hears the preparation for Mary's execution in the room below, and tries to flee, but he finds all the doors locked except that which leads to the lower hall.

"What! does divine power bind me to this floor,
And must I hear what I abhor to see?
The voice of the dean, — he exhorts her, —
She interrupts, — hark, she prays aloud
With a firm voice, — all is still, all still;
Only sobbing I hear, and the lamentation of women. —
She is disrobed. — Hark, hark! the block is moved; —
She kneels upon the cushion, — lays her head" ——

He speaks these words with increasing anguish, and stops a few moments, and then suddenly falls down. At the same time a confused noise, as of many voices, is heard from below.

Palace of the Queen of England.

She has received, with great joy, the news, that Burleigh and Leicester have left London for Fotheringay Castle. Shrewsbury, not being acquainted with the execution of the sentence, informs the Queen that he has been to see the two imprisoned secretaries of Mary; that one of them being moved to distraction by the report that the Queen had been condemned to death on account of his testimony, accused himself of perjury.

Queen. "You said yourself that he was distracted. The words of a madman prove nothing."

Shrewsbury. "But the madness itself, O Queen, proves so much the more. Let me conjure you to order that the trial may be renewed!"

Elizabeth promises that it shall be done, in order to quiet him. She sends for Davison, and orders him to return the sentence which she had deposited in his hands. Davison, in despair, denies the assertion of the Queen, and says that Burleigh took it yesterday from him. Presently Burleigh comes in with the words,

"Long live my royal Lady, and may all the enemies of this island end like this Stuart."

(*Shrewsbury covers his face.*)

Elizabeth. "Speak, my Lord, did you from me receive the death-warrant?"

Burleigh. "No, my Queen, I received it from Davison."

Elizabeth. "Did Davison give it to you in my name."

Burleigh. "No, he did not."

Elizabeth. "And you executed it rashly, without first knowing my will? Therefore be banished from my face. (*To Davison.*) A severer judgment awaits you, who have criminally overstepped your commission. Let him be carried to the Tower! You, my noble Talbot, you alone I have found just among my counsellors. You shall henceforward be my guide, my friend."

Shrewsbury. "Do not banish your truest friends.

Do not throw those into prison who have acted for you, who now are silent for you. But to me, great Queen, grant that I return to your hands the great seal with which you have intrusted me for these twelve years."

Elizabeth. "No, Shrewsbury, you will not leave me now; not now."

Shrewsbury. "Pardon, I am too old;
And this straight hand, it is too stiff
To seal these new deeds."

Elizabeth. "Would the man forsake me who has saved my life?"

Shrewsbury. "I have done little. I have not been
Able to save the nobler part of yourself.
Live, rule happily, your enemy is dead.
There is nothing, any more, that you
Need either to fear or to respect." (*He departs.*)

Elizabeth, (*to the Earl of Kent, who enters.*) "Send for Count Leicester."

Kent. "My Lord of Leicester begs to be excused; he has embarked for France."

She restrains her feelings, and remains standing in quiet self-possession.

When we compare this with the other plays of Schiller, we find in it more unity, more concentration, than in any other, with the exception, perhaps, of "The Maid of Orleans." All the circumstances and actions here described have a strict bearing on one event of deepest interest; all the characters cluster around one, from which they receive their light, bringing out their bright, as well as their dark sides,

their interests, passions, and intellectual energies. It is Mary Stuart who exercises the jealousy and politic apprehensions of her imperious rival; who keeps in motion the selfish, uncompromising, and ruthless patriotism of Burleigh; who engages the conscientious interest in the welfare of both queens, the justice, and humanity of Shrewsbury; and agitates the fluctuating mind of Leicester, whose heart is divided between the two queens as separate objects of his love and his ambition, while it is concentrated and fixed upon his own self-aggrandizement. Again, it is Mary Stuart for whose liberation the French ambassador, Earl of Aubespine, uses his official station to dupe the Queen of England, and aids the conspirators. Mary Stuart is the high aim of the enthusiastic, sensual, but generous devotion of Mortimer; and the object of the disinterested aversion and dutiful care of his cross, vigilant, and honest uncle. And, in a more confined and obscure circle, Mary Stuart is the object of the faithful services, as well as the personal devotion, of her attendants and domestics, among whom there are two, Hannah Kennedy and Melvil, on whom she depends, and whom she looks upon, no longer as servants, but as friends even unto death.

Besides this dramatic unity and concentration, there is another quality which characterizes this before other plays of Schiller. The whole style of it is more truly dramatic. I do not mean to say, that there is more action in this than in other dramas of the same author. My remark has reference to the sentiment expressed by the *dramatis personæ*. In other plays

of Schiller we find many general observations on the nature of man, virtue and vice, social life and government, which are more properly the subject of contemplative or didactic poetry; or effusions of personal feelings, and communion of the mind with itself, which are more properly subjects of lyric poetry. In "Mary Stuart," on the contrary, the sentiments expressed by the different persons are more strictly expressions of the individual character, in which each of them appears and acts a part in the drama.

With regard to the principal character in this play, there is much in the circumstances in which she is placed, in the suffering to which she is subject, which engages our interest in the unfortunate Queen of Scotland. We see her unjustly detained and imprisoned in the land to which she came to implore the protection of its Queen, her sister. We see her, in her prison, the object of unnecessary privations and other petty persecutions; and we cannot but feel the truth of the words of Hannah Kennedy,

"A noble heart will learn to bear, at last,
A great misfortune, but it grieves to live
Without the small embellishments of life."

We see, in her, the victim of the mean jealousy and tyrannical fears of her implacable sister. We see in the Catholic Queen of Scotland the object of national and religious bigotry.

The few friends who have attempted to rescue her, perish in the attempt; no one dares to act, and but one is bold enough to speak, in her behalf. We see her accused, placed before an incompetent tribu-

nal, tried without those benefits which the law grants to the lowest criminal, condemned, betrayed by Leicester, and executed. But if there is so much in the circumstances under which Mary is placed, there is still more in the state of her mind and heart, that cannot fail to excite the deepest tragic interest. It is remarkable in this play, as well as in "Wallenstein," that the poet takes, in the main, the more unfavorable account of the actions of the principal character in each drama, and, particularly, the principal charge brought against each of them, for granted.

He supposed, that Wallenstein, however unjustly treated and provoked by the Emperor, at last actually betrayed him. And, in a similar manner, he makes Mary Stuart confess, that she was privy to the murder of her husband. In both plays, this supposed dark side in the prominent persons, is used, by the poet, to give a deeper view to the fair and clear regions of their character. In Wallenstein, we see a glorious mind setting in moral darkness; in Mary Stuart, we behold the day-break of virtue, the morning glories of sincere repentance. We see her struggling with the painful recollection of early guilt, or rather with the still existing sinful tendencies of her soul, without which the recollections of sin may still be a source of regret, but cannot be a cause of remorse. The martyrdom within had begun, long before the scaffold was raised for her to consummate it, and make it manifest to the world. The deep and effectual sincerity of her repentance appears, particularly, on two occasions; first in the early part of the drama, when

Hannah Kennedy tries to allay the pains of conscience excited by the anniversary of Darnley's death; and then in the confession she makes to Melvil; — all the excuses and palliations which her faithful Hannah uses to assuage the pains of self-condemnation, only inflame them more and more, until she resorts to the only effectual remedy against moral suffering and fear, that of presenting to the sufferer, plainly and fully, the just cause of her being dissatisfied with herself, and then showing her, that she has reason to be reconciled to herself on the ground of true repentance. It is this profound philosophy of the heart which regulates unconsciously, as by a moral instinct, the effort of Hannah Kennedy in comforting her afflicted mistress and friend.

So strong are these promptings of her moral nature, that they prevail even over her implicit faith in the efficacy of the ordinances of the Roman Catholic religion. When Hannah Kennedy tells her that the church, which has the key of absolution for all sins, that Heaven itself, has forgiven, — she says,

"The bell of no attendant on the mass,
No sacrament in priest's hand sends to rest
The spirit of my husband seeking vengeance."

The same sentiment she expresses to Melvil, who, as a Catholic priest, inquired only after such sins as she had not before now confessed and been absolved from. The thought of that crime disturbs her mind as she is winding up the account of her life, with which she shall soon appear before the bar of eternal justice; she feels that the heart has not delegated to

the church its legitimate power to loose and to bind, when she says to Melvil,

"I suffered all church penances, but deep
Within my soul the worm will never sleep."

It is this state of her mind, it is the successful struggle against all that still binds her soul to things below, which, (as I have before observed,) engages our interest much more deeply, than the peculiar circumstances under which she is placed. She bears all the inconveniences and petty vexations of her imprisonment. "They can treat us basely," she says to Kennedy, "they cannot debase us." She bears the rough speeches of Sir Paulet, she remembers having lent too willing an ear to flattery, in the days of her splendor, and because she honors his old age and respects his honesty, (however grievous the sufferings to which she is subjected,) she is willing to bear them as encroachments of superior force, but not to acknowledge them as decrees of justice. — "She can put me to death, she cannot judge me," are her words to Burleigh. "Let her not attempt, then, to clothe in the holy garment of justice, the bloody daring of rude force." Even when she kneels down before Elizabeth, she protests against having it interpreted as an act of homage to her, in the words

"That *God* I worship, who exalted you."

The passage reminds us of that high-minded German Emperor, who, after a long struggle against the exactions of the Pope, was at last induced to be reconciled to him, and, complying with the custom of the time, alighted from his horse to kiss the slipper

of the Pope, mounted on an ass. As the proud successor of St. Peter, in order to humble still more the kneeling Emperor, raised his foot so as to make him reach up to it, he raised his head, saying, "*Non tibi, sed Petro.*"

Thus Mary Stuart is represented, by Schiller, as kneeling, not before the exalted person of the Queen, but before the power that has thus exalted her.

She approaches the Queen with the tenderness of a sister, in order to awake a kindred feeling in her heart; and bears, with meekness, the proud reserve, the dark accusations, the heartless taunts of her implacable rival; until, heaping insult upon insult, Elizabeth succeeds in rousing the smothered flame of indignation and passion in Mary's soul, when, giving vent to the craving of her deeply offended nature, she does not cease until Elizabeth stands before her as a self-condemned criminal before a sovereign judge. Before her death she conquers even this passion, she sends her sisterly greeting to the Queen of England, begs her forgiveness for the violence she had shown, and wishes her a happy reign. But she does more; she conquers, not only her hatred, but her love to the treacherous Leicester. With tranquillity and heavenly courage, she learns that the noise of many hammers which she heard in the castle at night, is not caused, as she supposed, by the approach of her deliverers, but by the carpenters, erecting the scaffold under her feet. Her tears flow for a noble youth who had sacrificed himself for her, and for his bereaved

uncle, while she for herself grasps the crucifix, kissing it, with the words,

"My Saviour, my Redeemer,
As thou once didst stretch out thy arms upon
The cross, so spread them out now to receive me!"

Thus the deep interest we take in Mary may be traced to the fact, that, while we see her going on from misfortune to misfortune, deprived of her throne, imprisoned, mocked, betrayed, and executed, — we see the growth of her moral nature, keeping pace with the decay of her earthly prosperity; we see her gaining freedom in her imprisonment, and ascending a far higher throne than that of which she was deprived.

The same justice which the poet has exercised in behalf of the unfortunate Mary, he has shown towards the successful Elizabeth. Her secret attempt to have an end put to Mary in her prison, by the hand of another, whom she might afterwards punish for the crime, founders upon the rough integrity of Paulet, and is turned against herself by his nephew, Mortimer; whose real sentiments, when they are made known to her by Leicester, prove to her, not only that her secret designs are found out and baffled, but moreover, that she has been the dupe of a fanatic. Nay, the consciousness of her guilt is made the means of so confusing her penetrating mind, that it is easily duped a second time by Leicester, who, by this means, succeeds in making her believe him innocent. Her interview with Mary, from which she expected to derive the highest satisfaction, instead of proving a triumph to her jealous vanity, turned out a deep and

most dangerous disgrace and mortification. The execution of Mary, at the account of which she breaks out in the exulting words,

"I am Queen of England,"

obliges her, in order to save her own reputation, to dismiss her politic and determined adviser, Burleigh, while at the same time she sees herself forsaken, and her false conduct detected and denounced, by the conscientious Shrewsbury, as well as by Leicester, her artful admirer, and the secret friend of Mary Stuart.

In the soliloquy of Elizabeth, before she signs the death-warrant of her sister, we discover a wonderful knowledge of the secret workings of such a mind. She first wisely considers all the reasons of a public nature, the disposition of the powers of the continent toward her and her rival, and the devoted sentiment in her own kingdom; but at last her thoughts fix upon what most closely concerns herself, the scorn with which Mary had looked down upon her, the heinous insinuation with regard to her birth, — stains upon her honor which can be washed out only by the blood of the offender. She deliberates as a queen. She decides as an offended, jealous woman. She signs the death-warrant with a firm hand, and steps back with horror; and then tries to lay the responsibility of the act upon Davison, who is to be punished for not obeying her command, if he does not cause the sentence to be executed; or if he should forward it to the sheriff, is to be punished for having gone beyond the express commission of the Queen, who afterward pretends to have put the sentence into his

hand, merely in order to gain time for coming to a milder conclusion.

The character of each of the three counsellors of the Queen is so distinctly drawn, that any additional remarks are hardly needed. In Burleigh we recognise one of those creatures of an artificial state of society, in whom the man is wholly lost in the statesman. It is not his private interest, as Mary Stuart says of him, it is only the advantage of the state and its sovereign, that directs all his actions. For this one end he is ready to use all things as instruments. He prefers to use the honest means, if they be sufficient, because honesty is the best policy; but he is resolute to use the worst means, if necessary, because all means are justified by the end.

Shrewsbury is a just and humane man, without blame and without fear. He is in his place, so far as honesty makes a part of the policy of his sovereign. But, beyond these limits, he is evidently not at home. In his noble defence of Mary Stuart in the council of state, he merely has the interest of his Queen still more at heart than that of Mary. But he forgets that the Queen to whom he is speaking is a woman, proud of her sex, and fearfully jealous of Mary's unrivalled charms.

Lord Leicester, the complete courtier, knows how to combine the state policy of Burleigh with the humanity of Shrewsbury, because these two opposite principles and modes of proceeding are, to him, only instruments for his own more remote object; he is playing a part when he acts as a statesman, as he is

playing a part when he acts the man of feeling; he is true only in his soliloquy, when all the terrors of Mary's execution, which the poet has spared the eye of the spectator, are shown forth in this graphic agony of her deceitful and treacherous lover.

Among the other characters introduced in this play, that of Mortimer is particularly striking. We perceive in him a vague striving after what is indeed most excellent and holy; for which he is ready to lay down his life with joy. We sympathize with him in his discontent with the form of faith established by his mother church, inasmuch as its exclusive reverence for the incorporeal word, as Mortimer says, debarred the imagination and the fine arts from the service of religion. For we feel that as religion is the most general, the most lasting, and the most important possession of man, so the exercise of religion should be such as to call forth and employ all the faculties of the soul. The exercise of religion, the forms of worship, should give free range to the taste, the imagination, and the affections, as well as to the intellectual and active powers of man, and thus make full allowance and salutary provision for all the differences of human characters, for the imaginative, the reflective, the affectionate, and the active dispositions of individuals. On this account we sympathize with the protestant, the puritan, nay, the iconoclast, when he protests against a power that would substitute the idolatry of forms and ceremonies for the spiritual essence, and practical excellence of christianity. And on the other hand, we cannot deny our sympathy to the

enthusiastic Catholic, when he demands that the highest aspirations of the soul should be expressed by the most beautiful forms, and who cannot bear to have his God worshipped in buildings utterly unsuitable to make a solemn impression, or even to aid and encourage the solemn state of his mind, and by strains of music, which every one would wish to ward off if they were offered him on any other occasion, or for his private amusement. Who can deny a poetic, nay, a religious sympathy to Mortimer's description of Rome ?

LECTURE VII.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

THE first scene is in the French village of Domremy. Thibaut d'Arc, a farmer, his three daughters, Margot, Louison, and Joanna, and their suitors, Etienne, Claude Marie, and Raimond.

Thibaut gives his consent and blessing to the marriage of his two elder daughters, and expresses his wish that Joanna would give her hand to her lover, the excellent Raimond, that the following day might be the wedding-feast of his three children. Raimond entreats Thibaut not to urge his daughter, but to let her own heart decide. Thibaut expresses his displeasure at her being often seen sitting under an old tree haunted by the witches. Joanna remains silent.

Bertrand, one of the neighbours, comes back from the neighbouring town of Vaucouleurs with a helmet in his hand. He relates to them, that the English, under the command of Talbot and Lionel, have beaten the French in two great battles, and are besieging Orleans. The Dauphin Charles is in Chinon with his brave generals, Dunois, called The Bastard of Or-

leans, and La Hire; but not able to rally the defeated and dispirited army to a new battle with the English.

He relates, that, walking through the market-place, he was addressed by a gipsy woman, who urged upon him the helmet which he bears in his hand.

Joanna, (*grasping it.*) "Give me the helmet, — it belongs to me." Putting the helmet on her head, she says, "The saviour of France is at hand."

She learns from Bertrand, that only one knight, with sixteen standards, has been induced to march to the assistance of the King, and that he is now a day's journey from Vaucouleurs.

Thibaut chides Joanna for showing such an interest in things with which she, a shepherd's daughter, has no concern; and bids them all be quiet, and each attend to his own private occupation.

Joanna, alone, takes leave of her quiet home, and recognises in the helmet the sign which the Queen of heaven promised her, when, in a dream, she appeared to Joanna, revealing to her her heavenly commission to become the saviour of her country.

First Act.

Court of King Charles at Chinon.

Dunois urges Charles to leave all his court entertainments and sentimental plays, and to fight for his crown.

Deputies from the city of Orleans enter, entreating the King to hasten to the relief of his faithful city, which is reduced to extreme distress by the besiegers. At the same time, the Scotch regiment under the

King's command, send word that they will leave him, unless they receive the pay that is due to them. Du Chatel, the King's treasurer, tells him that he has no money left to satisfy them.

Agnes Sorel, who has preferred to remain with the King, as his friend, when he wished to have made her his Queen, enters with a casket of jewels, presses it upon Du Chatel, and bids him sell or pledge all her castles, in order to raise money and pay the troops.

La Hire comes back from a secret embassy to the Duke of Burgundy, who is fighting on the side of the English. The King had sent him to induce the Duke, if possible, to return to his allegiance, or, if he should refuse these propositions, to challenge him to single combat with the King.

The Duke returns the answer, that he will not treat with the King, unless Du Chatel is first delivered to him, that he may take vengeance on him for the murder of the Duke's father. The King refuses this shameful condition, and tells the deputies from Orleans that he cannot serve them; that they may surrender to the Duke of Burgundy. The deputies leave the room in despair.

Dunois protests against this resolution, and as the King insists upon it, Dunois says he shall forsake him, and go to die in defending his native city of Orleans.

Agnes Sorel tries in vain to reconcile the two princes; Dunois leaves the room.

Presently La Hire enters, and begs the King immediately to call back the deputies from Orleans, because

a battle has been fought, in which the French have been victorious.

The Archbishop of Paris enters, brings with him Dunois, who is reconciled to the King, and the messenger who has come with the news of the victory. He relates to the King, that the knight Baudricour, from Vaucouleurs, with sixteen regiments, on his way to the King, had suddenly found himself surrounded by the two English armies, and that at the moment when they thought of surrendering to the enemy, a maiden, with a helmet on her head, had presented herself, had told them that she was a prophetess sent by God to deliver her country; and then, taking the standard from the standard-bearer, she led them against the enemy, who fled from the field, leaving two thousand dead, while not one of the French was missing.

Presently the ringing of the bells is heard, with many voices, "Hail, hail to the Maid! the deliverer!" Charles bids Dunois take his place and act the part of the King, in order to try the prophetic gift of the Maid.

Joanna enters, and bids Dunois quit the place which does not belong to him. She steps before the King, tells him that she saw him last night, and heard his prayers, which she tells him.

All are convinced of her divine mission. She promises to free Orleans, and lead him to his coronation at Rheims.

A herald comes from the Earl of Salisbury, who commands the siege of Orleans, to ask the King to surrender the city. Joanna tells him that Salisbury is

dead, and bids him hasten back to the English army, for the Maid is following close upon his heels.

Second Act.

The generals of the English army, Talbot and Lionel, being defeated, by the Maid, near Orleans, reproach the Duke of Burgundy with having been the first to communicate the panic to the army, and thus having caused their disgraceful defeat by a phantom of vulgar superstition. The Duke retorts their insulting speeches. The old Queen Isabeau, the mother of Charles, who fights on the side of the English from implacable hatred of her son, restores the good understanding between the Duke of Burgundy and the English commanders. But as she offers herself to head the English and Burgundians against the Maid, they bid her leave the camp, because the English soldier does not wish to have his honest cause confounded with her execrable and unnatural enmity against her own son.

Joanna leads the French army into the English camp; they are taken by surprise, and a great slaughter begins. Talbot endeavours to stop the flight of his troops, while the Maid presses on. Montgomery, an officer in the English army, driven back by Talbot, sees her advancing, prostrates himself before her, begging her to spare his life. She bids him fight for it; after a short combat he falls. The Duke of Burgundy comes up to her, and bids her fight; but, at the same time, Dunois and La Hire join Joanna, and each of them challenges the Duke. She steps between them, addressing Burgundy, and, at last, by

her heart-melting and winning eloquence, succeeds in reconciling him to his friends. He embraces Dunois and La Hire, and promises to join the King.

Third Act.

The Duke of Burgundy is received by the King with open arms. Joanna succeeds in reconciling him even to Du Chatel, his mortal enemy.

Dunois comes forward in the presence of the King and the court, to offer his hand to Joanna, to lead her to the altar as his wife. La Hire steps before the King to obtain for himself the hand of Joanna. The King bids Joanna choose between his two greatest heroes. Joanna is silent. Agnes Sorel begs the King to let her be alone with Joanna that she may intrust to her the choice of her heart. Joanna says she has no secret to intrust; she is the warrior of the highest God, and cannot become the consort of a man. She bids them prepare to meet once more the enemy, who has collected his whole force under the walls of Rheims, to stop the King on his way to his coronation.

The French, led on by Joanna, are victorious. Talbot falls in battle. Joanna, pursuing a knight in black armour, comes up with him and bids him fight. He shows her the distant towers of Rheims illumined by the sun, advises her to engage in no other fight, for her work is accomplished. She rushes upon him with the sword; she stands motionless. Darkness, lightning, and thunder. The knight sinks. Presently she is met by Lionel.

NINTH SCENE.* *Lionel.* *Joanna.*

Lionel. "Accursed sorceress! prepare for battle.
Not both of us shall leave this place alive.
Thou hast destroyed the chosen of my host;
Brave Talbot has breathed out his mighty spirit
In my bosom. I will avenge the dead,
Or share his fate. And wouldst thou know the man
Who brings thee glory, let him die or conquer?
I am Lionel, the last survivor
Of our chiefs, and still unvanquished is this arm.
(*He rushes towards her; after a short contest she strikes the sword from his hand.*)
Faithless fortune!"
Joanna, (*seizes him by the plume from behind, and tears his helmet violently down, so that his face is exposed; at the same time she lifts her sword with the right arm.*)
"Suffer what thou soughtest!
The Virgin sacrifices thee through me."
(*He struggles with her.*)
(*At this moment she looks in his face; his aspect touches her; she stands immovable, then slowly drops her arm.*)

Lionel. "Why ling'rest thou, and stayest the stroke of death?
My honor thou hast taken; take my life;
'T is in thy hands to take it; I want no mercy.
('*She gives him a sign with her hand t depart.*)

* From Carlyle's Translation, with slight alterations.

Flee from thee? owe thee my life? Die rather."

Joanna (her face turned away). "I will not know
that thou didst owe
Thy life to me."

Lionel. "I hate thee and thy gift.
I want no mercy. Kill thy enemy,
Who meant to kill thee, who abhors thee!"

Joanna. "Kill me and flee."

Lionel. "Ha! how is this?"

Joanna (hiding her face). "Woe 's me!"

Lionel (approaches her). "Thou killest every
Briton, I have heard,
Whom thou subdu'st in battle; why spare me?"

Joanna (lifts her sword with a rapid movement against him, but quickly lets it sink again as she observes his face).

"O Holy Virgin!"

Lionel. "Wherefore namest thou
The Holy Virgin? She knows nothing of thee;
Heaven has no part in thee."

Joanna (in anguish). "What have I done!
My vow, my vow is broke!"
(Wrings her hands in despair.)

Lionel (looks at her with sympathy, and comes nearer). "Unhappy maiden!
I pity thee; thou touchest me; thou showedst
Mercy to me alone. My hate is going; —
I am constrained to feel for thee. Who art thou?
Whence comest thou?"

Joanna. "Away! Begone!"

Lionel. "Thy youth,
Thy beauty, melt and sadden me; thy look
Goes to my heart; I could wish much to save thee.
Say how I can! Come with me, come; forsake
This horrid business; cast away these arms."

Joanna. "I do no more deserve to bear them."

Lionel. "Cast them
Away, then, and come with me."

Joanna (with horror). "Come with thee!"

Lionel. "Thou mayest be saved; come with me!
I will save thee.
But do not tarry! A strange sorrow for thee
Seizes, — an unspeakable desire
To serve thee." (*Seizes her arm.*)

Joanna. "Ha! Dunois! It is they.
If they should find thee" ——

Lionel. "Fear not; I will guard thee."

Joanna. "I should die were they to kill thee."

Lionel. "Am I
Dear to thee?"

Joanna. "Saints of heaven!"

Lionel. "Shall I ever
See thee, hear of thee again?"

Joanna. "Never! never!"

Lionel. "This sword for pledge that I will see thee." (*He wrests the sword from her.*)

Joanna. "Madman,
Thou dar'st?"

Lionel. "I yield to force; again I 'll see thee."

Dunois and La Hire come. She sinks, fainting, into the arms of La Hire.

FOURTH ACT. *The palace at Rheims.*

Joanna, alone, accuses herself of having broken her vow; for her divine mission is no longer supreme in her heart; she loves a mortal, Lionel, whose life she has spared. While all the solemn preparations are making for the coronation of the king, amidst the universal joy, she avoids her friends, meditating in deepest gloom on her misery. With great reluctance, she is prevailed upon to bear the standard before the King on his procession to the cathedral. She walks before the King, pale and trembling. Her sisters Margot and Louison, with their husbands, are among the innumerable spectators. They recognise her as she passes by, but believe that she did not notice them.

Presently Joanna is seen rushing out of the cathedral without her standard. She hastens to embrace her sisters, and asks them to leave this place without delay. She will go back to Domremy, again become a shepherdess, and serve them all her life. She asks anxiously after her father.

The King steps forth from the cathedral, and presents Joanna to the people, as the deliverer of her people, sent by God. She stands silent, then suddenly exclaims, "My father!"

Thibaut d'Arc steps forth from the crowd; he comes to save the soul of his child from the bonds of hell, by whose power, he says, she has accomplished all her wonderful deeds. He asks her, in the name of God, to declare, whether she is one of the pure

and the saints. Joanna remains silent. They all step back with terror. The Duke of Burgundy thinks the father's testimony against his own daughter must be believed. Agnes Sorel tenderly entreats her to deny the accusation, because her friends believe whatever she says. La Hire conjures her to put to shame the false accusation. She makes no answer. Dunois throws down his gauntlet to prove, by the sword, her innocence. A loud peal of thunder is heard. Thibaut d'Arc conjures her, by the God whose thunder is heard, to deny, if she can, the accusation, to give the lie to her own father. Another clap of thunder. The people flee in all directions. The Archbishop asks her, in the name of God, whether she is silent from a feeling of innocence or of guilt. She remains motionless.

All withdraw, except Dunois. He says he believes her in spite of all signs; only entreats her to intrust him with the defence of her cause. He offers his hand to her; she turns away with a convulsive motion.

Du Chatel comes to announce to her, in the name of the King, that she is permitted to leave the city uninjured. He bids Dunois to withdraw. When she is alone, Raimond (her suitor when she was a shepherdess) comes forward, with the words,

"Seize the moment; the streets are deserted; give me your hand; I will lead you."

At the sight of Raimond, she discovers the first sign of consciousness, looks up to heaven, takes his hand, and follows him.

Fifth Act.

A wild forest; a violent storm. Parties of English soldiers straying through the wood. Raimond and Joanna take refuge in one of the huts of colliers, where they are kindly received. The collier's boy comes to the hut, just when Joanna is placing to her lips the cup that had been offered to her; he sees her, and snatches it from her hand. "Mother! mother! do you know who you are entertaining? It is the witch of Orleans." They all flee in terror. Joanna then begs Raimond also to leave her; but he refuses, though he too believes her guilty. She now tells him that she is innocent; that this misfortune was sent her from God; and that, on this account, she was silent when accused before the King by her own father.

The Queen Isabeau, with English soldiers, comes through the wood; Joanna surrenders herself, without resistance, to be her prisoner. The Queen orders her to be carried to Lionel. She begs the Queen rather to put her to death on the spot. Then she turns to the soldiers; tells them how many countrymen of theirs she has slain; entreats them to take vengeance on her. But the Queen's command is obeyed, and she is carried away.

Raimond escapes to the King's army, where he finds Du Chatel and the Archbishop entreating Dunois not to forsake the King now when the English are again preparing for battle. Dunois reproaches them for having forsaken the prophetess, the deliverer.

Raimond informs them of what she said to him in the forest, and of her captivity. Dunois immediately gives order for battle, to save her.

Joanna is carried to a tower, where she is guarded by Queen Isabeau. Lionel offers her his hand; she rejects it.

The English army insist upon her being put to death, when the approach of the French army is reported, and she is left loaded with chains, and guarded by Queen Isabeau, who has orders from Fastolfe, one of the English commanders, to put her to death in case the English should be defeated. Lionel hastens to the command of the army.

Fastolfe (*to Joanna*). "You know now what awaits you. Now implore a blessing on the arms of your people." (*He goes.*)

Joanna. "I will do so;
This is what no one can prevent my doing.
This is the near march of my people. Boldly,
Triumphantly, it penetrates my heart.
Ruin on England! Victory to France!
Up, my brave countrymen! The Maid is near you;
She cannot, as in former days, before you
Rear the white standard; heavy bonds enchain her;
But on the wings of your inspiring songs
The joyful soul soars freely from its prison."

A soldier, stationed on the pinnacle of the tower, informs Isabeau of the alternate success of the battle. When he reports, that the English general is on the point of being made prisoner by the French, Isabeau points the dagger at Joanna's breast, but withdraws

it as the soldier informs her that the English are victorious, Count Dunois wounded and made a prisoner, the French King surrounded by the English, and on the point of being taken.

Isabeau (with a scornful laugh, to Joanna).

"Now is your time, Deliverer, now deliver them."

Joanna (throwing herself on her knees).

"Hear me, O God, in my extreme distress!
Up to thee now with ardent supplication,
Into thy heaven above, I send my soul.
The frail web of a spider, thou canst make it
Strong as the cable of a battle ship;
To thy dread power it is but play to change
These bonds of iron into spiders' webs.
Thou Lord commandest, and these chains fall off;
The thick walls of this town are split asunder.
Thou helpedst Samson, when he, blind and fettered,
Endured the bitter scorn of his proud foes;
Putting his trust in thee, the blind man seized
With all his might the pillars of his prison,
And bowed himself, and overthrew the house."

The soldier on the pinnacle of the tower.

"Triumph! Triumph!"

Isabeau. "What do you see?"

Soldier. "The King
Is taken."

Joanna. "Then God be merciful to me."

(*She seizes the chains with both her hands, and breaks them asunder. At the same moment she rushes upon the nearest soldier, snatches from him his sword, and hurries off. All look after her, transfixed with amazement.*)

The soldier on the pinnacle of the tower. "What! has she wings? has the storm carried her down?"

Isabeau. "Speak, is she below?"

Soldier. "In the midst of
The fight she strides. Her course is swifter than
My sight. Now she is here, now there; I see her
At the same time in divers places.
She separates the ranks; all yield before her;
The French collect; they 're making front again.
Alas! what do I see? Our people cast
Their arms away; their banners sink.
She presses right before the King; she has
Reached him; with force she tears him from the contest.
Lord Fastolfe falls. Our general is taken."

Isabeau. "I 'll hear no more. Come down."

La Hire enters with French soldiers, and takes the Queen prisoner.

"I 'm at your service, Queen; command whither
You wish me to attend you."

Isabeau. "Any place
Suits me, where I do not meet with the Dauphin."

The battle field.

Soldiers with flying colors fill the background. Before them, the King and the Duke of Burgundy; in the arms of the two princes lies Joanna, mortally wounded, without signs of life.

Agnes Sorel (to the King.) "You 're free, — you live, — I have you back again."

King. "Yes, I am free, — I am so at this price."
(*Pointing to Joanna.*)

Agnes Sorel. "Joanna! God! she 's dying."
Burgundy. "She has finished.
See how an angel parts. See how she lies here,
Without pain, quiet, like a sleeping child.
The peace of heaven plays about her features."
King. "She is no more; she will awake no more.
Her eye will never light on earthly things.
Her spirit, glorified, hovers above;
Our pain she sees no more, and our repentance."
Agnes Sorel. "She opens her eyes, she lives."
Burgundy. "How? Does she come
Back from the grave? and does she conquer death?
She rises, stands upright."
Joanna. "Where am I?"
King. In the arms of your own friends, of your King."
Joanna. "No, I am no enchantress. Certainly I am not."
King. "You are holy as an angel;
But darkness held our eyes."
Joanna (looking round with a serene smile).
"And am I really among my people?
Am I no more held in contempt and banished?
They curse me not, they look upon me kindly.
Yes, now I recognise all things distinctly.
This is my King. These are indeed the standards
Of France. But mine I do not see; where is it?
I must not come without the standard
With which my master has intrusted me.
Before his throne I go to lay it down;
And I may show it, for I bore it truly."
King. "Give her the standard."

LECTURE VIII.

THE BRIDE OF MESSINA.

First Act.

Isabella, Princess of Messina, appears in deep mourning before the Senate of Messina. She tells them that she has complied with their wish; she has endeavoured to reconcile her two sons, Manuel and Cæsar, to each other, and thus to put a stop to the civil war which desolates Messina, the people being divided into two great parties, each of which supports the superior claims of one of the two hostile brothers. Isabella tells them, that while their father lived, he prevented, with severity, the outbreaking of their mutual hatred, which had grown up with them mysteriously from their tenderest youth. But he did not purify the source of bitterness in their hearts. Careless, like a strong man, he did not think it worth while to stop the fountains, because he knew himself powerful enough to dam up the stream. Hence, from the moment that the father closed his eyes, for these two months their mutual hatred had raged, and kindled this desolating war. They, at last, at the incessant entreaty of their mother, who is equally dear to both,

have consented to meet peacefully in their father's palace. Isabella admonishes the senators to receive them as their rulers with respect and submission.

After the senators have retired, Isabella sends Diego, her old faithful servant, to the convent which he knows, in order to bring back to her the dear pledge which she has secretly deposited there, and thus to make her own joy and that of the brothers full.

Isabella hears the music which announces the entrance of her two sons, and goes to meet them. From two different sides, twelve knights of Don Manuel, and twelve of Don Cæsar, enter, forming a double chorus, some of the principal knights of each party expressing the sentiments of their friends.

The leaders of each party express their reverence for the sacred place in which they meet, in which the sword is kept in its scabbard by the peace of God, which is pronounced upon the house, the cradle of their princes.

At first the leaders of each party express their unwillingness to be the first to address the other. But, at last, Berengar, the leader of the chorus of older knights, the party of Manuel, broaches the conversation.

"Be welcome to me, you who share with me
Kindred feelings, fear and respect
For the protecting gods of this house.
As the princes meet to consult in love,
Let us two exchange now words of peace,
With kind intention and quiet blood.
For the word, too, the healing word, is good.

But if in the open field I meet you,
With bloody contest again I will greet you,
The steel shall prove then the warlike mood."

The whole Chorus. "But if in," &c.

Berengar. "I do not hate you, not you are my foe;
One city we call our mother, —
Those are sons of a foreign land.
But to settle the feuds of his lord,
The servant must wield the murderous sword,
This is what order and law command."

Bohemond (the leader of the second Chorus).
"They may know
What they contend for
In hatred, — we leave that to the commander;
Our duty it is his battles to fight,
And he 's no brave man, he is no knight,
Who allows any one his master to slander."

The whole Chorus. "Our duty," &c.

Isabella comes forward, attended by her sons, Don Manuel and Don Cæsar; they are received with reverence by the chorus.

Isabella (to Don Cæsar). "You who have drawn the sword against your brother,
Look round in this whole company, where is
A nobler form than that of your own brother?
(*To Manuel.*)
Among all these whom you call friends, where is
The man whom you could equal with your brother?
Each one the pattern of his age, and neither
Resembles, yet neither excels the other.

Venture to look each other in the face.
O madness of wild jealousy and envy !
From amongst thousands you would certainly
Have chosen him, and pressed him to your heart,
Him, as your own, your only bosom friend ;
And now that holy nature has herself
Given him to you, assigned him from the cradle,
You tread, an enemy of your own blood,
With wilful pride, her present under foot,
To throw yourself away on his inferiors ;
To make strangers and enemies your friends."

Manuel. " My mother, hear me."

Cæsar. " Hear me, mother."

Isabella entreats them not to fight with each other, but freely to forgive. At last, as they remain silent, she withdraws, telling them that she leaves them at liberty to consummate their criminal hatred by mutual murder.

The chorus admonishes them to think of the words of their mother, to think that they are brothers. By degrees each conquers his pride, and Don Cæsar is the first to seize his brother's hand.

Manuel. " Our separation ceases, we are one."

He embraces Cæsar ; the knights follow the example of their princes.

A messenger calls Don Cæsar aside, to inform him that the lady whom he loves, and whom he had been seeking so long in vain, is in Messina.

Don Cæsar, on the point of going, returns back to his brother.

" It is not right I feel, I blame myself

That I should tear myself now from your arms.
Think not that I feel less than you, because
I interrupt this hour of solemn joy.
Shall I disclose to you what calls me home ? "

Manuel. "Leave me your heart, keep for yourself your secret."

Don Cæsar once more embraces him, and goes out with his friends. Don Manuel discloses to his knights that he loves a lady and is loved by her, whom he found by a happy accident in a convent where she had been kept concealed, not as a nun, but in order to be restored to her parents at the proper time. He does not know her parents, nor does she herself know them ; but an old man, the only one who knows them, assures him that she is of noble origin. Through him, Don Manuel learned yesterday, that to-day she was to have been carried away from the convent by the command of her parents ; and in order to prevent this, Manuel persuaded her to follow him in the night to Messina, where she is now concealed in a secluded garden. She as yet does not know that her lover is Manuel, Prince of Messina ; and he now orders his knights to procure for him, at the Bazar, every costly ornament, that he may lead her, royally decked out as his bride, to the palace of his mother.

After Manuel is gone, the chorus meditates what they shall now begin, since the Princes rest from contention, in order to fill up the vacant hours.

In a chamber of the palace, Isabella discloses to her two sons, that this day, which has given to each of them a brother, is to complete their happiness by

giving them a sister. She tells them that this sister of whom they, when children, had heard that she had died in the cradle, was saved by her, from the cruel command of their father. The father, terrified by a dream, had been warned by an Arabian magician that if a daughter should be born to him, she would cause the destruction of his sons and of his whole race. He therefore had ordered the newborn child to be thrown into the sea. She, the mother, on the contrary, had dreamed that this daughter would unite her sons in ardent love, and she had saved the child by a faithful servant, and kept her concealed in a convent. Since the death of their father, nothing but their fraternal war had prevented her from introducing her to her brothers, and she has appointed this day of reconciliation for this joyful discovery. She has already sent her faithful Diego to bring her back from her concealment.

Don Manuel discloses to his mother, that, on this very day, he too intends to surprise his mother with another daughter, the lady whom his heart has chosen, though her parents are not yet known to him, nor has she any anticipation of his own name and rank.

Don Cæsar makes the same confession to his mother, and relates how he became acquainted with the lady at his father's funeral.

Isabella, though she had expressed the hope that they would name to her daughters of kings as their intended brides, comforts herself with the necessity of letting them have their own way, and with the en-

tire confidence she has, that they could not choose what is not worthy of themselves.

DIEGO *enters.*

Isabella. "Where is she? where is Beatrice?"

Manuel. "Beatrice!"

Diego reports that she has been stolen from the convent; that she is probably on board a Mauritanian pirate that had been seen on the coast.

Don Cæsar immediately resolves to pursue the pirate and free his sister. He tells his mother that he shall send his intended bride to her palace, to stay during his absence, — and leaves the room.

A garden in Messina.

Beatrice is waiting with anxious impatience for the return of her lover. She now reproaches herself with having secretly left the convent, then again rejoices in her perfect trust in Manuel. She reproaches herself with having kept one secret from her lover, that once, at the burial of the old Prince, she induced her old attendant to accompany her secretly to the splendid funeral ceremonies.

"Providence alone preserved me,
When that youth, that youthful stranger
Met me with his flaming eyes,
And, with looks that frightened me,
Looked into my inmost soul.
Never, never can I look now
Into the eyes of my beloved one,
Conscious of this secret fault.

(*Listening.*)

Voices in the garden!
It is he, the beloved one;
It is he. No delusion
Deceives my ear.
It approaches, increases.
Into his arms,
To his breast I will fly."

She hastens with outspread arms toward the other end of the garden, and is met by Don Cæsar, who is followed by his knights.

He reminds her of that precious moment when he met her at the funeral procession, and, his hand pressing hers, declared to her his feelings for her. He does not wish to know who her parents are, but declares her, in the presence of his knights, his intended bride, the bride of Don Cæsar, prince of Messina.

Don Cæsar interprets the silence, the terror of Beatrice, as signs of surprise, and leaves her to collect herself, while he goes to prepare every thing in order to carry her in solemn pomp to the palace.

He goes; his knights guard the entrance of the garden. Beatrice expresses her terror, her despair.

Scene in the palace of Isabella.

Don Manuel addresses anxious questions to his mother and Diego, concerning the daughter that is missing. Diego accuses himself of having, perhaps, been the innocent cause of her being carried away, by his allowing her to attend the funeral of the old prince, where she might have been seen.

This last account assuages the fears of Manuel,

who had heard from his Beatrice, that she had never left the convent; and he goes to obtain full light from herself.

Scene at the entrance of the garden.

The knights of Don Manuel come with the bridal gifts intended for Beatrice. The knights of Cæsar forbid them entrance; and, after some dispute, they attack each other with swords.

Beatrice comes in great anxiety. Don Manuel enters, steps between the parties, and bids the knights of Cæsar depart in the name of his brother, who is now one with him. Beatrice rushes into his arms, and begs him to flee with her. He makes himself known to her as Manuel, prince of Messina.

Beatrice. "O most unhappy, sad discovery!
O had I never, never seen this day!"

Manuel. "Why are you so alarmed, now that you know me,
Now that you find in the unknown friend the prince?"

Beatrice. "O give me back this unknown friend; with him
I should be happy on a desert island."

Don Cæsar's voice is heard from behind the scene.

"Back! Why so many people here collected?"

Beatrice. "O God! this voice! where shall I hide myself?"

Manuel. "How! Do you recognise this voice? You never
Heard it before? You cannot know it surely."

Beatrice. "O let us flee from hence, come and delay not."

Manuel. "Why flee? It is my brother's voice,
who seeks me.
Still I confess I wonder how he found" —
Beatrice. "By all the saints of heaven! O avoid
him;
Do not encounter this impetuous man!
Let him, I pray, not find you in this place!"
Manuel. "My loved one, idle fear distracts your
mind;
You hear me not; we are reconciled brothers."
Beatrice. "O Heaven, preserve me, save me
from this hour!"
Manuel. "What thought takes hold upon my
soul? what dreadful
Foreboding? Beatrice, can it be so? Should
This voice not be to you a stranger's voice.
You have been, — O I shudder at the question!
You have been at my father's funeral?"
Beatrice. "Alas!"
Manuel. "You have been present?"
Beatrice. "Be not angry!"
Manuel. "Unhappy one! you have been?"
Beatrice. "I was present."

She clings to him, while Don Cæsar enters, with the whole chorus. One of Don Cæsar's knights says to him, "You would not trust us; trust then your own eyes."

Don Cæsar. "Infernal jugglery! what! in his
arms? (*Stepping nearer. To Manuel.*)
Venomous snake! is this your love? To this end
You cheated me with reconciliation?

My hatred was indeed a voice of God.
Go down to hell, then, you false serpent soul!"
(*He stabs him.*)

Manuel. "I'm dying,—Beatrice! my brother!"
(*He falls; Beatrice, swooning, sinks down by his side.*)

The Knights of Manuel. "Murder! murder! Up all, up, seize your arms!
With blood the bloody deed shall be avenged."

Knights of Cæsar. "Fear nothing, prince, faithfully we defend you."

Don Cæsar (*steps with authority between them*).
"Put down your arms! I 've killed my enemy,
Him who deceived my honest, trusting heart,
Who made brotherly love a snare to me.
A dreadful, ghastly aspect has this deed;
But it was Heaven's justice that has judged.
(*Pointing to Beatrice.*)
Be quick! try to restore her! and remove her
From this abode of terror and of death.
I can delay no longer. Anxious care
For my lost sister calls me hence.
Carry her to my mother's palace, say
It is her son Don Cæsar who has sent her."

The fainting Beatrice is carried away; the first chorus, with the children who carry the bridal gifts designed by Manuel for Beatrice, remain standing round the dead.

One of the Chorus.
"We come in pomp
To receive, to guide

To the palace the bride.
The children bring, what the heart might desire,
The costly presents, the rich attire.
The groomsmen wait in the festal saloon,
But the bridegroom hears not, he is asleep.
Loud sounds the joyous dancing tune,
In vain, — for the slumber of death is deep."

The whole Chorus.

" Sound and deep is the sleep of the dead.
Neither the tender voice of his spouse,
Nor the hunting-horn's blast can the sleeper arouse ; —
He lies unmoved on his cold, hard bed."

One of the Chorus.

" What are the hopes, what are the designs
Which man, frail man, is contriving ?
To-day the brother clung to the brother
From all deceit and malice free.
This sun that now goes down to the sea,
He saw them embracing each other.
Now dust to dust, in eternal rest,
You lie with the ghastly wound in your breast,
Slain by the son of your mother !
O what are the hopes, what are the designs,
Which man, the transient child of a day,
Ventures to form in this house of clay ! "

(*The body of Don Manuel is carried away on a bier.*)

The palace of Isabella.

Beatrice, still in a swoon, is carried to her mother ; she awakes.

Beatrice. "O bright, angelic countenance of my mother!"

Isabella. "Child of my heart! O come into my arms!"

Beatrice thinks all that has passed was a dreadful dream, until the bier of Manuel, covered with a black cloth, is carried in. Beatrice places herself between the bier and her mother, endeavouring to detain her. But she removes the shroud.

"O powers of heaven! It is my son!
My son, my Manuel. O eternal source
Of mercy, must I thus find him again!
And must you with your life redeem your sister
From pirate's hand? And where was
Your brother, that his arm did not protect you?
O cursed be the hand that struck this wound!
Curse upon her who gave birth to the monster
That has destroyed my son! Curse upon all
His family!"

Chorus. "O dreadful, dreadful, dreadful!"

Isabella then declares to all the deceit of those contradicting oracles, one of which predicted that her daughter should unite her sons in ardent love, and the other that she would destroy her whole race. She says,

"There is no meaning in the book of nature;
The art of telling dreams is but a dream;
All signs are liars."

Chorus. "Stop, ill-fated woman!
The heavenly powers are true,
They live; open your mind! they speak to you."

Don Cæsar comes. At his entrance the whole chorus separate and fall back, so that he remains standing alone in the middle of the scene.

Beatrice. "O God, he comes!"

Isabella. "O my son, Cæsar, must
I thus see you again? Look here! look here!
The cruel deed of an accursed hand."

Don Cæsar steps back with horror and veils his face.

Chorus. "Break open, ye wounds!
Stream forth in dark waves,
Stream forth, ye rivers of blood!"

Isabella calls upon him to avenge his brother; she thanks him for Beatrice his sister, whom he has sent her. He now perceives and discovers the whole dreadful mystery.

Cæsar. "Know then it was myself, I slew the brother;
She was the object of my love; to make her
My wife was my intention, and I found
Her in my brother's arms, — now you know all.
If she indeed is his and my own sister,
Then I am guilty of a monstrous crime, which
No penance or remorse can expiate."

He resolves to die in order to avenge his brother. Isabella and Beatrice implore him to change his resolution, and to live for his mother and his sister. After a long struggle, he turns toward the coffin in which the corpse had been laid.

Cæsar. "No, brother! of your victim I 'll not rob you.

Your voice out of your coffin speaks to me,
More moving, overpow'ring, than the tears
Of my own mother, and the prayers of love.
I now hold in my arms all that can make
The life of man like that of the immortals.
But should the murderer be happy, while
Your holy innocence lies unavenged
In its deep grave? Such cannot be the will
Of the all-righteous ruler of our days,
To see such unfair dealing in his world.
I 've seen the tears that flowed, also, for me;
My heart is satisfied, I follow you."

He stabs himself. Beatrice casts herself into the arms of her mother. A long pause.

Chorus. "I stand too deeply moved to know aright
If I shall more lament or praise his lot.
One thing, indeed, I feel and know it clearly,
That life is not the highest of all goods;
But guilt, guilt is the greatest of all evils."

When we compare the two plays of Schiller, "The Maid of Orleans," and "The Bride of Messina," it is evident that each of them rests on a different dramatic idea, and is characterized by a different dramatic form or plan of execution. The chorus which Schiller has introduced in "The Bride of Messina," is the creation of the ancient Greek drama; or rather the Greek drama itself derived its origin from the chorus. "The Maid of Orleans," like almost all other modern dramas, excludes this peculiar dramatic form, which is essential in the ancient drama.

But it is not only this peculiar dramatic form, it is the fundamental idea, the principles of action, the mode of thinking, which are attributed to the *dramatis personæ*, which characterize "The Bride of Messina," as an attempt at a poetic production in the spirit of the Greek drama.

The chorus, in the ancient drama, is intended to give unity to the changing scenes, the various characters, and different sentiments, which appear in the developement of the drama. The chorus serves this purpose partly in a mechanical, and partly in a moral point of view. In the course of the play different persons are introduced, but the chorus, which generally consists of the principal inhabitants of the town or country in which the scene is laid, commonly remains the same from the beginning to the end of the play. Hence the chorus is used to introduce to the spectators the different persons as they appear in the course of the play, and to connect the different scenes and transactions.

But the chorus brings unity not only into the mechanism, but into the very life and character of the play. While the different dramatic persons are engaged in their own affairs and with each other, the chorus contemplates, sympathizes with, and comments upon the actions, the harmonious or conflicting interests of all. While each of them expresses, by word and action, his individual sentiments, interests, and motives, the chorus keeps up the same mode of thinking and judging, and thus becomes the organ of the public sentiment, the spirit of the age; it presents to

the spectators the moral and religious aspect of the action, as it existed in the mind of the poet.

To obtain this moral and didactic object, the ancient poets could not have found a more appropriate instrument than the chorus. The subjects of the ancient dramas were, in themselves, generally of a public nature; the transactions which they describe are such as were likely to be performed in public, and to engage the sentiments of the public. Besides, even transactions which, according to our customs, are not apt to have many if any witnesses, were less private among a people who, like the Greeks, lived more in the open air than in their houses, more in public than by themselves.

NOTES FOR CRITICISMS.

"The Bride of Messina" an antique, "The Maid of Orleans" a romantic drama.

Fate and will. Interest in the ancient, results from acting in opposition, interest in the Christian from acting in harmony with Providence. Interest of God in the smallest as well as the greatest concerns of his children, which can at any time manifest itself by miracles.

This true faith lies at the bottom of all the legends and tales of the middle ages.

The Maid of Orleans, a virgin, — character formed from the Old Testament. Giving herself entirely up as an instrument; condemning herself, accordingly, even for her humanity, when it is contrary to her mission. She is bound to act only as the divine messenger.

It is important for our philosophic taste, that there should be the greatest economy in applying the miraculous, even in fiction, because its essence is to appear only where human means are insufficient. Hence the spirit knight had better have been omitted.

Historical developement of this faith. Faith first. True miracles. This perception was reflected a thousand fold in innumerable fictions of the same character. Imagination continues to vibrate long after perception has been struck by a fact. Joanna is asked, "Why did you not answer your father?" She answers, "It came from the Father; the prohibition was also paternal."

In the antique we see inexorable fate, absolute predestination; hostile to the highest independent manifestation of human power, breaking the will; even deceiving by ambiguous oracles.

Schiller, in this play, has a mixture of Christianity with heathenism, which he thinks justified by the historical origin of Messina.

In the Nibelungen we find a religion of a similar character, the two oracles about the daughters.

We feel less interested in "The Bride of Messina," because we cherish a more enlightened, and consoling, and encouraging faith. We must look upon this drama as an experiment to compose in the spirit of a by-gone age. Therefore, though we may admire, we do not sympathize.

The abolition of the chorus is certainly an improvement, if the part of the chorus is acted out by the real dramatic characters.

LECTURE IX.

WILLIAM TELL.

First Act.

Scene. A high rocky shore on the Lake of Lucerne, opposite Schwytz. The lake makes an indentation into the land. A hut stands not far from the shore; a fisher-boy is rowing in a boat. On the opposite side of the lake, the green meadows, villages, and farm-houses of Schwytz are seen in clear sunshine. On the left of the spectator, the summit of Mount Hakim appears above the surrounding clouds; on the right hand, and in the distant background, the glaciers are seen. The "*Ranz des Vaches*" is heard, with the chiming of the bells of the herds.

The Fisher-boy sings in the boat.

Air of the "*Ranz des Vaches.*"

"'Come bathe,' says the Lake,
'In the smiling deep!'
Upon its green shore
A boy fell asleep.

Like the voices of angels
In paradise, seem
The flute-notes of music,
That fall on his dream.

And when he awoke
From his blissful rest,
The waters were playing
Around his breast.

'Dear boy, thou art mine!'
It calls from the deep;
'I draw in the loved one,
Whom I catch in his sleep.'"

The prospect is charming; a hollow noise is heard from the mountains. Shadows of clouds are seen flying over the scene. The fishermen, the hunter, and the herdsman with his boy, collect on the banks. They converse on the tempest which is rising. Conrad Baumgarten comes in, breathless with running, and begs the fishermen, for God's sake, to take him over to the opposite side of the lake, because the troopers of the Landvogt are close behind him. He relates to them, in great haste, that he has slain the Burgvogt in order to save the honor of his wife; that on this account he is pursued. — He once more implores the fisherman to take him over to save his life. The fisherman, pointing at the tremendous agitation of the waters, says it is impossible. Baumgarten implores him

on his knees, but without moving him. William Tell, with his cross-bow, enters.

Tell. "Who is this man, here, who is seeking help?"

They inform him of what had happened to Baumgarten.

Fisherman. "Here is Tell, he wields the rudder too;
He shall bear witness whether it can be done.
(*The thunder and the roaring of the Lake increase.*)
Speak, shall I plunge into the jaws of Hell?
No man in his right senses would attempt it."

Tell. "The good man thinks last of himself;—then put
Your trust in God, and save him from destruction."

But the fisherman refuses; and Tell bids Baumgarten to step with him into the boat.

Baumgarten. "You 're my deliverer, my angel, Tell."

Tell. "Out of the Landvogt's power I rescue you,
But from the storm another must preserve us.
Still, you had better fall into the hands
Of God, than those of men. (*To the herdsman.*) You, friend, console
My wife, if something human should befall me.
I have done what I could not leave undone."
(*He pushes from shore.*)

The troopers arrive, and discover, with dismay, the boat on the waves. They accuse the herdsman and fisherman of having abetted the escape of Baumgarten, fall upon the herd, and tear down the hut.

Scene at Heimer, in Schwytz, before the house of Werner. Stauffacher close by the bridge. Gertrude, Stauffacher's wife, finds him sitting sorrowful under the linden tree before the house. She demands, as his faithful wife, her half of his secret sorrow. Stauffacher informs her of the increasing tyranny of the govérnors appointed by the Emperor, and particularly of Gessler, the Vogt of Schwytz. Gertrude reminds him that his example will be followed by all Schwytz, and urges him to consult with the best men of the neighbouring cantons, Uri and Unterwalden, how they may free themselves from the common oppression.

Stauffacher. "My wife, O what a storm of dangerous thoughts
You wake up in my silent breast.
What I should not allow myself to think of,
You speak it boldly with an easy tongue.
Have you considered well what you advise me?
Wild discord and the dreadful sound of arms,
You call into this valley, dear to peace.
Should we, a weak people of herdsmen, venture
To war against the lord of Christendom?
A good pretext is all they 're waiting for,
In order to let loose upon this wretched
Country, the wild hordes of their warlike power."

Gertrude. "You too are men, you too know how to wield
Your battle-axe, and God helps the courageous."

Stauffacher. "O wife, war is a fearful raging terror,
It slays the herd, together with the herdsman."

Gertrude. "With patience we must bear what Heaven may send us ;
No noble heart may bear iniquity."
Stauffacher. "You love this house which we but lately built ; —
War, monstrous war, will burn it to the ground."
Gertrude. "Knew I that worldly treasure bound my heart,
With my own hand I would set fire to it."
Stauffacher. "You cherish faith in human kindness ; war
Spares not the tender infant in the cradle."
Gertrude. "Innocence has in Heaven a friend. O look
Forward, my Werner, do not look behind you."
Stauffacher. "We men can die in valiant fight, but say
What will, O what will be your fate, my Gertrude ?"
Gertrude. "The last choice is within reach of the weakest ;
A leap from yonder bridge will make me free."
Stauffacher (embracing Gertrude). "The man who presses such a heart on his,
Can fight with joy for his own house and flocks."

He resolves on the spot, to go over to Uri, to consult with Walter Furst. When he is about to leave, Tell approaches with Baumgarten.

Tell. "Now you no longer stand in need of me ;
You see the house before you, enter, here
Dwells Stauffacher, a father of the oppressed.
See ! here he is himself, — follow me, come ! "

(*They go to Stauffacher.*)

Scene in Uri. Public place in Altdorf. They are building, at the command of the Governor, a castle to serve as a state prison.

Tell and Stauffacher are coming. Stauffacher, and the masons who are forced to work at the castle, express their resentment at this new attempt of tyranny.

Master Mason. "These sides, these pillars
Stand as if they were built for eternity."

Tell. "What hands have raised, hands can again destroy;
This house of freedom God has built for us."
(*Pointing to the mountain.*)

A hat is carried in on a pole, and a crier announces, in the name of the Vogt, that to this hat, which is to be put up in the public street, the same honor shall be shown as to the Governor himself. No one shall pass it without uncovering his head and bending his knee. The people standing about express their scorn and indignation. Stauffacher endeavours to induce Tell to form a conspiracy against the tyrants.

Stauffacher. "We might do much, if we but stood together."

Tell. "Each man counts safely only on himself."

Stauffacher. "Even the weak are powerful when united."

Tell. "The strong man is most powerful alone."

Stauffacher. "Our country cannot count upon you, when she
Grasps, in despair, the arms of self-defence?"

Tell. "Tell saves a lost lamb from the precipice, —

Should he forsake his friends in time of need ?
But what you do, leave me out of your counsel,
I cannot be comparing long and choosing.
If you want me for any certain deed,
Then call for Tell, you will not call in vain."
(They depart in different directions.)

The house of Walter Furst, in Uri. Arnold von Melchthal, from Unterwalden, whom Walter Furst keeps concealed in his house, in order to protect him from the wrath of the Vogt of Unterwalden, anxiously inquires after his father. He hears the Vogt will revenge upon his father, whom he hates as a friend of freedom, the offence of his son Arnold, who, provoked by the insolence of the Vogt's messenger, had struck him. Walter Furst tells him that he has learned nothing new, and bids him hide himself again in the adjoining room, as he hears some one entering the house. Stauffacher enters, and is received with cordial greetings by Walter Furst. Stauffacher expresses his grief at passing by the castle which the Vogt is just erecting.

Stauffacher. "There never has been such a work in Uri.
Time out of mind no castle has been here,
No dwelling was locked up except the grave."

Walter Furst. "A grave of freedom,—you have named its name."

Stauffacher relates to Walter Furst the dreadful tidings he has just received from Unterwalden, concerning the father of Arnold von Melchthal. Stauffacher, not knowing that Arnold is kept concealed in

Walter Furst's house, relates how the Vogt, when he heard that Arnold had escaped, summoned his father, and when the old man swore, as was the truth, he did not know whither the fugitive had gone, the Landvogt sent for the tormentors.

Walter Furst (endeavours to lead him to the other side of the room). "No more, I pray."

Stauffacher. "'Since the son escaped me,'
He said, 'I hold you here.' They threw him down,
They bored the pointed steel into his eyes."

Walter Furst. "Merciful Heaven."

Arnold von Melchthal (rushing into the room). "Into his eyes, you say?"

Stauffacher (to Walter Furst). "Who is this youth?"

Melchthal (seizes Stauffacher with convulsive vehemence). "Into his eyes? Speak out!"

Walter Furst. "O wretched youth!"

Stauffacher. "Who is he? Say?"

(*Walter Furst makes a sign.*)

Stauffacher. "It is his son! O righteous God!"

Melchthal. "And I
To be away! What! into both his eyes?"

Walter Furst. "Constrain yourself! endure it like a man."

Melchthal. "And for my fault, and for my own transgression.
Blind, then? really blind? and wholly blinded?"

Stauffacher. "You 've said it. Yes, the spring of sight is dry.
The fair light of the sun he 'll see no more."

Walter Furst. "O spare him, spare him!"
Melchthal. "Never, never more.
(*He presses his hands upon his eyes in silence; then he turns now to the one, then to the other.*)
O a noble gift of Heaven is the light
Of the eye! Why do you look at me with such
Commiseration? I have two living eyes,
And I cannot give one to my blind father.
Not one faint ray of this ocean of light, which,
Resplendent, dazzling, presses on my eye."
Stauffacher. "Alas! I must increase your agony,
Instead of healing. He is still more wretched.
The Landvogt has stripped him of all he had,
Has left him nothing but a staff to beg,
Naked and blind, his bread from door to door."
Melchthal. "Nought but a staff to the old man without eyes?
Deprived of all, even of the light of day,
The universal portion of the poorest!
Now let no one advise me to remain
And hide. O what a coward wretch am I,
That I would think of my security,
And not of yours, — that I could leave your head,
Your dear head, in the tyrant's hand.
I go this instant, no one shall restrain me,
My father's eyes to require of the Landvogt.
Ay! in the midst of all his warlike train
I 'll find him out. — What is my life to me,
If I can cool this burning, monstrous pain
In his own blood."

Walter Furst. "Arnold, remain!
What can you do against the Landvogt? There
At Sarnen he resides in his high palace,
And mocks at your weak wrath in his strong castle."

Melchthal. "And though that palace of ice,
Mount Terror, were
His lofty dwelling, a still higher, where
The virgin sits veiled from eternity, —
I find my way to him. With twenty youths,
Who think as I do, I will break his castle."

He is restrained by Walter Furst and Stauffacher in order to consult how they may combine their strength for a general undertaking against the tyrants.

Melchthal. "Ye pious fathers of this land,
You see me, a young man, standing between you,
The wise, experienced men; with modest silence
I stand in the assembly of the people.
Because I 'm young and inexperienced still,
Do not despise my counsel and my words.
Not the impetuous eagerness of youth, —
The painful power of deepest grief impels me;
Grief that might melt the hard rock into pity.
You, too, are fathers, heads of families,
You, too, wish, that a virtuous son should honor
The holy locks, and piously protect
The living stars, in the beloved head.
Over you, too, is the tyrant's sword suspended;
For you have kept this land from Austria.
What else than this was all my father's crime?
You are in the same guilt and condemnation."

Walter Furst wishes first to consult some of the noblemen who have remained true to the country. But Melchthal tells them, there are no names more honored in all Switzerland, than Walter Furst's and Stauffacher's. They agree to form a conspiracy against the governors. Stauffacher undertakes to engage the men of Schwytz; Walter Furst those of Uri; Melchthal those of Unterwalden. Then they will meet again, with ten men from each of the three cantons, at the Rütli, a small strip of land projecting into the lake of Lucerne, in order to concert the measures to be taken.

Second Act.

The ancient baronial estate of Attinghausen in Uri. The Baron of Attinghausen, an old man of eighty-five years, and Rudenz, his nephew and presumptive heir. Attinghausen endeavours to open the eyes of Rudenz to the ambitious designs of Austria upon their own free country. Albrecht, Duke of Austria, being at the same time, by election, Emperor of Germany, was endeavouring to make Switzerland, hitherto an independent member of the German empire, an Austrian province. He warns him against the flattering prospects with which Gessler, the Emperor's Landvogt, tempts him to desert his country and become a vassal of Austria.

Rudenz tells him, that he does not wish to be, like his uncle, only the peer of peasants, to hear nothing but the monotonous chime of the bells of cattle, and the "*Ranz des Vaches*," when he might move in the

splendid circle of the knights and princes, and be earning glory in the battles of the Emperor.

Attinghausen. "Deluded youth, seduced by empty show!
Despise the land that gave you birth; disdain
The pristine, pious manners of your fathers!
The time will come, when you will, with warm tears,
Be longing after your paternal mountains.
And this same simple music of the Alps,
The object of your proud disdain, will seize
Your inmost soul with strong and painful longing,
If e'er you hear it in the foreign land.
O mighty are the impulses of home!
You are not made for that false, foreign world.
There at the Emperor's court you will be ever
A stranger to yourself, with your true heart."

Attinghausen begs Rudenz not to go that day to Gessler's court at Altdorf. Rudenz answers him, that he has promised, and is bound to go. His uncle tells him, that he is bound indeed, but not by his word, but by his passion for Lady Bertha of Bruneck, whose hand he hopes to gain by submission to Austria; but the prize is held out merely to deceive him; the lady herself is not destined for him.

Rudenz refuses compliance with his uncle's request, and departs.

Scene on the Lake of Lucerne. The Rütli.

A meadow surrounded by high rocks and wood. It is night. The lake and the white glaciers are shining in the light of the moon. Melchthal, with the

men of Unterwalden are the first on the spot. They are soon joined by Stauffacher with the men of Schwytz. They welcome each other. Stauffacher comes forward with Melchthal.

Melchthal. "O Stauffacher, I have
Seen him who could not see me in return,
And I have laid my hand upon his eyes;
And hot feelings of vengeance I drank in
From the extinguished sun of his dear face."

Stauffacher. "Speak not of vengeance. Not to avenge the past,
To ward off threatened evil, is our purpose.
Now say what you have done in Unterwalden."

Melchthal gives him an account of his whole perilous and successful journey. All the men of Unterwalden are ready to do what Stauffacher and Walter Furst may think right, and if need be, to die for it. Then he tells him how he came to his own native valley.

"And when I found my father, robbed and blind,
Couched on straw, not his own, and living on
The charity of men" ——

Stauffacher. "O Lord in heaven!"

Melchthal. "I wept not. No, not in unmanly tears
I would pour out the strength of burning pain.
No, as a costly treasure in my heart,
I locked it up, and only thought of deeds."

Melchthal goes on to tell how he went to reconnoitre, himself, the castles Rossberg and Sarnen, the two strongholds of the enemy.

Melchthal. "I was at Sarnen and explored the castle."

Stauffacher. "You dared to seek the tiger in his den?"

Melchthal. "I was there in a pilgrim's dress disguised.
I saw the Landvogt feasting at his table.
Judge whether I be master of my feelings;
I saw the enemy, and slew him not."

The horn of Uri is heard, and Walter Furst with Rösselmen, the minister, and other friends, are seen climbing down the rocks with lanterns. They enter. They all, thirty-three in number, stand around a fire in the centre.

Walter Furst. "Thus, on our own inheritance, on this
Our own paternal soil, we are compelled
To skulk together, like vile criminals;
And, in the night, that lends its sable mantle
Only to deeds of evil and light-shunning
Conspiracy, provide for our good right,
Which is as clear and open as the day."

Melchthal. "What in the dead of night is thus begun,
Shall rise free and rejoicing in the sun."

They agree to form themselves into a legislative assembly, and choose Hal Reding, the Altlandamman of Schwytz, to preside over the meeting.

Stauffacher gives an account of the state of Switzerland before the encroachments on the part of Austria. He shows that, according to their ancient charter, they are independent members of the Ger-

man empire; and then lays before them the whole system of tyranny under which they now suffer.

Stauffacher. "Is there no help against such tyranny?
Nay, the oppressor's power has its bounds.
When the oppressed can find his right no where,
The burden grows too heavy,—then with bold,
Confiding spirit, he lays hold on heaven;
From heaven he takes his everlasting rights.
The pristine state of nature is restored,
Where man stands opposite to man alone.
And when all other means are tried in vain,
He has one last resort, he grasps his sword.
With justice we defend against oppression
Our highest good; we rise up for our country,
We rise up to defend our wives, our children."

All (striking on their swords). "We rise up to defend our wives, our children."

Reding, the president of the assembly, asks them to consider whether it be still possible to obtain their rights by peaceable means. Stauffacher brings forward Conrad Hunn, who had been sent a messenger to the Emperor, to inform him of the tyranny of his governors, and to repeat their earnest petition that he would sign the charter of Switzerland, as all the emperors before him had done. The messenger was treated with contempt at the court of the Emperor, and his solicitations remained fruitless.

They now agree, on a certain day, first, to scale the two castles Rossberg and Sarnen, and then to rouse the whole people to take up arms against the govern-

ors and drive them out of the land ; but to injure the rights of no one, and commit no violence, except in defence of their own rights.

Reding. " Look, while we still are met in nightly counsel,
The morning on the mountain tops already
Has placed its glorious sentries. Let us part,
Before the light of day surprise us here."

Walter Furst. " Fear not ! the night yields slowly in the valleys."

All have taken off their hats, in silence contemplating the sunrise over the Alps.

Rösselman (the priest). " By this pure light, which greets us first of all
The nations that are dwelling far below,
Heavily breathing in the smoke of cities,
Let us swear the oath of our new covenant.
We will be one nation of brothers, never
To separate in danger or distress.
(*All repeat the words holding up their hands.*)
We will be free, free as our fathers were,
And rather die than live in servitude.
(*These words are repeated in the same manner.*)
We 'll put our trust upon the highest God,
And thus we will not fear the power of men."

After they have all repeated these words, they embrace each other, and then depart quietly, in different directions.

Third Act.

Tell's House.

Tell is employed with a carpenter's axe, mending the door; Hedwig, his wife, with some domestic work. Their children, Walter and William, in the further part of the room, are playing with a small cross-bow. Walter sings;

"Bow and arrow bearing,
Over mountain height,
Goes the hunter daring,
With the morning light."

Walter (*comes running to his father*). "The string is broken; will you mend it, father?"

Tell. "Not I. A real marksman helps himself."
(*The boys withdraw.*)

Hedwig. "The boys begin to use the bow already."

Tell. "Who would be master must begin in season."

Hedwig. "O I would rather they should never learn it."

She describes to him the life of constant anxiety she leads on his account, when she knows him hunting on the Alps.

"O! in innumerable changing forms,
Death overtakes the daring chamois hunter."

Tell. "He who is born on it, fears not the mountain." (*Tell takes his hat.*

Hedwig. "Where are you going?"

Tell. "To Altdorf, to your father."

Hedwig. "Have you no dangerous design? Confess!"

Tell. "Why do you think so, dear?"

Hedwig. "Something is plotting
Against the governors; there was a meeting,
I know, in Rütli; you, too, are among them."

Tell. "I was not present there,—but if the country
Should call me, I shall not withdraw my arm."

Hedwig. "Yes, they will place you where the danger is;
Assign to you the hardest work, as always."

Tell. "Each one is taxed according to his means."

Hedwig. "The man from Unterwalden, too, you carried
Across the lake. It was a wonder that you
Escaped. Did you not think, then, of your children,
And of your wife?"

Tell. "Dear wife, I thought of you;
Therefore I saved a father to his children."

(*The children come back.*)

Walter. "Father, where are you going?"

Tell. "To Altdorf,
To grandfather. Will you go with me?"

Walter. "Gladly!"

Hedwig. "The Landvogt now is there. O do not go,
Only to-day do not! Rather go hunting."

Tell. "What is the matter?"

Hedwig. "I feel troubled; stay."

Tell. "Why so torment yourself without a reason?"

Hedwig. "Because I find no reason. O remain!"

Tell. "My dear wife, I have promised to be there."

Hedwig. "Well, if you must; — but leave the child with me."

Walter. "No, my dear mother. I would go with father."

Hedwig. "My little Walter, would you leave your mother?"

Walter. "I 'll bring you something pretty from grandfather." (*He goes with Tell.*)

William. "Mother, I stay with you."

Hedwig. "Yes, my Willie,
You 're my dear child; the only one that 's left me."

(*She goes to the gate and follows them a long time with her eyes.*)

Scene, a wild forest. BERTHA, *of Bruneck, in a hunting-dress.*

Bertha. "He follows me. At last I can speak freely." (*Rudenz joins her.*)

Rudenz. "At last, my lady, I find you alone.
In this wild solitude there is no witness.
Now from my heart I throw this long, deep silence."

Bertha. "Are you assured the hunt will not o'ertake us."

Rudenz. "The hunt is gone in that direction. Now
Or never! I must see my fate decided,
Though it should sever me from you for ever.
O do not arm your gentle looks with this

Discouraging severity. Who am I,
That I should raise to you my daring hopes ?
As yet fame has not named me. I cannot
Claim competition with the far-famed knights,
Who, crowned with victory, desire your hand.
A loving, faithful heart is all I have."

Bertha. "How can you speak to me of truth and love,
While you are faithless to your nearest duties ?
(*Rudenz starts back.*)
The slave of Austria, who sells himself
To the stranger, the oppressor of his people !"

Rudenz. "From you, my lady, this reproach ? Who is it
But you, that I am seeking on that side."

Bertha. "And did you think to find me on the side
Of treason ? Nay, much rather would I tender
My hand to Gessler, the oppressor, than
To the degenerate son of Switzerland,
Who condescends to make himself a tool."

Rudenz. "Do I not wish the welfare of my people ?
Peace under Austria's protecting sceptre" ——

Bertha. "No ! Servitude you would prepare for them ;
Would help to banish freedom from the last
Stronghold that yet remains to her on earth.
The people know their happiness far better ;
No specious falsehood can mislead their hearts,
While over your head they have cast the net."

Rudenz. "Bertha, you hate me, you despise me."

Bertha. "Better
For me if I could do so. But to see
The man disdained, and worthy of disdain,
To whom the heart inclines" ——
Rudenz. "O Bertha, Bertha,
At the same time a heavenly good you show me,
While into hopeless misery you throw me."
Bertha. "No, the divine spark is not yet extinct
In you; it only slumbers, I will wake it;
You must use violence against yourself,
To kill the native excellence within you.
'T is well that it is stronger than yourself,
And you, in spite of you, are good and noble."
Rudenz. "O Bertha, you believe in me. Your love
Enables me to be whate'er you wish me."
Bertha. "Be
What glorious nature meant you should be;
Attempt to fill the place which she assigned you;
Stand firmly by your people, by your country;
Fight bravely for your sacred right!"
Rudenz. "But O!
How then can I attain you, how possess you,
If I oppose the power of the Emperor?"
Bertha. "What I possess lies in these mountain lands;
If Switzerland be free, I too am free."
Rudenz. "Could you indeed resolve to live amongst us,
And to be mine in this my native land?
Bertha! my striving after distant goods,

What was it but a striving after you ?
What was my aim in the pursuit of glory
But you ? All my ambition was my love."

Bertha. "Now you are all that my foreboding heart
Had seen in you. My faith had not deceived me."

Rudenz. "Away, vain phantom which demented me !
Here, in my home, I shall find all I long for ;
Here, in my native land, you will be mine.
But how shall I find means to loose the coil
Which my own folly threw about my neck ?"

Bertha. "Break it in twain with manly resolution ;
Whatever be the end, stand by your people ;
It is the place you 're born to. Hark, the hunt
Draws nearer ; we must part. Rudenz, away !
Fight for your land ! you 're fighting for your love."

A meadow close by Altdorf. Trees in the foreground; behind which a hat is suspended on a pole.

Two of Gessler's men, standing sentinel by the hat, complain of their ridiculous situation. The road, which was formerly crowded, is now desolate, because people will rather go round half the village, than pay respect to the hat. Tell comes walking along with Walter, his boy, without regarding the hat. He is arrested by one of the sentries.

Tell. "What do you want of me ? why do you stop me ?"

Sentry. "You have refused obeisance to the hat."

Tell. "Friend, let me go !"

Sentry. "Off with him into prison !"

Walter runs into the village crying for help. Walter Furst, Stauffacher, Melchthal, with many others, approach. Walter Furst offers his bailment for Tell; but all remonstrances remain fruitless. They then attempt to rescue him by force, but Tell prevents them. The sentinels cry "Treason! help!" and presently Gessler, on horseback, with the falcon on his wrist, enters, preceded by Rudolf Harras, and followed by Bertha, Rudenz, and others, returning from the chase, with a great number of armed men, who enclose the whole scene with their lances.

Rudolf. "Make way, make way for the Governor."

Gessler. "Disperse them!
Why do they here collect in crowds? Who was it
That cried for help?"

The sentries report to him what has passed.

Gessler. "Tell, do you thus despise your Emperor,
And me, who have command here in his place?
You have betrayed your evil mind to me."

Tell. "Forgive me, my dear Sir! from thoughtlessness
I 've failed, and not from disrespect to you."

Gessler (*after a pause*). "You are a master with the cross-bow, Tell;
They say you are a match for any marksman."

Walter Tell. "And this is true, Sir; at a hundred paces
My father shoots an apple from the tree."

Gessler. "Is this your boy, Tell?"

Tell. "Yes, he is, my Lord."

Gessler. "And have you more than one child?"

Tell. "Two, my Lord."

Gessler. "And which of these is it that you love best?"

Tell. "Equally dear to me are both my children."

Gessler. "Well, since you shoot an apple from a tree, Tell,
I 'll make you prove your skill before me; take
Your bow, you have it ready, and prepare
Yourself, from this boy's head to shoot an apple;
But let me counsel you to take good aim,
That you may hit, at the first shot, the apple;
For, if you miss, your head is forfeited."

(*General consternation.*)

Tell. "Heavens! what a never-heard-of, monstrous thing
Do you require! from the head of my dear child!
No, my dear Sir, O no, this cannot be
Your meaning. Gracious Heaven forbid! you cannot
Demand this in full earnest, from a father."

Gessler. "Nay, you will shoot from this boy's head the apple;
I do require, I do demand it."

Tell. "What?
Shall I, with this my bow, take aim, upon
The dear head of my child? I 'll rather die."

Gessler. "You shoot, — or die together with your child."

Bertha interferes, and implores the Landvogt not to play with the agony of a father. Walter Furst, who

with difficulty restrains the impetuosity of Melchthal, casts himself at the feet of the Landvogt, and offers him half of his property, nay, the whole, if he will release Tell.

Walter Tell. "Grandfather, do not kneel before this false one.
Tell me where I shall stand. I 'm not afraid.
Why, father hits a bird high in the air;
He will not fail and hurt his little Walter."

Stauffacher and Roesselman implore the Landvogt in vain; he breaks an apple from a tree, to be put upon the boy's head.

Gessler. "Go! bind him to that linden tree!"

Walter Tell. "Bind me!
No, I 'll not be bound. I will be still,
Still as a lamb; I will not draw a breath.
But if you bind me, then I cannot do it;
Then I shall, raging, strive against my bonds."

Rudolf Harras. "Then let me only bind your eyes, my lad."

Walter Tell. "Why bind my eyes? Do you suppose I fear
The arrow from my father's hand? I will
Await it steadily, I will not wink.
Take courage, father! show that you 're a marksman.
He 'll not believe, he means to ruin us.
In spite of this fierce tyrant, shoot and hit!"

(*He goes to the linden tree; the apple is placed on his head.*)

Melchthal (*to the country people*). "What, shall we suffer that before our eyes
This crime be done? To what then have we sworn?"

Stauffacher. "It is impossible. We have no arms; You see the forest of lances round about us."

Gessler tells them that he means to prevent every one but those who rule, from bearing arms; or, if they wish to handle bow and arrow, he will give them the mark.

Tell (places an arrow in his bow). "Off, clear the road!"

Stauffacher. "How? Tell, you would? — You cannot.

"No, you tremble,
Your hands are shaking, and your knees are sinking."

Tell. "A mist before my eyes!"

Women. "O God in heaven!"

Tell (to the Landvogt). "Release me from the shot! Here is my heart!
Command your men to pierce me with their lances."

Gessler. "I do not want your life, I want the shot.
You can do every thing, Tell, you fear nothing;
You wield the rudder as you do the bow;
No tempest frightens you if you can save one.
Now saviour, save thyself, you 're saving all."

Tell stands in fearful struggle, casting his rolling eyes now upon the Landvogt, then upon heaven. Suddenly he seizes his quiver, takes a second arrow from it and puts it in his girdle. The Landvogt observes all his motions.

Walter Tell (from under the Linden Tree). "Shoot, father; I 'm not afraid."

Tell. "It must be."

Rudenz, after having for a long time constrained himself, steps before the Landvogt, first entreats, then demands of him to put a stop to a proceeding for which he has no authority from the Emperor.

Gessler. "What, daring youth, such language to your master?"

Rudenz. "My master is the Emperor, not you.
I am free born as you are, I am ready
To vie with you in every manly virtue.
Yes, only call your troopers! I am not
Defenceless like the others. — I 've a sword,
And he who dares come near" ——

Stauffacher. "The apple is fallen."

Roesselm. "The child lives!"

Many voices. "The apple is hit."

Gessler. "What! has he shot, the madman, has he?"

(*Walter Furst, on the point of sinking, is supported by Bertha.*)

Bertha. "The boy is safe, come to yourself, good father!"

Walter Tell (*comes running with the apple.*)
"Father, here is the apple. O, I knew it;
I knew you would not hurt your little boy."

Tell, after he had discharged the arrow, bending forward, as if he would follow it, — when he sees the boy coming, hurries toward him with outspread arms, raises him to his bosom, and then sinks down fainting.

Walter Furst (*to father and son*). "My children, O my children!"

Stauffacher. "God be praised."

Gessler. "By heaven! the apple shot right through the middle.
It was a master shot; and I must praise it."
Roesselm. "The shot was good, — but woe to him who has
Urged it upon him, that he tempted God."
Stauffacher. "Recover, Tell, rise! manfully you have
Redeemed yourself, and can go home in peace."
Roesselm. "Come! come! and take the child home to his mother."

(*As they are on the point of leading Tell away, Gessler calls.*)

Gessler. "Tell, hear me!"
Tell (*coming back*). "What is your command?"
Gessler. "I saw you
Putting a second arrow in your girdle.
Yes, yes, I saw it well. What was the meaning?"
Tell (*embarrassed*). "Sir, that is customary among marksmen."
Gessler. "No, Tell; this answer will not satisfy me;
I think it must have had some other meaning.
Speak out the truth, Tell, frankly, cheerfully;
Whate'er it be, your life shall be secure.
What was the meaning of that second arrow?"
Tell. "Well then, Sir, since you have insured my life,
I will declare to you the truth completely.

(*Taking the arrow from his girdle, with a fearful glance at the Landvogt.*)

This second arrow, Landvogt, should have pierced
Your heart, — if I had hit my own dear child ;
And, be assured, you I should not have missed."

Gessler. " Well, Tell, your life I have secured to you.
I gave my knightly word, and I shall keep it.
But as I have now known your bad intention,
I will that you shall be removed, and kept,
Where neither sun nor moon shall visit you,
That I may live securely from your arrows.
Bind him ; carry him to my ships ! I follow
You soon ; I will take him myself to Küssnacht."

(*Tell is bound.*)

The people in vain remonstrate, that this is contrary to their privileges. Gessler call them rebels, and withdraws, with his attendants.

Stauffacher. " O Tell ! wherefore did you excite the tyrant ? "

Tell. " Who, that had felt my pain, could have refrained ? "

The People (*surrounding Tell*). " With you the last hope of the country sinks."

One of Gessler's Guard (*comes forward*).
" Tell, I 'm sorry, but I must obey."

Walter Tell (*clinging to him in violent grief*).
" O father, father, my dear father."

Tell (*lifting his hands to Heaven*).
" Above there is your father, call on him ! "

Stauffacher. " Tell, shall I not say something to your wife ? "

Tell (raising the boy to his breast).
" The child is safe, and God will be my helper."
(He departs quickly and follows the guards.)

FOURTH ACT. *The eastern shore of the Lake of Lucerne. The Lake violently agitated by a tempest.*

The Fisherman and his Boy are conversing on the dreadful events at Uri, and the fate of Tell. The bell on the mountain is rung, as a signal, that a vessel is in distress, that the people on the shore may pray for it. The boy recognises it as the governor's ship from Uri.

Fisherman. " Judgments of God ! Yes, it is he himself,
The haughty Landvogt ; there he sails along,
And with him, in his ship, he bears his crime.
O swiftly the avenger's arm has found him ;
Now o'er himself he knows a stronger master.
These waves pay no attention to his voice,
These rocks will not bow down their heads before
His hat ; — nay, do not pray, my boy ! do not
Attempt to stay the arm of the avenger."

Boy. " It is not for the Landvogt I am praying ; I pray for Tell, who is on board with him."

Fisherman. " They have indeed a skilful, valiant helmsman
On board ; if one can save them it is Tell.
But ah ! his hands and feet are bound in fetters."

William Tell, with his bow, comes forward. He kneels down, spreading out his arms to the ground, then to Heaven.

Boy. "See, father, see, who is the man who kneels there? (*Goes nearer.*)
What do I see? O father, come and look!"

Fisherman. "Who is it? God in heaven! Tell! is it you?
Were you not carried in the ship to Küssnacht?"

Tell. "I 'm free."

Fisherman and Boy. "You 're free! — O hand of Heaven!
Whence do you come?"

Tell. "There from the vessel."

Fisherman. "What?
Where is the Landvogt?"

Tell. "Floating on the waves."

Tell relates how he lay, bound hand and foot, in the vessel, expecting never to see again his dear wife and children; when that tremendous tempest arose, and all the sailors began to despair. Then Tell heard one of them entreat the Landvogt, in this extreme distress, to make use of him as the only man that could possibly save them; and the Landvogt promised Tell to loose his bonds if he would venture to steer the vessel in this storm. He seized the helm, and sailed along the coast, until he came to the great Axenberg, where he saw a flat rock projecting into the lake. Now he called on all the sailors to make toward the shore. He pressed the vessel close to the shore; and, suddenly snatching his bow, that lay on the stern, he jumped upon the rock, and, with a powerful kick upon the vessel that was pressing after him, he hurled it back into the raging waters.

Tell. "Thus am I here, saved from the tempest's power,
And from the more inhuman power of men."

Tell then inquires the straightest way to Küssnacht, and begs the fisherman, whom he knows as one of those who had sworn upon the Rütli, to go to Buerglen, to his wife, where he would find also Walter Furst, his father-in-law, and other friends.

"Tell them to take good courage and be glad,
For Tell is free, and master of his arm.
They soon shall hear some further news of me."

Fisherman. "What now is your intention? Tell me freely."

Tell. "When it is done, 't is time to talk about it."

Fisherman (*to his Boy*). "Show him the way, Jemmy! God be with him.
Whatever he begins, he 's sure to end it."

The Castle of Altingham. The Baron of Attinghausen, a few minutes before his death, is informed by Walter Furst and Stauffacher, that his nephew, Rudenz, has joined the cause of his country; and that the country people have sworn upon the Rütli to free themselves from their tyrants. He blesses the child, upon whose head the apple lay, and who is kneeling before him with his mother, and dies in admonishing them to be and remain for ever united. Rudenz, who arrives after his uncle's death, is received by them first, as their feudal lord, and, after a frank confession of his error, as a friend. He tells

them, that Bertha has been carried away secretly, he knows not where, at the command of the Landvogt. He persuades them not to put off the execution of their plan any longer; but immediately to attack the castles, and then, by kindling fires on the mountain tops, give the concerted signal for general insurrection.

THIRD SCENE. *The hollow at Küssnacht.*

You descend from behind amid rocks; and travellers, before appearing on the scene, are seen from the height above. Rocks encircle the whole space. On one of the foremost, is a projecting crag, overgrown with brushwood.

Tell (enters with his bow). "Here through the hollow way he 'll pass; there is
No other road to Küssnacht: here I 'll do it!
The opportunity is good; the bushes
Of alder there will hide me; from that point
My arrow hits him; the strait pass prevents
Pursuit. Now, Gessler, balance thy account
With Heaven! Thou must be gone: thy sand is run.
"Remote and harmless I have lived; my bow
Ne'er bent, save on the wild beast of the forest;
My thoughts were free of murder. Thou hast scared me
From my peace; to fell asp-poison hast thou
Changed the milk of kindly temper in me;
Thou hast accustomed me to horrors. Gessler!
The archer, who could aim at his boy's head,
Can send an arrow to his enemy's heart.

"Poor little boys! My kind, true wife! I will
Protect them from thee, Landvogt! When I drew
That bowstring, and my hand was quivering,
And with devilish joy thou mad'st me point it
At the child, and I, in fainting anguish,
Entreated thee in vain; then with a grim,
Irrevocable oath, deep in my soul,
I vowed to God in heaven, that the next aim
I took should be thy heart. The vow I made
In that despairing moment's agony,
Became a holy debt; and I will pay it."

A wedding company crosses the scene, and mounts up through the pass. Tell looks at them, leaning on his bow; Stüssi, the Forester, joins him.

Stüssi. "'T is Klostermey'r of Morlischachen holds
His bridal feast to-day; a wealthy man;
Has half a score of glens i' th' Alps. They 're going
To fetch the bride from Imisee; to-night
There will be mirth and wassail down at Küssnacht.
Come you! All honest people are invited."

Tell. "A serious guest befits not bridal feasts."

Armgart's wife enters with several children, and places herself at the entrance of the pass.

Stüssi. "Good bye! You 're waiting here some one."

Tell. "That I am."

Stüssi. "Glad meeting with your friends!
You are from Uri! His Grace the Landvogt
Is expected thence to-day."

Traveller (enters). "Expect not

The Landvogt now. The waters, from the rain,
Are flooded, and have swept down all the bridges."
(*Tell rises.*)

Armgart (*coming forward*). "The Vogt not come?"

Stüssi. "Did you want aught of him?"

Armgart. "Ah yes, indeed!"

Stüssi. "Why have you placed yourself
In this strait pass to meet him?"

Armgart. "In the pass
He cannot turn aside from me, must hear me."

Frieshard (*coming hastily down the pass, calls into the scene*).

"Make way! my Lord the Landvogt
Is riding close at hand."

Armgart. "The Landvogt coming!"

(*Armgart goes with her children to the front of the scene. Gessler and Rudolf Harras appear on horseback at the top of the pass.*)

Gessler (*to Rudolf*). "Say what you like, I am the Emperor's servant;
And I must think of pleasing him. He sent me
Not to caress these hinds, to soothe and nurse them.
Obedience is the word! the point at issue, —
Shall Boor or Emp'ror be lord in this land."

Rudolf. "But yet the people have some rights."

Gessler. "Which now
Is not a time for settling or admitting."

Armgart (*throwing herself before the Landvogt*).

"Have mercy, gracious Landvogt! Justice! justice!"

Gessler. "Why do you plague me here, and stop my way
In the open road? Off! let me pass!"
Armgart. "My husband
Is in prison. These orphans cry for bread.
Have pity, good your Grace, have pity on us."
Rudolf Harras. "You shall have justice.
In the castle there bring forward your petition.
This is not the place."
Armgart. "No, no! I stir not
From this spot till you give up my husband.
'T is the sixth month he has lain in the dungeon,
Waiting for the sentence of some judge in vain."
Gessler. "Woman! wouldst thou lay hands on me? Begone."
Armgart. "Do justice, Landvogt! Thou 'rt judge of the land here,
In the Emp'ror's stead and God's. Perform thy duty!
As thou expectest justice from above,
Show it to us!"
Gessler. "Off! Take the mutinous babbler
From my sight."
Armgart (*catching the bridle of his horse*).
"No, no! I now have nothing more
To lose. Thou shalt not move a step, Vogt,
Till thou hast done me right. Ay, knit thy brows
And roll thy eyes as sternly as thou wilt!
We are so wretched now, we care not
Aught more for thy anger."
Gessler. "Woman, makeway,
Or else my horse shall crush thee."

Armgart. "Let it, then!

(*She pulls her children to the ground, and throws herself along with them in the way.*)

Her I am with my children! Let the orphans
Be trodden underneath the horse's hoofs.
'T is not the worst that thou hast done."

Rudolf. "Woman, art mad?"

Armgart (*with still greater violence*). "'T is long that thou hast trodden
The Emp'ror's people under foot, — too long!
O! I am but a woman; were I a man,
I should find something else to do
Than lie here crying in the dust."

(*The music of the wedding is again heard at the top of the pass.*)

Gessler. "Where are my servants?
Quick! take her hence. I may forget myself,
And do the thing I shall repent."

Rudolf. "My Lord,
The servants cannot pass. The place above
Is crowded by a bridal company."

Gessler. "I am too mild a ruler to this people;
They are not tamed as they should be. Their tongues
Are still at liberty. This shall be altered!
I will break that stubborn humor; freedom,
With its pert vauntings, shall no more be heard of.
I will enforce a new law in these lands;
There shall not ——

(*An arrow pierces him; he claps his hand upon his heart, and is about to sink. With a faint voice,*)

God be merciful to me!"

Rudolf. "Herr Landvogt! — God! What is it? Whence came it?"

Armgart (springing up). "Dead! dead! He totters, sinks! 'T has hit him!"

Rudolf (springs from his horse). "Horrible! O God of heaven! Herr Ritter,
Cry to God for mercy! You are dying."

Gessler. "'T is Tell's arrow."

(Has slid down from his horse into Rudolf's arms, who sets him on the stone bench.)

Tell (appears above, on the point of the rock). "Thou hast found the archer;
Seek no other. Free are the cottages;
Secure is innocence from thee; thou wilt
Torment the land no more."

(Disappears from the height. The people rush in.)

Stüssi (foremost). "What! What has happened?"

Armgart. "The Landvogt shot, killed by an arrow."

People (rushing in). "Who? Who is shot?"

Whilst the foremost of the wedding company enter on the scene, the hindmost are still on the height, and the music continues.

Rudolf. "He 's bleeding, bleeding to death.
Away! Seek help; pursue the murderer!
Lost man! Must it so end with thee? Thou wouldst not
Hear my warning!"

Stüssi. "Sure enough! There lies he,
Pale, and going fast."
Many voices. "Who was it killed him?"
Rudolf. "Are the people mad, that they make music
Over murder? Stop it, I say!
(*The music ceases suddenly; more people come crowding round.*)
Herr Landvogt,
Can you not speak to me? Is there nothing
You would intrust me with?
(*Gessler makes signs with his hand, and vehemently repeats them, as they are not understood.*)
Where shall I run?
To Küssnacht? I cannot understand you.
O grow not angry! Leave the things of earth,
And think how you shall make your peace with Heaven!"
(*The whole bridal company surround the dying man, with an expression of unsympathizing horror.*)
Stüssi. "Look there! How pale he grows!
Now! Death is coming
Round his heart; his eyes grow dim and fixed."
Armgart (*lifts up one of her children.*) "See, children, how a miscreant departs!"
Rudolf. "Out on you, crazy hags! Have ye no touch
Of feeling in you, that ye feast your eyes
On such an object? Help me, lend your hands!
Will no one help to pull the torturing arrow
From his breast?"

Women (*start back*). "We touch him, whom
God has smote!"
Rudolf. "My curse upon you!"
(*Draws his sword.*)
Stüssi (*lays his hand on Rudolf's arm*). "Softly,
my good Sir!
Your government is at an end. The tyrant
Is fallen; we will endure no further violence;
We are free."
All (*tumultuously*). "The land is free!"
Rudolf. "Ha! runs it so?
Are rev'rence and obedience gone already?
(*To the armed attendants who press in.*)
You see the murd'rous deed that has been done.
Our help is vain; vain to pursue the murd'rer;
Other cares demand us. On! To Küssnacht!
To save the Kaiser's fortress! For at present
All bonds of order, duty, are unloosed;
No man's fidelity is to be trusted."
(*Whilst he departs with the attendants, appear six Fratres Misericordiæ.*)
Armgart. "Room! Room! Here come the
Friars of Mercy."
Stüssi. "The victim slain, the ravens are assembling!"
Fratres Misericordiæ (*form a half circle round the dead body, and sing in deep tone*).
"With noiseless tread, death comes on man
No plea, no prayer delivers him;
From midst of busy life's unfinished plan,
With sudden hand, it severs him;

And ready or not ready, — no delay,
Forth to his Judge's bar he must away ! "

Fifth Act.

Scene *in Uri. Public place in Altdorf.*

The fire signals are seen on all the mountains. The people collect to break down the castle that was intended for a state prison. Walter Furst is waiting for news from Schwytz and Unterwalden. Melchthal and Baumgarten enter.

Melchthal. " What ! does this castle stand yet ?
That of Sarnen
Is laid in ashes, and Rossberg is taken."

Walter Furst. " Is it you, Melchthal ? Do you bring us freedom ?
Say, are the lands cleared from the enemy ? "

Melchthal (*embracing him*). " Our native soil is pure. Rejoice, old father,
For at this moment, while we are conversing,
There is no tyrant left in Switzerland."

Walter Furst. " O tell me, how did you conquer the castles ? "

Melchthal. " Young Rudenz was the one that took the castle
Of Sarnen, by a bold, heroic deed.
Rossberg was scaled the night before by me.
But hear what happened after we had cleared
The castle from the foe, and, set on fire,
The flames already crackling rose to heaven.
Diethelm, the page of Gessler, rushed forth, crying,
' Bertha of Bruneck is in the burning castle ! ' "

Walter Furst. "O righteous Heaven!"
Melchthal. "Yes, it was Bertha; secretly
Was she locked up there by the Vogt's command.
In frantic fury Rudenz rose, already
We heard the timber falling, and the firm pillars,
And through the clouds of smoke the cries for help
Of the unhappy woman."
Walter Furst. "Is she saved?"
Melchthal. "A quick resolve was then the one thing needful;
Had he been nothing but our feudal lord,
May be we should have loved our lives too well;
But he was our sworn friend, — and Lady Bertha
Honored the people, so we staked our lives
With cheerful trust, and rushed into the fire."
Walter Furst. "And she was saved!"
Melchthal. "She is. Rudenz and I
Together, carried her out of the flames;
And crashing, the whole fabric fell behind us.
And when she saw herself in safety, when she
Opened her eyes now to the light of heaven,
Now the young nobleman flew to my breast,
Now with a silent oath we formed a union,
Which has grown solid in the flames of fire,
And will be proof against all earthly trials."
Walter Furst. "Where is the Vogt of Landenberg."
Melchthal. "He 's gone
Over the Brünig; — 't is not my fault, that he
Who took my father's eyes, went over seeing.
I chased him, overtook him in his flight;
I threw him down before my father's face;

The sword already was raised over his head,
When from the mercy of the blind old man,
The suppliant received the boon of life.
With oath he promised never to return;
Which he will keep, for he has felt our arm."

Walter Furst. "I give you joy that you did not disgrace
With blood, this holy triumph."

Children (running over the scene with fragments from the broken castle). "Freedom! freedom!"

Roesselm and Stauffacher enter, with the news that the Emperor is dead, murdered by his own nephew, Duke John of Suabia, whose patrimony the Emperor had unjustly kept back from him. A letter from the Empress to the three lands, Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwalden, is read, in which she admonishes them not to give protection to the murderers if they should seek refuge in Switzerland, but help her to avenge the crime. They resolve neither to exult over the death of the Emperor, who had oppressed them, nor to assist in avenging it.

Stauffacher. "But where is Tell? must he alone be wanting,
He who laid the foundation of our freedom,
He who has done the best, suffered the hardest?
Come all, go in procession to his house,
And hail him the deliverer of all."

Tell's house.

HEDWIG, WALTER, *and* WILLIAM.

Hedwig. "Your father comes to-day. Children, dear children,

He lives, he 's free, and we and all are free ;
And 't is your father who has saved the country."

Walter. " And I, too, have done something, dearest mother.
My name, too, must be mentioned. Father's arrow
Passed close over my head, and, mother,
I did not tremble."

Hedwig. " Yes, you are once more
Restored to me. I have you both, my children !
And this day your dear father comes again."

Walter (*jumping up*). " Mother ! 't is father."
(*He rushes out.*)

Hedwig. " O my God ! "
(*She moves towards the door, trembles, and supports herself.*)

William. " Father." (*He runs out.*)

Walter (*before the house*). " O here you are ! "

William. " My father, dearest father ! "

Tell (*before the house*). " Yes, I am here again.
Where is your mother ? "
(*They enter the house.*)

Walter. " Here by the door she stands, and cannot move,
Trembling with fear and joy."

Tell. " O Hedwig, Hedwig, mother of my children !
God has helped us, no tyrant is between us."

Hedwig (*hanging upon his neck*). " O Tell ! Tell ! what have I endured for you ! "

Tell. " Forget it all, and live to joy alone !
Yes, here I am once more. This is my hut,
I stand again in my own patrimony."

William. "But, father dear, where have you left
your bow?
I do not see it."
Tell "You never will see it.
I have preserved it in a sacred place;
It shall no more be used for any chase."
Hedwig (letting go his hand and stepping back).
"O Tell!"
Tell. "What terrifies you, my dear wife?"
Hedwig. "How, how do you come back to me?
This hand,
How can I dare to grasp it,— God! this hand"——
Tell. "It has defended you, has saved the country;
And freely I can lift it up to Heaven."

A Monk, who has meanwhile entered the house, implores Tell's protection, because he suffers persecution for having, like Tell, slain his enemy, in defence of his right. Tell sends his wife and children out of his presence. He recognises the Duke John of Suabia, who has slain the Emperor, his uncle. Tell solemnly protests against this attempt at confounding the dreadful crime of John the Parricide, with his own righteous action of desperate self-defence. He disclaims all connexion with the fugitive; but, touched by his extreme wretchedness, he directs him to go to Rome, confess to the Pope his crime, and await his fate. He points out the way to Rome, and provides him bountifully for his long, miserable journey. The Alpine horns are heard at a distance. The Parricide departs.

The whole valley, before Tell's house, is seen

filled with people. Walter Furst, leading the two boys by the hand, comes forward, with Stauffacher and Melchthal.

All. "Hail, Tell! Hail to the marksman, the deliverer."

While the men who stand nearest are saluting Tell, Rudenz and Bertha enter; Bertha embraces Hedwig; Rudenz the countrymen. The music from the mountain accompanies this mute scene. Then Bertha steps in the midst of them.

"Countrymen! freemen! let me find amongst you
A home; the first who has the happiness
To find protection in this land of freedom.
Into your valiant hands I place my rights.
Will you protect me as your citizen?"

People. "We will, with heart and hand."

Bertha. "Then here
I offer my right hand to this young man,
A free Swiss woman, to the worthy freeman."

Rudenz. "And I announce freedom to all my bondsmen."

Stauffacher. "So be it. Now give me your true hand,
And yours, too, Melchthal; and, as we three men,
Amongst ourselves, at this time hold each other
Earnestly by the hand, in perfect truth,
Thus, also, we three lands will stand together,
For offence and defence, for life and death."

Walter Furst and Melchthal. "For life and death."

"William Tell" was the last, and, according to Schlegel's judgment, the most perfect of Schiller's dramatic works. There is, certainly, not one of his plays that surpasses or equals "William Tell" in the truth and beauty of the description of natural scenery, and the truth and beauty of the delineation of human character, and particularly in revealing the harmony between the divine, in the physical, and in the moral world. To illustrate this fundamental harmony, which explains the mysterious longings, the rapturous emotions, the ominous fears, and the still thanksgiving of the heart, which the contemplation of nature, in its various aspects, excites in man, Schiller could not have chosen a better theme than the pristine manners and character of the ancient Swiss, harmonizing with the everlasting features of their native land. The same purity and transparency ——— *

* Dr. Follen never finished writing his criticism on "William Tell." Reading the play excited him so powerfully, that he preferred speaking of it from the fulness of his heart. He thought more highly of it than of any other of Schiller's plays. His last words in public were the expression of his feelings upon this subject.

LECTURE X.

DRAMATIC SKETCHES.

In the course of lectures which I shall finish this evening, I have given a full sketch, accompanied by some critical remarks, of each of those works of Schiller which, before others, assign to him his place and rank in literature. I have endeavoured to bring him before you as a dramatic poet.

Besides the nine complete original dramas, of which I have given an account, he composed a small lyric play, called "The Homage of the Arts." He also left several fragments and sketches of original plays, and some translations of foreign dramas.

"The Homage of the Arts" is a simple, tender, and tasteful composition, of the pastoral, or idyllic character, designed for the reception of the bride of the hereditary Prince of Saxe Weimar. It contains some fine descriptions of the characteristic attributes of each of the seven fine arts; and the poet delicately preserves the celestial dignity of the daughters of genius, by addressing, exciting, and gratifying those feelings, which alone ennoble the Princess in the eye of the poet, — her appreciation of true and simple kindness, and her love of the beautiful. Among the frag-

nents, "The Misanthrope" is first to be mentioned, of which some scenes appeared first in the "Rhenish Thalia," under the title of "The Reconciled Misanthrope." From this title, and from some conversation which his friend Körner remembered to have had with Schiller on that subject, his plan seems to have been this. Hutten, who in this fragment is represented as having become a hater of men from a disappointed, enthusiastic love of man, should, at last, be rescued from his melancholy, partly by the unwearied efforts of his devoted friends, and partly by his coming in contact with some misanthropes who had become such from motives wholly different from his own.

The deep longing, the refined tenderness, and philosophic enthusiasm with which Hutten clings to beautiful nature, and finds in it the features of the divine image of which he had seen only a caricature in man, is touching and interesting; but the sentimental egotism which characterizes his conversation with his daughter Angelica, seems to require a similar state of mind in order to sympathize with it.

Besides "The Misanthrope," of which we possess only a fragment, without a plan of the whole, Schiller left four sketches of plays, exhibiting the plot of each, with some scenes or parts of scenes. One of these, "Demetrius," is founded on the history of Dimitry, the pretender to the Russian crown in the beginning of the fifteenth century. The dramatic interest of the play would, according to the plan, have consisted partly in the circumstance that Demetrius acts first

under the honest impression, that he is really the son of Iwan the Czar of Russia, and afterward, having discovered his delusion, constrains his better nature to a wrong self-consistency in supporting his assumed character. The interest in this character must have been increased by the contrast it would have formed with that of Marfa, the mother of the true Dimitry who is dead, who is induced by the feeling of vengeance against the reigning Czar, Boris, to support the claims of the pretended Dimitry, but afterward, when by solemn religious impressions she feels compelled to decide between her personal feelings of gratified resentment and pride, and her maternal emotions, the mother prevails in her soul over the ambitious, offended woman, and she ruins the successful instrument of her vengeance by disclaiming him as her son.

A change of character, just the reverse of that which takes place in Dimitry, is ascribed by Schiller to Warbeck, the hero of another unfinished play. Warbeck is induced, by the ambitious Margaret of Burgundy, to assume the character, and act the part, of Richard of York, second son of Edward the Fourth, and, as such, to lay claim to the English throne against Henry the Seventh. He supports this character with much strength and dignity, until, in the height of his success, he finds the young Edward Plantagenet at the court of Margaret, and, conquering his hatred of the house of Lancaster, as well as his personal ambition, saves the prince from the hands of murderers, and acknowledges him as his sovereign. While Dimitry, at first an honest believer in his claims to the throne

of Russia, became a mere pretender, so, on the contrary, Warbeck began with assuming a false character, and, on the point of succeeding in it, exchanged it for his own.

The third dramatic sketch, "The Maltese," has for its subject the heroic defence of Malta by the knight-templars, under the command of Lavalette, against the Turks; and more especially the glorious self-sacrifice of the defenders of the fort of St. Elmo. The sketch of the character of Lavalette is highly interesting. The true spirit of the order, the absolute self-devotion to the support and propagation of Christianity by the force of arms, which constitutes the foundation of his character, is modified by his humanity, which enables him, on the one hand, to rise above some of the rigid prejudices of the order, and, on the other hand, makes him liable to certain failings and indulgences. Supported by the chorus, that consists of sixteen clerical knights, the representatives of the primitive spirit of the order, touched and raised above himself, by the pure, devoted heroism of St. Priest, Lavalette not only prevails over himself to direct the latter, who is his natural son, to become a willing victim, for the welfare of the order and of Christendom, but he succeeds in inducing the knights to abandon the criminal gratifications in which many of them had indulged, to confess and deeply repent of a conspiracy formed against himself, and to return to their duty at a moment when it required of them an absolute self-abandoment to the hopeless defence of their station against the too unequal power of the Turks.

The fourth dramatic sketch, "The Children of the Family," contains the outlines of a series of events by which the two children of a respectable man, in a provincial town of France, who had been thought dead, are recognised and restored to their rights, and the mask of respectability is taken off from their uncle, who was the murderer of their father. The plot is well contrived, and presents many situations in which interesting traits of character might have been brought out. But the whole was rather too easy a theme for a dramatic talent like that of Schiller, and though we may suppose that if a longer life had been granted to him, he might have employed some leisure hours for his own recreation, as well as that of others, in finishing this play, we find it natural that he did not feel induced to give to it any of those precious moments which he could anticipate under the sufferings of an incurable disease. Indeed not one of those four sketches of dramas probably would have brought out the highest powers of Schiller, except "The Maltese." In "Demetrius" and "Warbeck," the main point of the story is not an object of such general and lasting interest as to inspire a heart like that of Schiller, that religiously reserved its deepest sympathies only for the purest and highest interests of mankind. For the rival claims of two persons, one of whom pretends to supreme power in society, because one of his forefathers was strong enough to grasp and hold it, while the other advances the same pretensions on the ground of his own personal ability to accomplish the same object, are truly interesting only so far as they mani-

fest certain forms of human character, which may grow up, also, under different circumstances, and to which the true poet, as well as the true philosopher, can assign a place only among the lower forms of humanity, — however exalted they may appear to vulgar political superstition. But among the knights of Malta, Schiller's genius would have felt at home; for their heroism flowed from the same source which continually replenished the pure fountains of his poetry. Their heroism was a manifestation of religion, of Christianity, confined, to be sure, to a certain temporal form, but proving its divine character by its essential superiority over the very form in which it happened to appear, as well as over every earthly motive and worldly consideration.

Among the translations of foreign dramas, there are two from the Greek, the "Iphigenia," and "The Phœnicians," by Euripides; one English drama, Shakspeare's "Macbeth"; one Italian, "Turandot," by Gozzi; and three French, Racine's "Phædra," "The Parasite," and "The Nephew as Uncle," by Piccard. The French and Italian plays may be considered as naturalized by Schiller's translations. The translation of "Macbeth" has been surpassed by that of Schlegel, and those from Euripides have been surpassed by Bothe. In the adaptation of these plays to the German stage, Schiller displayed much talent for scenic disposition and arrangement. A few alterations which he made in some of the foreign plays, because they did not suit his taste, have been found fault with. Particularly the scenes which Schiller has

substituted in "Macbeth" for Shakspeare's representation of the witches, have drawn upon him the severe censure of A. W. Schlegel. He reproaches Schiller with having overlooked the philosophic, as well as poetic truth of Shakspeare's description of the witches, as ugly and vulgar women, in order to represent the intrinsic deformity of wickedness; while Schiller has clothed them with tragic dignity, which Schlegel censures as an absurd attempt at ennobling what is essentially base.

Had Schlegel confined himself to the assertion, that Schiller exceeded the right of a translator by this change, Schiller would have undoubtedly conceded the point, as his intention was not merely a faithful translation of the old English drama, but its adaptation to modern taste and the German stage. Still more, it cannot be denied that the intentional coarseness of these scenes in Shakspeare is more in the character of the time of Macbeth, as well as a more simple and true manifestation of the principle which directs the weird sisters. But the general remark, that it is absurd to attempt to ennoble wickedness in any way, with an additional censure of Milton's representation of the demons, is certainly too sweeping. It is the habitual tendency of the evil principle not to appear in its own true and simple form, but to assume a noble, and beautiful, or holy garb, in which alone it can tempt men to evil. This is true, not merely as a matter of speculation, but of taste. Those who are essentially bad assume the appearance of good, not only as an effectual means of deception,

but they dislike to see themselves in their naked hideousness, and endeavour to hide themselves under a false, specious appearance.

HAVING now given an account of every dramatic composition of Schiller, I have been requested to add some remarks on Schiller and Göthe. It is not my purpose to compare them; for these comparative estimations of truly great men of a marked character, generally yield no satisfactory conclusion, chiefly because there is a defect in the premises. In order to compare the different authors, the critic must leave out of his account those properties which constitute the individual character of each. Hence the comparisons between the relative poetic merits of Schiller, Göthe, and Shakspeare, generally yield no more satisfactory result, than an attempt at a comparison between the beautiful structure of an insect, a beautiful landscape, and the starry sky. I shall confine myself, therefore, to some general remarks, that may serve to point out the individual poetic nature of each. In this way I may hope to benefit, in some measure, those who intend to study the works of these authors in good earnest; while I have nothing to offer to the superficial inquirer, who would have his mind made up for him at once on the all-important question, "Which of the two do you think was the greater poet?" To this question I have no other answer than this. In the literary horizon, among stars of the first magnitude, one star differs from another, not so much in brightness, as in the color of light peculiar to each; and the dispute about the rela-

tive poetic merit of each, amounts to a dispute about the preference of either of various colors, which each one must settle for himself. The lives, both of Göthe and Schiller are sufficiently known, the former by his autobiography, entitled "Fiction and Truth from my Life," and the latter from the biography of Schiller by Carlyle, the truth and excellence of which was attested by Göthe himself. The external circumstances and incidents of their lives are remarkable, so far as they afforded occasions for bringing out and maturing the seeds of intellectual power implanted in their nature. In every other respect, that external history is but the poor frame of a rich picture, full of life, interesting in all its details, and, as a whole, highly important as an expression of individual mental superiority.

Among the circumstances which had a decided influence on the mental developement of these two men, it is to be observed, that Göthe was the son of rich parents, taking a high rank in the society of his native city; that they did every thing to form the mind and manners of their son, and encouraged all his literary efforts by their proud joy in every attainment of praise and honor that crowned his successive productions. His eminent power of pleasing, in a great measure the result of his singular capacity to adapt himself to all circumstances and situations, characters and tastes, made him the universal favorite of accomplished men and women. He soon became the friend of the young Duke and Duchess of Saxe Weimar; and in the employment of this prince he

rose in wealth, influence, and honor, while his literary productions raised him to an eminence of fame, which, for a long time, no one shared with him except his friend Schiller.

It was the natural effect of such constant and ever-increasing success upon a susceptible and accommodating disposition, to make Göthe essentially satisfied with things as they are, and with the powers that be. This view was afterwards strengthened and deepened in him by the study of the philosophy of Spinoza, which, as one of his friends observes, he studied most devotedly; and afterwards by intimacy with Schelling, whose philosophy stands upon that basis. His course was not that of a reformer. He kept aloof from all the great questions that divided men in politics and religion. He devoted his talents and himself wholly to the study of nature and of art, to intercourse with men of genius, and men of rank, if their hereditary station was graced by a love of literature and art, and to the promotion of all institutions, the object of which was instruction and refinement. His love of nature breathes in all his poems, particularly in some of his minor poems, such as "The Fisherman" and others, which seem to endue us with a new sense for unrevealed beauties in God's creation. But his love of nature was manifested not in his poetry only; it led him to the most patient and difficult scientific researches, in mineralogy, botany, and zoology. In all these studies, however, the ideal tendency of his mind is evident. He strove, by various and repeated observations of phenomena, to discover

the creative design, the archetype of each work of nature ; as you may see in his works on the metamorphosis of plants, and on the theory of colors.

His love of art was equally characterized by the pliable and comprehensive character of his mind. He entered fully and intimately into the peculiar excellence of antique, as well as of romantic art, and fully understood the merits of the great authors of different nations. His work, "Kunst und Alterthum," contains many excellent critical remarks, bearing witness of that great power of judging each work of art, and each author, first by his own standard, and then comparing this standard itself with the archetype of perfection in his own poetic mind. But the strongest evidence of this power to assimilate to himself the spirit of every species of art may be found in his own productions, among which his "Iphigenia" deserves special praise as a genuine production of the Grecian tragic art, though brought to light in a different clime and age of the world.

But Göthe believed in the sole infinity of nature, which has assigned to man, to each human being, as well as to every other creature, its definite, limited sphere. Hence, among all his correct and beautiful portraits of human life and character, we find not one moral *beau idéal*. He has access, and does justice, to every motive, to all the longings of the heart after the highest, the ordinary, and the lowest gratifications, except that one mysterious desire after infinite perfection, which, from its very nature, appears more in failures than in successful efforts, and thus

produces the highest form of heroism, the character of the martyr. There is only one instance in which Göthe has assigned to this mysterious tendency of human nature, a sphere of action in his poetic creation; it is made the leading principle of action in Faust. But, in this instance, the desire after godlike perfection in man is represented as striving in vain to find satisfaction in the investigation of natural and supernatural things, and, in despair, selling itself in good faith to the devil, that is, seeking satisfaction in sensual enjoyment. Faust sells himself to Mephistopheles, not unconditionally to be sure, but, on the contrary, under a condition which the prince of this world cannot fulfil to such a mind unless he succeeds in utterly depraving it. It is true, Faust is a fragment, and Göthe may have intended, that Faust should, from the very indulgence in earthly pleasures, learn their unsatisfactory nature, and, after having led him (as he says in the Prologue) from heaven through the earth to hell, he may have intended to lead him back through purgatory to heaven. Still, whatever may have been the final design of Göthe in this play, whether we look upon it as the groundwork of an unfinished building, or as a ruin, so much is clear, that, in the only instance in which the desire of man after godlike perfection, the independence and infinity of his moral nature, is represented as the original spring of action in a work of this author, it fails of its high destination; it leads man to a fall from a state of childlike innocence, instead of raising him above it to conscious, triumphant virtue. Göthe cannot be said

to have struck out any new path, but to have tried his powers in every field of literature that had been cultivated by others, and to have raised choice fruits in each.

His first drama, "Götz von Berlichingen," which was published in his twenty-fourth year, and "The Sorrows of Werther," which appeared in the following year, opened his literary course. "Götz von Berlichingen," founded on the very interesting autobiograpy of that honest and brave old knight, who lived, fought, and suffered in the time of the peasant's war, (the time of Luther, Hutten, and Sickingen,) is characterized by great freshness and vigor, a somewhat rough, but striking and living portraiture of character, together with a quick, firm, free, and harmonious developement of the action. His "Werther" belonged to a class of sentimental novels, among which it occupied the first rank. But the taste for that class of writings has passed away. This change in taste must be considered as a progress; but, as it is often the case when public sentiment has but very recently attained to a higher standard, the feeling of superiority, so lately acquired, is apt to tempt men to underrate the productions of a less favored period. I say, Göthe's "Werther" held the highest rank among the contemporaneous and antecedent novels of that class; and I would add, that, to those who are not too much elated by our latest attainments to see what was great according to a now antiquated measure of excellence, to these, "Werther" will always remain deeply interesting as

the most perfect picture of a soul under the influence of a spirit, which, in that state of society and public sentiment, led indeed to self-consuming despair and actual suicide, while, under more healthful and kindlier influences, it might have formed the character of a saint, a hero, and a martyr.

* * * * *

In what, now, I would ask, consists the individual literary character of Schiller as a dramatic poet? Göthe, in speaking of the individual tendency of Schiller's poetic nature and his own, said, "Schiller preached the gospel of freedom; I would not allow the rights of nature to be encroached upon." The word freedom is to be taken here in the sense of Kant's philosophy, as synonymous with the moral nature of man. His enthusiasm for freedom was manifested in his resistance against all kinds of unnatural and unreasonable restraint; freedom from oppression, from fear, from prejudice, and from sin. His love of liberty and hatred of oppression had taken root early in the unnatural discipline of the Charles Academy; it had grown by his experience of active life and the study of history. It appears as a wild, untamable impulse, in Charles Moor. "The law has never formed a great man," he says, "but liberty hatches wonders and extremes." "Who is the greater tyrant," asks Fiesco, "he who shows the intention, or he who has the power, to become a tyrant?" "I hate the former, I fear the latter," answers Verrina; "let Andrea Doria die!" "Chains of iron or chains of silk, — they are chains," says Burgognino; "let Andrea Doria die!"

"Restore to man his lost nobility; let no duty bind him except the equally venerable rights of his fellow-men." These are the words of Posa to the tyrant king. To the queen, when he commits to her his last message to his friend Carlos, he says, "Tell him he shall realize the bold dream of a new state, the divine offspring of friendship!" It has been justly observed (by Menzel) that Schiller's Posa maintains the rights of mankind; his Maid of Orleans fights for the rights of nations; the rights of the individual are asserted by William Tell.

The second kind of freedom which I have mentioned, freedom from prejudice, appears in its healthiest, purest, and highest form, in the truly philosophic mind of Posa, while the same tendency appears in its perversion and state of insanity in the atheist, Francis Moor, who, by the chemical force of his wit, sublimates the whole substance of the moral world, respect and love, conscience and religion, into vapid prejudices, which he thinks he can blow away by the breath of his mouth.

Freedom from prejudice in a more confined sphere, and more practical form, appears in Ferdinand Walter and Louisa Miller, contending for the sacred rights of the heart, against the aristocracy of Ferdinand's father and Lady Milford.

The same principle appears in that scene of "William Tell," in which Rudenz, after his political conversion by Bertha, enters the house after his uncle's death, and, after being received by Walter Furst and others as their future feudal lord, aspires after the

higher privilege of being considered by them as a friend of the friends of his country. When Melchthal refuses to give Rudenz his hand, Walter Furst says,

"Give him your hand! his returning heart
Deserves confidence."

Melchthal. "You have never respected
The husbandman; say, what shall we expect from you?"

Rudenz. "O do not remember the error of my youth!"

Melchthal. "Here is my hand!
The farmer's hand, my noble Sir, is also
A pledge of honor. What, without us, is
The knight? And our rank is older than yours."

Freedom from fear, is another element of Schiller's poetry. Courage, in its lower form, is the inspiring principle in "Wallenstein's Camp," while it appears as manly greatness in him who is the idol of the camp, who, when all his supports from without have dropped off, and left him a leafless trunk, feels and announces that now his time has come, — for,

"It must be night for Friedland's stars to shine."

The same principle appears in William Tell, as a devoted trust in God, and in the goodness of his bow, his arm, and his conscience. It appears as elevated resignation, in Mary Stuart, and as heroic inspiration in the Maid of Orleans.

The highest form of freedom, freedom from debasing immorality, purity of heart, is so characteristic of *Schiller's* poetry, that we may apply to it with peculiar truth the words of Klopstock, in describing Ger-

man poetry. Schiller's poetry is a chaste virgin looking up to heaven. It is this which gives, to his great dramatic pictures, the highest ideal beauty, the beauty of holiness. It is the consciousness of holy innocence which gives to the simple daughter of the musician, Miller, a sense of rank which outshines all earthly distinctions, and will appear brightest where all these walls of partition must fall. "Then, mother," she says, "when every envelope of rank bursts, when men are nothing but men, — I shall bring with me nothing but my innocence. But my father says, ornaments and splendid titles will become cheap when God comes, and hearts rise in value. There, tears are accounted as triumphs, and beautiful thoughts as ancestors. Then I shall be a lady, my mother. And what advantage will he then have over his faithful girl?"

This is the brightest jewel in the diadem of the Spanish Queen, Elizabeth, as the Marquis of Posa describes her to his friend.

"Arrayed in nature's unassuming glory,
With careless unconcern, all unacquainted
With calculating, school-taught etiquette,
Equally free from boldness and from fear,
With calm, heroic step she moves along
The narrow, middle path of modesty;
Knows not that she exacted adoration,
When she was far from dreaming of applause."

It is the consciousness of the purity of his purpose, which enables the single-hearted hunter of the Alps to bend his peaceful bow to works of blood. It was

that purity which makes the simple wise, that enabled Bertha, of Bruneck, to open the eyes of her deluded lover to the deception of which he was the object, and to his own true destiny and duty. — The Maid of Orleans, the pure virgin, was intrusted with the standard of Heaven : it was the faith in her own purity which made the sword invincible in her hand. — But the power and beauty of this moral principle, the prophetic wisdom of childlike innocence, is most fully and gloriously displayed in Max and Thekla. When Max is wavering between the two ways, one of which leads to the possession of his Thekla, and is recommended to his heart by the filial gratitude he owes to her father, — while the other, pointed out by his conscience, is darkened by the treachery of his own father, and still more, by the certain loss of his highest hope in life, — it is in this moment of fearful doubt, that he says

" Where is the voice of truth which I dare follow ?
It speaks no longer in my heart. We all
But utter what our passionate wishes dictate ;
O that an angel would descend from heaven,
And scoop for me the right, the uncorrupted,
With a pure hand from the pure Fount of Light.
(*His eyes glance on Thekla.*)
What other angel seek I ? To this heart,
To this unerring heart will I submit it ;
Will ask thy love which has the power to bless
The happy man alone, averted ever
From the disquieted and guilty, — canst thou

Still love me if I stay ? Say that thou canst,
And I am the Duke's * * * *
* * * * *
—— Speak and let thy heart decide it."
Thekla. "O thy own
Hath long ago decided. Follow thou
Thy heart's first feeling.
* * * * *
—— Being faithful
To thine own self, thou art faithful too to me.
If our fates part, our hearts remain united.
A bloody hatred will divide for ever
The houses Piccolomini and Friedland ;
But we belong not to our houses ; —— Go ! " *

Thus, when conflicting passions, interests, and fears have darkened the way of duty before us, it is the inward light, it is purity of heart which reveals the narrow path. The pure in heart see the truth, because it is they alone that see God.

Schiller's enthusiasm for liberty was not a negative, or destructive principle. He manifested in his poetry a striving after freedom from oppression, from fear, from prejudice, and sin, from all earthly and unreasonable restraints, that the spiritual principle of human nature might unfold itself purely and fully in the individual and in society. His love of freedom is only a manifestation of the spirit of love, of that pure delight in perfection, the love of nature, of man, and of God, which is the life of his poetry.

* Coleridge.

"Quiet kingdom of plants! in thy silent wonders I hear the steps of the Deity; thy meritless excellence carries my inquiring mind upward to the highest understanding; in thy still mirror I see his divine image reflected. Man troubles the silver stream; — where man walks, the Creator disappears."

That Schiller loved in nature what excites most deeply those powers and passions which are peculiar to man, might be shown by many other passages. Who does not remember the sunset on the banks of the Danube, in "The Robbers"? "Thus is a hero's death adorable. When I was a boy, it was my favorite thought to live like the sun, to die like him. It was a boyish thought. There was a time when I could not sleep if I had forgotten my evening prayers. O my innocence! See, all have gone forth to sun themselves in the peaceful beam of spring; — why must I alone inhale infernal influences from the joys of heaven? All is so happy; all beings related to each other by the spirit of peace, the whole world one family, and one Father above! not my father; — I alone rejected, alone excluded from the ranks of the pure. Not to me the sweet name of child, — not to me the languishing look of the loved one, — never, never the embrace of a bosom friend."

Who does not remember the impression of the sunrise over Genoa upon the ambitious Fiesco, and that of the sunrise in the Alps upon the united Swiss? These are the words of Fiesco.

"This majestic city! mine! to rise upon it like the royal day, to brood over it with a monarch's

power ! One moment of royalty absorbs all the marrow of human existence. Split the thunder into its elementary syllables, and it becomes a lullaby for babes ; join them together into one sudden peal, and the royal sound moves the eternal heavens."

In the Rütli, Rösselman, the priest, says, when he sees the morning place its glowing sentries on the mountain tops, —

" By this pure light which greets us first of all
The nations that are dwelling far below,
Heavily breathing in the smoke of cities,
Let us swear the oath of our new covenant.
We will be one nation of brothers, never
To separate in danger or distress.
We will be free, free as our fathers were,
And rather die than live in servitude.
We 'll put our trust upon the highest God,
And thus we will not fear the power of men."

The Swiss fisherman sees, in the fearful agitation of the lake, the power of the angel of divine vengeance, that has stirred up the deep waters against the tyrant that is floating upon them.

" Judgments of God ! yes, it is he himself,
The haughty Landvogt, — there he sails along,
And with him, in his ship, he bears his crime.
O swiftly the Avenger's arm has found him !
Now o'er himself he knows a stronger master.
The waves heed not his bidding ;
These rocks will not bow down their heads
before
His hat. Nay, do not pray, my boy, do not
Attempt to stay the arm of the Avenger."

The restless, homesick spirit of the Queen of Scotland soars beyond her prison, and embarks in the clouds, flitting overhead.

" Hastening clouds ! ye sailors on high !
With you I would wander, with you I would fly.
Greet for me sweetly the land of my youth !
Doomed in this land of bondage to tarry,
Ah ! I have no one my message to carry.
Free in the air is your lofty way,
Far beyond this Queen's imperious sway."

In " The Misanthrope," the disappointed lover of man seeks consolation in nature.

" Man, noble, lofty phenomenon, most beautiful of all the thoughts of the Creator. How rich, how perfect did you proceed from his hands ! What melodies slept in your breast before your passion destroyed the golden play ! All beings around you seek and attain the beautiful stature of perfection ; you alone stand unripe and misshapen in the faultless plan. Discerned by no eye, admired by no understanding, the pearl in the silent shell, the crystal in the depth of the mountain, strive after the most perfect form. Gratefully all the children of nature present the ripened fruits to the contented mother ; wherever she has sowed, she finds a harvest ; you alone, her dearest, her most favored son, are not among them ; only what she gave to you she finds no more, she knows it no more in its disfigured beauty.

" Be perfect ! Harmonies without number are slumbering in you, to awake at your bidding ; call them forth by your excellence. To bless you is the

coronal after which all beings are aspiring; your wild passion opposes this kind intention; you forcibly pervert the beneficent objects of nature. Fulness of life she has spread around you, and you extract death from it. Your hatred sharpened the peaceful iron into a sword; your avarice charges with crimes and curses the innocent gold; on your intemperate lip the life of the vine becomes poison. That which is perfect serves your crimes, but your crimes do not infect it. You can rob it of its destination, but of the obedience with which it serves you, you cannot deprive it. Be humane, or be a barbarian; with equally suitable pulsation the loyal heart will accompany your hatred or your gentleness."

The most vast and sublime illustration of the moral nature and destiny of man by the nature of God's creation, is to be found in the address of Posa to the Spanish King.

"Look round
On God's beautiful world! Lo! it is founded
On freedom; and behold! how rich it is
Through freedom. He, the great Creator, throws
Into a drop of dew, an insect, and allows
That even in the dead realms of corruption
Desire should find delight. Your world, how narrow,
How poor! The rustling of a leaf affrights
The lord of Christendom. You, Sire, must tremble
At every virtue. He, rather than preclude
The beautiful phenomenon of freedom,
Even allows the dreadful host of evil

To rage in his creation. Him, the artist,
You see not ; modestly he disappears
Behind eternal laws ; — and the freethinker
Sees these, but sees not him. Why does it need
A God ? he says ; the world is self-sufficient.
And never Christian's worship has extolled him,
Better than that freethinker's blasphemy."

To these passages, selected from the dramatic compositions of Schiller, many others might be added from his various works, to show how his love of nature was characterized by the prevailing tendency of his mind. He loved nature for herself, in all her various shapes and moods ; but he loved best those things in nature which call forth most effectually the energies, the strong and tender emotions, and high aspirations of the soul, all that reminds man of his sublime destiny, and aids him in attaining it. He saw in her the true friend of man, exercising over him, according to the different states of his mind, an exhilarating or consoling, inspiriting or tranquillizing influence ; again he saw in her a salutary enemy of man, rousing his active powers to constant watchfulness and brave resistance ; finally, he found in her a prophet, that is sent to man to solve the dark enigmas of his own being and destiny.

Freedom and love, the two elements of our moral nature, of true humanity, are the living springs of Schiller's poetry. The history of his dramatic genius, which I have endeavoured to set before you, shows how this spirit of freedom and love grew in him, to the end of his course. This spirit, which in "The Robbers," and other productions of his early

life, which might well be called the heroic age of his genius, appears in the shape of Hercules, with the club and the lion-skin, going about to free the earth from tyrants and monsters; the same spirit appears in his "Carlos," and his later productions, in his "Maid of Orleans," his "Mary Stuart," his "William Tell." It is the instinct of liberty warring against the tyranny of circumstances and arbitrary institutions. In "The Conspiracy of Fiesco," it appears in the character of Fiesco himself, united with the ruling passion of ambition; while in that of Verrina it assumes the austere grandeur of a Roman and a Stoic. In "Intrigue and Love," all the imperfections of European governments are unsparingly exposed. The old Adam of the feudal world, with all his imperfections and deformities, is brought before the confessional of sound reason and enlightened philanthropy.

His poetry is, indeed, essentially a revelation of moral beauty; all his dramatic productions prove his faith, that while all other created beings are confined by necessary laws to a finite mode of existence, man alone possesses a creative power, being able to form his own character, and capable of infinite advancement. The freedom, the moral nature of man, is the native soil of his poetry; every good principle loves to grow in it, and, for this very reason, does not appear as the forced production of rigid self-control, but as springing up from the abundance of the heart with living grace and ideal beauty. * * * * *

END OF VOL. IV.

at the battle of Leipsic, fortune deserted him, and put an end to the merry life of his soldiers. Then he deserted to the Saxons, where they were under strict discipline, and had to carry on the war so as to break with neither; so that he could bear it no longer, and was on the point of running home again, when

"The drums were beating for Wallenstein."

Master of Horse. "And how long do you mean to hold out here?"

Chasseur. "Just as long as you please. As long as *he* rules, I think of no escaping. Can the soldier find it better anywhere? Here all things go on in true warlike fashion, all on a grand scale; and the spirit which moves the whole carries on the lowest horsemen. Here I advance with courageous step; I boldly stride over the neck of the citizen, as the General does over the heads of the princes. He holds his command not as an office from the Emperor.

The German Empire is none of his cares;
A kingdom of soldiers, that is his desire.
The whole world he will set on fire,
That he may do whatever he dares."

Trumpeter. "Hush! who would venture such words?"

Chasseur. "What I think I have a right to say; the word is free, says the General."

Master of Horse. "So he said; I heard it several times. The word is free; the deed is dumb, the obedience blind; these are his own authentic words."

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A kingdom of soldiers, that is his desire.
The whole world he will set on fire,
That he may do whatever he dares."

Trumpeter. "Hush! who would venture such words?"

Chasseur. "What I think I have a right to say; the word is free, says the General."

Master of Horse. "So he said; I heard it several times. The word is free; the deed is dumb, the obedience blind; these are his own authentic words."

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